LEE, ROBERT E.

DRAWER 9B ~~continued~~ - GENERALS (confederate)

71 2009.085.04046

Civil War Officers
Confederate

Robert E. Lee

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

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EXCERPT FROM LETTER WRITTEN BY ROBERT E. LEE

Turtle Island, Michigan
31st July 1833

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"Tell the General that in my last communication I forgot to confess an act of indescretion which I now beg leave to do through you - viz. While at Pt. Pele, Hood and myself were sent over to Pt. Pele Island to make a survey of the point on which the Light House stands and that it was very necessary to ascend to the top to discover our station at the Pt. The door was locked and we could not gain admittance but after some time succeeded in getting through the window in rear when we discovered the keeper at the door. We were warm and excited, he irascible and full of venom. An altercation ensued which resulted in his death. We put him in charge of the men, gained the top, attained our object and in descending I discovered some glass lamp shades which we stood much in need of as all ours were broken. I therefore made bold to borrow two of his Majesty, for which liberty as well as for that previously taken, I hope he will make our apology to his Minister at W-. We have nothing to offer in our behalf but necessity and as we found the Lt.House in a most neglected condition and shockingly dirty and were told by the Capt. of the Cutter that there had been no light in it for more than a year, I hope it will not be considered that we have lossed from the Government a useful member, but on the contrary, to have done it some service as the situation may now be more efficiently filled and we would advise the new Minister to make choice of a better subject than a d -- d Canadian snake."

From the collection of the late
Oliver Wolcott, Akron, Ohio
12/17/62

hood. All his social impulses were aroused by it. "Your humble servant . . . ," he confided to Talcott, "has returned to a state of rejuvenesency . . . and has attended some weddings and parties in a manner that is uncommon. My brother Smith was married on the 5th inst. and the Bride I think looked more beautiful than usual. We kept agoing till Sunday and last night I attended a Bridal party in Alexandria. . . . I will only tell [Mrs. Talcott] that my Spirits were so buoyant last night, when relieved from the eyes of my Dame, that my Sister Nanie was trying to pass me off as her spouse, but I was not going to have my sport spoiled that way, undeceived the young ladies and told them I was her younger brother. Sweet, innocent things, they concluded I was single and I have not had such soft looks and tender pressure of the hand for many years."[14] Affairs of this nature were some compensation for a routine that made Lee exclaim—in the language of many a soldier of the same rank—"What a pity it is a man is a poor lieutenant."[15] Occasionally he gave a dinner, to which he invited some of his army friends. For one such affair, set at 4 P.M., he called five young officers. "There will be one room devoted to the gentlemen," he wrote John Macomb, "and those who can sleep three in a bed will find 'comfortable accommodations.'"[16]

The round of office work was pleasantly broken in the spring of 1835. The boundary between Ohio and the territory of Michigan was then in dispute. An armed clash between the two neighbors seemed not unlikely. Talcott had previously been employed in making a survey of the line in controversy, and in May, 1835, he was directed to make new observations to answer the rival contentions. "His old-time and able assistant, Lt. R. E. Lee of the Corps of Engineers"—in that gentleman's own bantering announcement to Mrs. Talcott—"will join him forthwith for same duty." The mission was not expected to take more than one month, but it occupied the entire summer. It involved a number of interesting calculations and it carried Lee to the Great Lakes,

[14] Lee to Talcott, *MS.*, Feb. 10, 1835; *Talcott MSS.* (*VHS*); Lee to Mackay, *MS.*, February, 1836; *Elliott MSS.; cf. E. J. Lee*, 409–10.

[15] Lee to Talcott, *MS.*, May 8, 1835; *Talcott MSS.* (*VHS*).

[16] Lee to "John Macomb or Dick Tilghman," *MS.*, Jan. 10, 1835, copy of which was generously given the writer by W. S. Carroll, Esq., of Memphis, Tenn.

which he had never seen before. The tour of duty added little, however, to his equipment for the duties that lay ahead.[17]

Early in October, Lee got back to Washington and hastened on to Ravensworth, where the family was visiting. He found Mrs. Lee ill in bed. Her second baby, a girl, who had been named Mary, had been born that year. The mother unfortunately got a pelvic infection of some sort, which the physicians attributed to overexertion on her part. Lee regarded her condition as serious and he removed her to Arlington the day after his return. She suffered acutely until two abscesses that had formed on her groin broke. Then she began to mend, though very slowly. It was the beginning of 1836 before she was able to walk about again.[18] The children got the whooping-cough as their mother grew better —"whooping, coughing, teething, etc. and sometimes all three together," in the language of the despairing father. Whereupon, Mrs. Lee, not to be outdone by her youngsters, contracted mumps.[19] As the summer of 1836 came on, her improvement was more rapid. Lee then took her to one of the mineral springs of Virginia, where she was able to resume her normal life except for a slight lameness. When he brought her back in the autumn he was himself much worn down by work and worry. "I never saw a man so changed and saddened," a cousin recorded.[20]

Lee's duties during these difficult months confined him closely to the office of the chief engineer, with no outside assignment except one inspection at Fort Washington.[21] He would have tried

[17] Talcott's orders were sent him May 16, 1835, Lee to Mrs. Talcott, *MS.*, May 16, 1835; *Talcott MSS.* (*VHS*); Lee to Talcott, *MS.*, May 16, 1835; *Talcott MSS.* (*F*). *Cf.* same to same, *MS.*, May 8, 1835; *Talcott MSS* (*VHS*); Lee to Engineer's office, *MS.*, June 1, 1835, Albany, N. Y.; *Eng. MSS.*, 415. Talcott's report on the previous survey is in *Ex. Docs., 1st sess., 23d Cong.*, vol. 6, p. 497. The Ohio petition is in *Ibid.*, 4, 243. The chief engineer's report is in *Ibid., 2d sess., 23d Cong.*, 1, 111. The official correspondence of 1835, between the United States mediators and the parties to the quarrel was printed as *Ex. Doc. No. 6, 1st sess., 24th Cong.* On Nov. 25, 1835, Lee wrote Talcott congratulating him on the acceptance of his observations. An unhappy incident of Lee's experience on this survey was the accidental death of a Canadian lighthouse keeper "in a scuffle" over the use of his tower for running one of the survey lines. The only reference to this, so far as is known, is in Lee to G. W. Cullum, July 31, 1835 (*Freeman MSS*). A search of Canadian records yields no details.

[18] Her symptoms and progress are set forth at length in her *MS.* letter of Nov. 21, 1835, to Mrs. Talcott, and Lee to Talcott, *MS.*, Oct. 7, Oct. 12, Oct. 21, Oct. 24, Nov. 9, Nov. 17, Nov. 18, Nov. 25, Dec. 19, 1835; Feb. 13, May 5, May 23, June 22, 1836; *Talcott MSS.* (*VHS*). It was during this illness (Lee to Talcott, *MS.*, Nov. 25, 1835) that Mrs. Lee got her hair in such a tangle that she cut it off. See *supra*, p. 108.

[19] Lee to Talcott, *MS.*, May 23, June 22, 1836; *Talcott MSS.* (*VHS*).

[20] Quoted in *Long*, 31.

[21] Lee to Engineer's office, *MS.*, Jan. 4, 1836; *Eng. MSS.*, 438.

Wash. 18th May 1837

My dear Squire

Your choice effusions are always before me. Do not think then that any delay in my responses proceeds from forgetfulness. I abhor the sight of pen and paper and to put one to t'other requires as great a moral effort as for a cat to walk on live coals. I send the documents as you request. Your remembrances have all been scattered in the direction prescribed, and are replied to in the warmest manner. You are aware that the Genl & Miss Tule are in St Louis and that I expect to start for the same place on his return. Who is to be my fortunate successor I do not know nor have I inquired. I only know that I am to go. Miss Matilda Bache is to be here this eve to her brother George's wedding, who is to be married on Tuesday next to Miss Patterson. I am to engage a little in that kind of business tonight myself and am to witness the tying of the knot between Dr King of the army and Miss Virginia Price of Alex'a. Miss Rippy they say is mortgaged to a young French Count, Mr. Monthoton of the F. Leg'n. He seems to be a clever and interesting young man and if she is satisfied I am. You young men have done wrong to be thus cut out. Miss Lizzy B. I almost see daily cultivating her flowers. You perhaps know that we have vacated our old qrs. and now hang out our sign over the Cabinet Shop, so that we now take Miss Lizzy in flank. Read the papers my friend and you will there see all the news. Remember me to Mason, the Col. etc. Your man Morell is in Carolina and going to resign.

In all haste
Your friend
R E Lee

From the collection of the late Abner Wolcott,
Akron, Ohio
12/17/62

West Point 13 March 1853

My dear Captain

I have received your very kind note of the 9th & am truly grateful for the friendly feelings therein expressed, which are all warmly & sincerely reciprocated. The resolution of our long & intimate acquaintance will always be to me a source of pleasure, as it has heretofore been one of profit.

I regret your very separation from the Corps of Engrs is attended with bitter regret, & I recall with heartfelt gratitude the kindness I have invariably received from all its members. I am however consoled by the consciousness that my loss will be their gain, & that I will give place in its ranks to a younger & better man.

While acknowledging the compliment bestowed on me by the Pres: as evinced

as undeserved), I confess my preference in time of peace for Eng^r duty over that of Cavalry; But so long as I continue an Officer of the Army, I can neither decline promotion or service, & must leave to those in authority to say where my poor services can be best applied —

I do not know when I am to be relieved or by whom succeeded; but trust the Acad^y will fall into hands abler to administer it than I have been.

Barnard is here, well & contented, but I hear nothing of the Madame. I have rec^d the act of App^n for the support of the Acad^y (not officially). The item introduced into my estimate for the Register of Graduates, has been granted. I shall give to my successor your Mem: & inform him of our understanding as to your undertaking its preparation &c — You must correspond with him if necessary on the subject —

Mr Newlands has not yet been able to finish

the word of Changes in the Register loaned us. I will endeavour to have it Completed & returned to you before I leave.

I have been obliged to write my dear Captain amid rather more than my usual interruption & must now close.

Mrs: See unites with me in kindest regards & I remain truly

& as ever yours

R E Lee

Capt. G. W. Cullum
Corps of Engrs

West Point 15 March 1855

My dear Captain

I have rec'd your very kind note of the 9th and am truly grateful for the friendly feelings therein expressed which are all warmly and sincerely reciprocated. The recollection of our long and intimate acquaintance will always be to me a source of pleasure as it heretofore has been one of profit.

I assure you my separation from the Corps of Engrs. is attended with bitter regret and I recall with heartfelt gratitude the kindness I have invariably rec'd from all its members. I am however consoled by the consciousness that my loss will be their gain and that I will give place in its ranks to a younger and better man.

While acknowledging the compliment bestowed on me by the Pres. as unexpected as undeserved I confess my preference in time of peace for Eng. duty over that of Cavalry. But so long as I continue an officer of the Army I can neither decline promotion or service and must leave to those in authority to say where my poor services can be best applied.

I do not know when I am to be relieved or by whom succeeded but trust the Academy will fall into hands abler to administer it than I have been.

Barnard is here well and contented but I hear nothing of the Madame. I have rec'd the Act of Application for the support of the Academy (not officially). The item introduced into my estimate for the Register of Graduates has been granted. I shall give to my successor your mem. and inform him of our understanding as to your undertaking its preparation etc. You must correspond with him if necessary on the subject.

Mr. Newlands has not yet been able to finish the record of changes in the Register loaned us. I will endeavor to have it completed and returned to you before I leave.

I have been obliged to write my dear Captain amid rather more than my usual interruptions and must now close.

Mrs. Lee unites with me in kindest regards and I remain truly

GEN. LEE TO PRESIDENT DAVIS

LEE, ROBERT E. Great General of the Confederacy. L. S. 4to, 4 pages, addressed to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, June 2nd, 1863. Very important letter, written at a critical time. We print it in full. It is docketed by President Davis. In immaculate condition. **115.00.**

Head Quarters W. Va., June 2nd, 1863.

His Excy Jefferson Davis,
Prest Conf. States, Richmond.

Mr. President,

I had the honour to receive yesterday your letter of the 31st ult. I am well aware of the difficulties pressing upon all parts of the country and of your great anxiety to relieve them. The question which seems always to be presented is a mere choice of difficulties. I think Cook's brigade had better be halted on the Chickahominy for the present, and Davis' brigade sent forward to this place to complete Heth's division. I regret to lose Ransom and Jenkins, both good and tried officers with veteran troops. As well as I now recollect, Pettigrew's brigade was on the line of the Black water when the regiments from the West were brigaded there under Pryor. Upon the arrival of Gen. Longstreet he made some change, detaching Jenkins in whom he had confidence, from Pickett's division in order to place him in command. The Western brigade was placed subsequently under Gen. Colston & afterwards the brigade was broken up & the regiments sent back to Genls Jones & Marshall. I do not know the condition of the cavalry proposed by Gen. Hill to be sent to this army. He offered a regiment and I accepted it. But if it is of the character described by you, it had better be retained. I understand there is a good regiment on the Black-water as regards men & horses, but it is at present in an unfortunate condition on account of a difficulty between the Col. & officers. If that could be reconciled, they would be very serviceable. I think it would be better if Gen. Robertson were in command of the Cavalry within the State as he is a good organizer & instructor, for Gen. Hill does not appear to require him. I would then brigade the N. C. Cavalry regiments in this Army under Col. Baker from that State, who is said to be a good officer. I requested to be relieved from the Command of the troops between the James & Cape Fear Rivers, because I did not see that I could advantageously exercise it, but on the contrary to continue in it might be productive of harm. I could only exercise it beneficially by relying upon the judgment of Gen. D. H. Hill who declined to act upon discretionary orders, and I thought it best for the service to leave him to his own discretion. The only object of command in my opinion is the benefit of the service. I hope the forces which we can place near Richmond will be able to secure it against attacks from the York or James River. The local troops of the City should be organized promptly and be kept in readiness for service at any moment. With Cook & Wise advanced, the one to the North, & the other to the East, under Gen. Elzey we will have a sufficient outguard, and for the present I will leave Pickett & Pettigrew at the Junction. If I am able to move, I propose to do so cautiously, watching the result and not to get beyond recall until I find it safe. If a brigade of Cavalry under a good officer could be placed North & East of the City to repress the marauding expeditions of the enemy, and prevent reconnoissances I should feel it was safe. In case of emergency I think Gen. Hill's troops could be brought up from North Carolina and be replaced there by some from Gen. Beauregard. I still hope that Gen. Johnston will be able to demolish Grant and that our command of the Mississippi may be preserved. The enemy may be drawing to the Yazoo for the purpose of reaching their transports and retiring from the contest, which I hope is the case. Gen. Kirby Smith ought if possible to Collect a sufficient force and occupy Helena or some better point on the West Bank of the River. As far as I can ascertain, the enemy seems to be quiet in Western Virginia and the troops of Gen. Saml. Jones are idle. They could also be brought to Richmond or Eastern Va. if occasion required it.

I am with great respect, Your obt. servant,
R. E. LEE, Genl.

PICTURE OF ROBERT E. LEE — "General Lee is, almost without exception, the handsomest man of his age I ever saw," says an English writer, who passed some time with him in the field. "He is fifty-six years old, tall, broad-shouldered, very well made, well set up — a thorough soldier in appearance; and his manners are most courteous, and full of dignity. He is a perfect gentleman in every respect. I imagine no man has so few enemies, or is so universally esteemed. Throughout the South, all agree in pronouncing him to be as near perfection as a man can be. He has none of the small vices, such as smoking, drinking, chewing, or swearing; and his bitterest enemy never accused him of any of the greater ones. He generally wears a well-worn long gray jacket, a high black felt hat, and blue trousers tucked into his Wellington boots. I never saw him carry arms, and the only mark of his military rank are the three stars on his collar. He rides a handsome horse, which is extremely well groomed. He himself is very neat in his dress and person, and in the most arduous marches he always looks smart and clean.

"In the old army he was always considered one of its best officers, and at the outbreak of these troubles he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second cavalry. He was a rich man, but his fine estate was one of the first to fall into the enemy's hands. I believe he has not slept in a house since he has commanded the Virginian army, and he invariably declines all offers of hospitality, for fear the person offering it may afterwards get into trouble for having sheltered the rebel General. The relations between him and Longstreet are quite touching. They are almost always together. Longstreet's corps complain of this sometimes, as, they say, they seldom get a chance of detached service, which falls to the lot of Ewell. It is impossible to please Longstreet more than by praising Lee. I believe these two Generalsto be as little ambitious, and as thoroughly unselfish, as any men in the world. Both long for a successful termination of the war, in order that they may retire into obscurity. Stonewall Jackson (until his death the third in command of their army) was just such another simple-minded servant of his country. It is understood that General Lee is a religious man, though not as demonstrative in that respect as Jackson; and, unlike his late brother in arms, he is a member of the Church of England. His only faults, so far as I can learn, arise from his excessive amiability."

Frank [illegible] p 527

1863

H^d Qrs: Petersburg 26th Sept '64

Genl Braxton Bragg
Comdg Confederate Armies -

Genl

I cannot impress upon you too strongly the imperious necessity of getting all our men subject to mil: duty to the field. We should have them with the army now. The duties of the smelting Bureau are the most important in the Service & every facility should be given to it, to increase our press. I think the offices should be entirely relieved from the consideration of exempting detailing or recommending assignments to light service &c. Let their sole object & purpose be to put men in the field & fill up our depleted rgts. Let others undertake their relief, exemption &c.

The army are increasing their forces in Virg^a & I presume in other states - I get no addition. The men coming to the army, do not supply the vacancies created by sickness, desertions & other casualties. If things thus continue, the most serious consequences must result. We shall have no men for the men detailed in other branches of the service, for agriculture &c if we are driven from the field. To show the steady increase to Genl Grants Army I enclose reports from agents between the 13th & 23 Inst: I do not think the transports carry on an average as large a number of troops as the observers state

Five hundred per boat is an overestimate. Between 250 & 300 in my opinion is nearer the truth. According to this diminished estimate, you will perceive that within the times specified about 10,000 men, over those he has sent away, have been added to Gen Grant here. If I had negroes to replace the teamsters, Cooks, Hospital attendants &c, I could increase each division many hundred men — Unless they are sent to me rapidly it may be too late —

Gen Whiting is also in need of negroes. Will you have orders given in his case also

I am most resp.

your Obt Servt

R E Lee
Genl

Confidential

7th Apl '65

Gen'l

I have rec'd your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of N. Va. I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, & therefore before considering your proposition ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

Very resp'y your Obt Servt

R E Lee
Gen'l

Lt Gen'l U. S. Grant
Comm'd Armies of the U. States

LEE'S LETTER TO GRANT RESPECTING THE SURRENDER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

THE REBELLION.

VIEWS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

His Promise to Draw His Sword in Defence of Virginia Alone.

The Doctrine of State Rights Surrendered with the War.

The Significance of the Surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The South Anxious for Peace Two Years Ago.

GENERAL LEE A NATIONAL MAN.

THE SOUTH NOT YET CONQUERED.

Condemnation of the Assassination of President Lincoln.

The South Never Half in Earnest in the War.

EXPATRIATION SCHEMES.

THE SOUTH AND SLAVERY.

THE TERMS OF PEACE.

LEE'S DESIGNS FOR THE FUTURE,

&c., &c., &c.

Mr. Thomas M. Cook's Despatch.

RICHMOND, Va., April 24, 1865.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

In order, if possible, to get some clear light for the solution of the new complications growing out of the murder of President Lincoln, I yesterday sought and obtained an interview with that distinguished soldier and leader of the rebel armies, General Robert E. Lee, and was permitted to draw out his views on the very important questions suggested. It is proper to say that my reception was everything that could be expected from a gentleman who has always been considered a type of the once famous chivalry, and, I had almost said, nobility of Virginia. Pen and ink sketches of General Lee have been so numerously made of late, by newspaper writers, that any attempt at this time by me in that direction would be a work of supererogation. I may simply say, that the firm step, the clear voice, the bright, beaming countenance, the quick intelligence, the upright form and the active manner of the General very strongly belie the portraitures of him which are so common. All the vigor and animation and ability of ripe manhood are prominently conspicuous in his bearing. His venerable white hair and beard simply inspire respect for the mature ideas and deliberate expressions that come from this courageous rebel leader, but in no wise convey an impression of decay or old age.

INTRODUCTION.

It was certainly embarrassing to me, on introducing the object of my visit to say that I intended to lay his political views before the public as his military career had already been. His reply—"I am a paroled prisoner"—at once appealed to my sympathy. As such, generous man, how far may I properly question him without touching upon his views of honor in reference to his parole? But when he added, "I have never been a politician, and know but little of political leaders; I am a soldier," I felt easier. I assured him that I had no desire to offend his sensibility, or tempt him to violate any presumable obligation under his parole; but that, being prominently identified with the rebellion, his views on the questions arising out of that rebellion would be of great interest at the present moment, and doubtless of great importance and influence in the settlement of the troubles agitating the country, and with this view only I called upon him. He replied that the prominence he held was unsought by himself and distasteful to him. That he preferred retirement and seclusion. But was ready to make any sacrifice or perform any honorable act that would tend to the restoration of peace and tranquillity to the country.

EXPLANATORY.

It will not be possible to relate the extended conversation that ensued with any approach to exactness, no notes having been taken, and it will not, therefore, be attempted; but I will confine myself to a record of the views expressed by General Lee on several prominent topics, as I understood him to express himself.

GENERAL LEE, VIRGINIA AND THE REBELLION.

The General's attention was directed to his written and spoken determination to draw his sword in defence only of his native State, and the inquiry was raised as to what he considered the defence of Virginia, and what degree of deliberation he had given to that expression. He stated that, as a firm and honest believer in the doctrine of State rights, he had considered his allegiance due primarily to the State in which he was born and where he had always resided. And, although he was not an advocate of secession at the outset, when Virginia seceded he honestly believed it his duty to abide her fortunes. He opposed secession to the last, foreseeing the ruin it was sure to entail. But when the State withdrew from the Union he had no recourse, in his view of honor and patriotism, but to abide her fortunes. He went with her, intending to remain merely a private citizen. When he resigned his commission in the United States army he had no intention of taking up arms in any other service, and least of all in a service antagonistic to the United States. His State, however, called for him, and, entertaining the fixed principles he did of State sovereignty, he had no alternative but to accept the service to which he was called. When he made use of the declarations that have been so extensively quoted of late, he had accepted only a commission from Virginia. Subsequently, when Virginia attached herself to the Southern confederacy, the same political impressions impelled him to follow her, and when he accepted service under the rebel government he did so on the principle that he was defending his native State. And yet, by the act of accepting such service he was bound in honor to serve in any part of the confederacy where he might be called, without reference to State lines, and the reconciliation with his former avowal, if any were necessary, was found in the fact that Virginia, standing or falling with the other Southern States, in defending them all he was defending the one to which he considered his allegiance primarily due.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF HIS SURRENDER.

As to the effect of his surrender, he was free to say it was a severe blow to the South, but not a crushing blow. It was of military, not political significance. I asked, was not that surrender a virtual surrender of the doctrine of State rights. By no means, the General replied. When the South shall be wholly subdued there will then undeniably be a surrender of that doctrine. But the surrender of a single army is simply a military necessity. The army of Northern Virginia was surrendered because further resistance on its part would only entail a useless sacrifice of life. But that army was merely a part of the force of the South. When the South shall be forced to surrender all its forces, and returns to the Union, it indisputably, by that act, surrenders its favorite doctrine of secession. That principle will then be settled by military power.

STATE RIGHTS.

On this question of State sovereignty the General contends that there exists a legitimate *casus belli*. In the convention that formed the organic law of the land, the question of defining the relative powers of the States, and their relation to the general government, was raised, but after much discussion was dropped and left unsettled. It has remained so unsettled until the present time. This war is destined to set it at rest. It is unfortunate that it was not settled at the outset; but as it was not settled then, and had to be settled at some time, the war raised on this issue cannot be considered treason. If the South is forced to submission in this contest, it of course can only be looked upon as the triumph of federal power over State rights, and the forced annihilation of the latter.

THE SOUTH ANXIOUS FOR PEACE TWO YEARS AGO.

With reference to the war in the abstract, the General declared it as his honest belief that peace was practicable two years ago, and has been practicable from that time to the present day whenever the general government should see fit to give it, giving any reasonable chance for the country to escape the consequences which the exasperated North seemed determined to impose. The South has, during all this time, been ready and anxious for peace. They have been looking for some word or expression of compromise or conciliation from the North upon which they might base a return to the Union. They were not prepared, nor are they yet, to come and beg for terms; but were ready to accept any fair and honorable terms, their own political views being considered. The question of slavery did not lay in the way at all. The best men of the South have long been anxious to do away with this institution, and were quite willing to-day to see it abolished. They consider slavery forever dead. But with them, in relation to this subject, the question has ever been, "What will you do with the freed people?" That is the serious question to-day, and one that cannot be winked at. It must be met practically and treated intelligently. The negroes must be disposed of, and if their disposition can be marked out, the matter of freeing them is at once settled. But unless some humane course is adopted, based on wisdom and Christian principles, you do a gross wrong and injustice to the whole negro race in setting them free. And it is only this consideration that has led the wisdom, intelligence and Christianity of the South to support and defend the institution up to this time.

THE GENERAL A NATIONAL MAN.

The conversation then turned into other channels, and finally touched upon the prospects of peace. And here a very noticeable form of expression was used by the General. In speaking of the probable course of the administration towards the South, the General remarked that, "If we do" so and so. I immediately called his attention to the expression, and sought an explanation of the sense in which he used the pronoun "we," but obtained none other than a marked repetition of it. It was noticeable throughout the entire interview that in no single instance did he speak of the Southern confederacy, nor of the Yankees nor the rebels. He frequently alluded to the country, and expressed most earnestly his solicitude for its restoration to peace and tranquillity, cautiously avoiding any expression that would imply the possibility of its disintegration.

THE SOUTH NOT YET CONQUERED.

Throughout all the conversation he manifested an earnest desire that such counsels should prevail and such policies be pursued as would conduce to an immediate peace, implying in his remarks that peace was now at our option. But he was particular to say that, should arbitrary or vindictive or revengeful policies be adopted, the end was not yet. There yet remained a great deal of vitality and strength in the South. There were undeveloped resources and hitherto unavailable sources of strength, which harsh measures on our part would call into action; and that the South could protract the struggle for an indefinite period. We might, it was true, destroy all that remained of the country east of the Mississippi river by a lavish expenditure of men and means; but then we would be required to fight on the other side of that river, and, after subduing them there, we would be compelled to follow them into Mexico, and thus the struggle would be prolonged until the whole country would be impoverished and ruined. And this we would be compelled to do if extermination, confiscation and general annihilation and destruction are to be our policy. For if a people are to be destroyed they will sell their lives as dearly as possible.

CONDEMNATION OF THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The assassination of the President was then spoken of. The General considered this event in itself one of the most deplorable that could have occurred. As a crime it was unexampled and beyond execration. It was a crime that no good man could approve from any conceivable motive. Undoubtedly the effort would be made to fasten the responsibility of it upon the South, but, from his intimate acquaintance with the leading men of the South, he was confident there was not one of them who would sanction or approve it. The scheme was wholly unknown in the South before its execution, and would never have received the slightest encouragement had it been known, but, on the contrary, the most severe execration. I called the General's attention, at this point, to a notice that had been printed in the Northern papers, purporting to have been taken from a paper published in the interior of the South, proposing for the sum of one million of dollars, to undertake the assassination of the President and his Cabinet. The General affirmed that he had never seen nor heard of such a proposition, nor did he believe it had ever been printed in the South, though if it had, it had been permitted merely as the whim of some crazy person that could possibly amount to nothing. Such a crime was an anomaly in the history of our country, and we had yet before its perpetration to learn that it was possible of either earnest conception or actual execution.

THE SOUTH NEVER HALF IN EARNEST IN THE WAR.

It was a most singular and remarkable expression to escape the lips of such a man as General Lee that "the South was never more than half in earnest in this war." I cannot attempt to translate this remark or elucidate it. Its utterance conveyed to me the impression that the South was most heartily sick of the war, and anxious to get back into the Union and to peace. The General added that they went off after political leaders in a moment of passion and under the excitement of fancied wrongs, honestly believing that they were entering a struggle for an inalienable right and a fundamental principle of their political creed. A man should not be judged harshly for contending for that which he honestly believes to be right. Such was the position of the vast majority of the Southern people now. And now that they are defeated they consider that they have lost everything that is worth contending for in the government. They have sacrificed home, friends, property, health, all on this issue. Men do not make such sacrifices for nothing. They have made the sacrifice from honest convictions.

EXPATRIATION SCHEMES.

And now that they have lost in the issue they feel that they have no interests left in this country. It is the opinion of General Lee that unless moderation and liberality be exercised towards them the country will lose its best people. Already, he says, they are seeking to expatriate themselves, and numerous schemes are started to go to Mexico, to Brazil, to Canada, to France or elsewhere. He is called upon frequently to discountenance and suppress such undertakings. The country needs these young men. They are its bone and sinew, its intelligence and enterprise, its hope for the future, and wisdom demands that no effort be spared to keep them in the country and pacify them.

GENERAL LEE'S STANDPOINT.

It was a most noticeable feature of the conversation that General Lee, strange as it may appear, talked throughout as a citizen of the United States. He seemed to plant himself on the national platform, and take his observations from that standpoint. He talked calmly, deliberately, earnestly, but with no show of interest other or different from what might be expected from an honest believer in his peculiar opinions.

THE TERMS OF PEACE.

The conversation, which had been greatly protracted, so much so that I became uneasy for fear of trespassing on time that I had no right to claim, terminated with some allusions to the terms of peace. Here there was, perhaps naturally and properly, more reticence than on any other topic. But it was plain from what transpired that the only question in the way of immediate peace was the treatment to be accorded the vanquished. Everything else, by implication, seemed to be surrendered. Slavery, State rights, the doctrine of secession, and whatever else of political policy may be involved in the strife is abandoned, the only barrier to an immediate and universal cessation of hostilities and return to the Union being the treatment the national authorities may promise those who have been resisting its power and paramount authority. It is proper to say that this was not so stated by General Lee, but is simply an inference from the conversation that took place on that topic. On the contrary, the General seemed very cautious in regard to terms. In order to get at his views, if possible, I suggested the conservative sentiment of the North, which proposed a general amnesty to all soldiers and military officers, but that the political leaders of the South be held to a strict accountability. "Would that be just?" he asked. "What has Mr. Davis done more than any other Southerner, that he should be punished? It is true he has occupied a prominent position as the agent of a whole people, but that has made him no more nor less a rebel than the rest. His acts were the acts of the whole people, and the acts of the whole people were his acts. He was not accountable for the commencement of the struggle. On the contrary, he was one of the last to give in his adherence to the secession movement, having strenuously opposed it from the outset and portrayed its ruinous consequences in his speeches and by his writings. Why, therefore, should he suffer more than others?" Of course, it was not my province to discuss these questions, and as this illustration disclosed the bent of the General's mind it was all that I desired to know.

GENERAL LEE'S PERSONAL WISHES FOR THE FUTURE.

In taking leave of the General I took occasion to say that he was greatly respected by a very large body of good men at the North, and that as a soldier he was universally admired, and that it was earnestly hoped that he would yet lead an army of United States troops in the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine. He thanked me for the expression of Northern sentiment toward himself, but as for more fighting he felt that he was getting too old, his only desire now being to be permitted to retire to private life and end his days in seclusion. It was, I thought, an evidence of painful sadness at heart that prompted the added expression that he would have been pleased had his life been taken in any of the numerous battle fields on which he had fought during this war.

THE CUSTIS SLAVES.

While talking on the subject of the abolition of slavery I remarked that it had lately been charged in some of the newspapers of the North that the Custis slaves, some two hundred in number, who had been left in General Lee's custody for emancipation, had not been emancipated. The General said this was a mistake. As executor of the will he was required to emancipate these slaves at a certain time. That time had not arrived when the war broke out. It did arrive one or two years afterwards. At that time he could not get to the courts of the county in which Arlington is located to take out the emancipation papers as prescribed by law. But he did take out papers from the Supreme Court of the State in this city, liberating them all, and they are so recorded in the records of that court. He sent word of their freedom to the negroes at Arlington, and the necessary papers were sent to those at the White House, and to all others that could be reached, and they were all thus liberated, together with a number who were either the General's or Mrs. Lee's private property.

OPEN LETTERS.

Century May 1885

An Interview with General Robert E. Lee.

A YEAR or more before the death of General Lee, he came to Baltimore as one of a committee to enlist the authorities of the city and the president and directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the project for a railroad down the Valley of Virginia.

I had met General Lee but once, and then only for a few minutes; and though his home during his last years was in my native place, I did not intend calling on him in Baltimore; but a Southerner of wealth, then in New York, Cyrus H. McCormick, having telegraphed me to see the General and invite him to come on and be his guest, I called upon him to deliver the invitation. The General said he was here on a hurried visit, that his duties to the College required his presence at home, and that with many thanks for the courtesy, and the hope that he would be able to enjoy the proffered hospitalities some other time, he must decline. I urged him not to carry out that decision, assuring him that the College would probably gain substantial benefit from his visiting my friend. He at length agreed to hold the question under consideration during a day or two he was to be absent in the country, and made an appointment for my meeting him on his return.

The two days having expired, I called again and found him expecting me. He stated that, having fully considered the subject, he had decided that he must return home. After again presenting reasons why he should make the visit to my friend, I said:

"I think I see, General, that the real difficulty lies in your shrinking from the conspicuity of a visit to New York. I can readily understand that this would be unpleasant. But you need not be exposed to any publicity whatever; my friend has given me *carte blanche* to make all arrangements for your coming. I will engage a compartment in the palace car of the night train, and will telegraph my friend to meet you with his carriage on your arrival in New York."

I shall never forget the deep feeling manifested in the tones of his voice, as he replied:

"Oh, Doctor, I couldn't go sneaking into New York in that way. When I do go there, I'll go in daylight, and go like a man."

I felt rebuked at having made the suggestion; and finding he was fixed in his determination, the subject was dropped. But he seemed in a talkative mood,—remarkably so, considering his reputation for taciturnity,—and immediately began to speak of the issues and results of the war. The topic which seemed to lie uppermost and heaviest on his heart was the vast number of noble young men who had fallen in the bloody strife. In this particular he regarded the struggle as having been most unequal. The North, he said, had, indeed, sent many of her valuable young men to the field; but as in all large cities there is a population which can well be spared, she had from this source and from immigrants from abroad unfailing additional supplies. The South, on the other hand, had none but her own sons, and she sent and sacrificed the flower of her land.

After dwelling with emphasis and with feeling on this point, the General then introduced another topic which also moved him deeply, viz., the persistent manner in which the leading Northern journals, and the Northern people generally, insisted that the object of the war had been to secure the perpetuation of slavery. On this point he seemed not only indignant, but hurt. He said it was not true. He declared that, for himself, he had never been an advocate of slavery; that he had emancipated most of his slaves years before the war, and had sent to Liberia those who were willing to go; that the latter were writing back most affectionate letters to him, some of which he received through the lines during the war. He said, also, as an evidence that the colored people did not consider him hostile to their race, that during this visit to Baltimore some of them who had known him when he was stationed here had come up in the most affectionate manner and put their hands into the carriage-window to shake hands with him. They would hardly have received him in this way, he thought, had they looked upon him as fresh from a war intended for their oppression and injury. One expression I must give in his own words.

"So far," said General Lee, "from engaging in a war to perpetuate slavery, I am rejoiced that slavery is abolished. I believe it will be greatly for the interests of the South. So fully am I satisfied of this, as regards Virginia especially, *that I would cheerfully have lost all I have lost by the war, and have suffered all I have suffered, to have this object attained.*" This he said with much earnestness.

After expressing himself on this point, as well as others in which he felt that Northern writers were greatly misrepresenting the South, he looked at me and, with emphasis, said:

"Doctor, I think some of you gentlemen that use the pen should see that justice is done us."

I replied that the feeling engendered by the war was too fresh and too intense for anything emanating from a Southern pen to affect Northern opinion; but that time was a great rectifier of human judgments, and hereafter the true history would be written; and that he need not fear that then injustice would be done him.

As the General was in a talking mood, he would have gone on much further, no doubt, but that at this point his son, General W. H. F. Lee, whom he had not seen for some time, and who had just arrived in Baltimore, entered the room.

John Leyburn.

BALTIMORE.

Bishop Bryennios and the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.

THERE is a quarter of Constantinople called Phanar, inhabited almost exclusively by Greeks. Here the houses are larger and cleaner, and an appearance of greater thrift and comfort exists, than in the Turkish parts of the city. Here is the residence of the Greek Patriarch and of the more celebrated Greek bishops. Here is the patriarchal church, where the great festivals of Christmas and Easter are celebrated with the utmost pomp. Here, too, is the confused and irregular mass of buildings belonging to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and forming what is called the Jerusalem Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre. Hardly more than a stone's-throw to the east, opposite the entrance of the great patriarchal church, is a narrow, unpainted wooden house, four stories high. This house has been for years the residence of Philotheos Bryennios, metropolitan of Diocletian's ancient capital, Nicomedia, and, of late, specially famous for his discovery of the manuscript volume containing what is called the Διδαχή, or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles. In the library of the Jerusalem Monastery that manuscript is still kept which has been more discussed, and has attracted more attention, than any other ancient manuscript since Tischendorf discovered the Codex Sinaiticus.

It has been my good fortune to meet Bishop Bryennios on several occasions. Twice I have had the rare privilege of seeing and glancing over the manuscript — a privilege only one other American gentle-

LEE'S INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"CARRY ME BACK TO OLE VIRGINNY."

ONE night in the spring of 1863, I was sitting in my tent opposite Suffolk, Virginia, when there came in a slender, wiry fellow about five feet eight, with hazel eyes, dark hair and complexion, and brown beard. He wore a citizen's suit of dark material, and except for his stooped shoulders was well-formed and evidently a man of great activity. He handed me a note from Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War. That was my first meeting with the famous scout Harrison, who in his unpretending citizen's dress passed unmolested from right to left through the Federal army, visited Washington City, ate and drank with the Federal officers, and joined me at Chambersburg with information more accurate than a force of cavalry could have secured.

While my command was at Suffolk, engaged in collecting supplies from the eastern coasts of Virginia and North Carolina, General Burnside was relieved and General Hooker put in command of the Federal Army of the Potomac. General Lee was not expecting Hooker to move so early, and gave me no warning until the Federals moved out to turn his left by Chancellorsville. He then sent urgent demand for me, but it so happened that all my trains were down on the eastern coasts, and I could not move my troops without leaving the trains to the enemy. I made haste to get them back as quickly as possible, and the moment we got them within our lines I pulled up from around Suffolk, and, recrossing the Blackwater, started back on my march to join General Lee at Fredericksburg. Before we got to Richmond, however, we received dispatches announcing the Confederate success. But with these tidings of victory came the sad intelligence that General Stonewall Jackson was seriously wounded, a piece of news that cast a deep gloom over the army.

On the 9th of May I joined General Lee at his headquarters at Fredericksburg. At our first meeting we had very little conversation; General Lee merely stated that he had had a severe battle, and the army had been very much broken up. He regarded the wound accidentally inflicted on Jackson as a terrible calamity. Although we felt the immediate loss of Jackson's services, it was supposed he would rally and get well. He lingered for several days, one day reported better and the next worse, until at last he was taken from us to the shades of Paradise. The shock was a very severe one to men and officers, but the full extent of our loss was not felt until the remains of the beloved general had been sent home. The dark clouds of the future then began to lower above the Confederates.

General Lee at that time was confronted by two problems: one, the finding a successor for Jackson, another, the future movements of the Army of Northern Virginia. After considering the matter fully he decided to reorganize his army, making three corps instead of two. I was in command of the First Corps, and he seemed anxious to have a second and third corps under the command of Virginians. To do so was to overlook the claims of other generals who had been active and very efficient in the service. He selected General Ewell to command the Second, and General A. P. Hill for the Third Corps. General Ewell was entitled to command by reason of his rank, services, and ability. Next in rank was a North Carolinian, General D. H. Hill, and next a Georgian, General Lafayette McLaws, against whom was the objection that they were not Virginians.*

In reorganizing his army, General Lee impaired to some extent the *morale* of his troops, but the First Corps, dismembered as it was,

* General D. H. Hill was the superior of General A. P. Hill in rank, skill, judgment, and distinguished services. He had served with the army in Virginia, on the Peninsula in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and the Seven Days' battles around Richmond. In the Maryland campaign he made the battle of South Mountain alone from morning till late in the afternoon, with five thousand against a large part of McClellan's army. He also bore the brunt of the battle of Sharpsburg. He hailed, however, not from Virginia but from North Carolina, and had just been detailed for service in that State. Next in rank after General D. H. Hill was General Lafayette McLaws, who had served with us continually from the Peninsular campaign. His attack of Maryland Heights in the campaign of 1862 was the crowning point in the capture of Harper's

still considered itself, with fair opportunities, invincible, and was ready for any move warranted by good judgment.

While General Lee was reorganizing his army he was also arranging the new campaign. Grant had laid siege to Vicksburg, and Johnston was concentrating at Jackson to drive him away. Rosecrans was in Tennessee and Bragg was in front of him. The force Johnston was concentrating at Jackson gave us no hope that he would have sufficient strength to make any impression upon Grant, and even if he could, Grant was in position to reënforce rapidly and could supply his army with greater facility. Vicksburg was doomed unless we could offer relief by strategic move. I proposed to send a force through East Tennessee to join Bragg and also to have Johnston sent to join him, thus concentrating a large force to move against Rosecrans, crush out his army and march against Cincinnati. That, I thought, was the only way we had to relieve Vicksburg. General Lee admitted the force of my proposition but finally stated that he preferred to organize a campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania, hoping thereby to draw the Federal troops from the southern points they occupied. After discussing the matter with him for several days I found his mind made up not to allow any of his troops to go west. I then accepted his proposition to make a campaign into Pennsylvania, provided it should be offensive in strategy but defensive in tactics, forcing the Federal army to give us battle when we were in strong position and ready to receive them. One mistake of the Confederacy was in pitting force against force. The only hope we had was to outgeneral the Federals. We were all hopeful and the army was in good condition, but the war had advanced far enough for us to see that a mere victory without decided fruits was a luxury we could not afford. Our numbers were less than the Federal forces, and our resources were limited while theirs were not. The time had come when it was imperative that the skill of generals and the strategy and tactics of war should take the place of muscle against muscle. Our purpose should have been to impair the *morale* of the Federal army and shake Northern confidence in the Federal leaders. We talked on that line from day to day, and General Lee, accepting it as good military view, adopted it as the keynote of the campaign. I suggested that we should have all the details and purposes so well arranged and so impressed upon our minds that when the critical moment should come, we could refer to our calmer moments and know we were carrying out our original plans. I stated to General Lee that if he would allow me to handle my corps so as to receive the attack of the Federal army, I would beat it off without calling on him for help except to guard my right and left, and called his attention to the battle of Fredericksburg as an instance of defensive warfare, where we had thrown not more than five thousand troops into the fight and had beaten off two-thirds of the Federal army with great loss to them and slight loss to my own troops. I also called his attention to Napoleon's instructions to Marmont at the head of an invading army.

A few days before we were ready to move, General Lee sent for General Ewell to receive his orders. I was present at the time and remarked that if we were ever going to make an offensive battle it should be done south of the Potomac — adding that we might have an opportunity to cross the Rappahannock near Culpeper Court House and make a battle there. I made this suggestion in order to bring about a discussion which I thought would give Ewell a better idea of the plan of operations. My remark had the desired effect and we talked over the possibilities of a battle south of the Potomac. The enemy would be on our right flank while we were moving north. Ewell's corps was to move in advance to Culpeper Court House, mine to follow, and the cavalry was to move along on our right flank to the east of us. Thus, by threatening his rear, we could draw Hooker from his position at Fredericksburg. Our movements at the beginning of the campaign were necessarily slow in order that we might be sure of having the proper effect on Hooker and draw him from his position on Stafford Heights opposite Fredericksburg.

Ewell was started off to the valley of Virginia to cross the mountains and move in the direction of Winchester, which was occupied by considerable forces under Milroy. I was moving at the same time east of the Blue Ridge with Stuart's cavalry on my right so as to occupy the gaps from Ashby on to Harper's Ferry. Ewell, moving on through the valley, captured troops and supplies at Winchester, and passed through Martinsburg and Williamsport into Maryland. As I moved

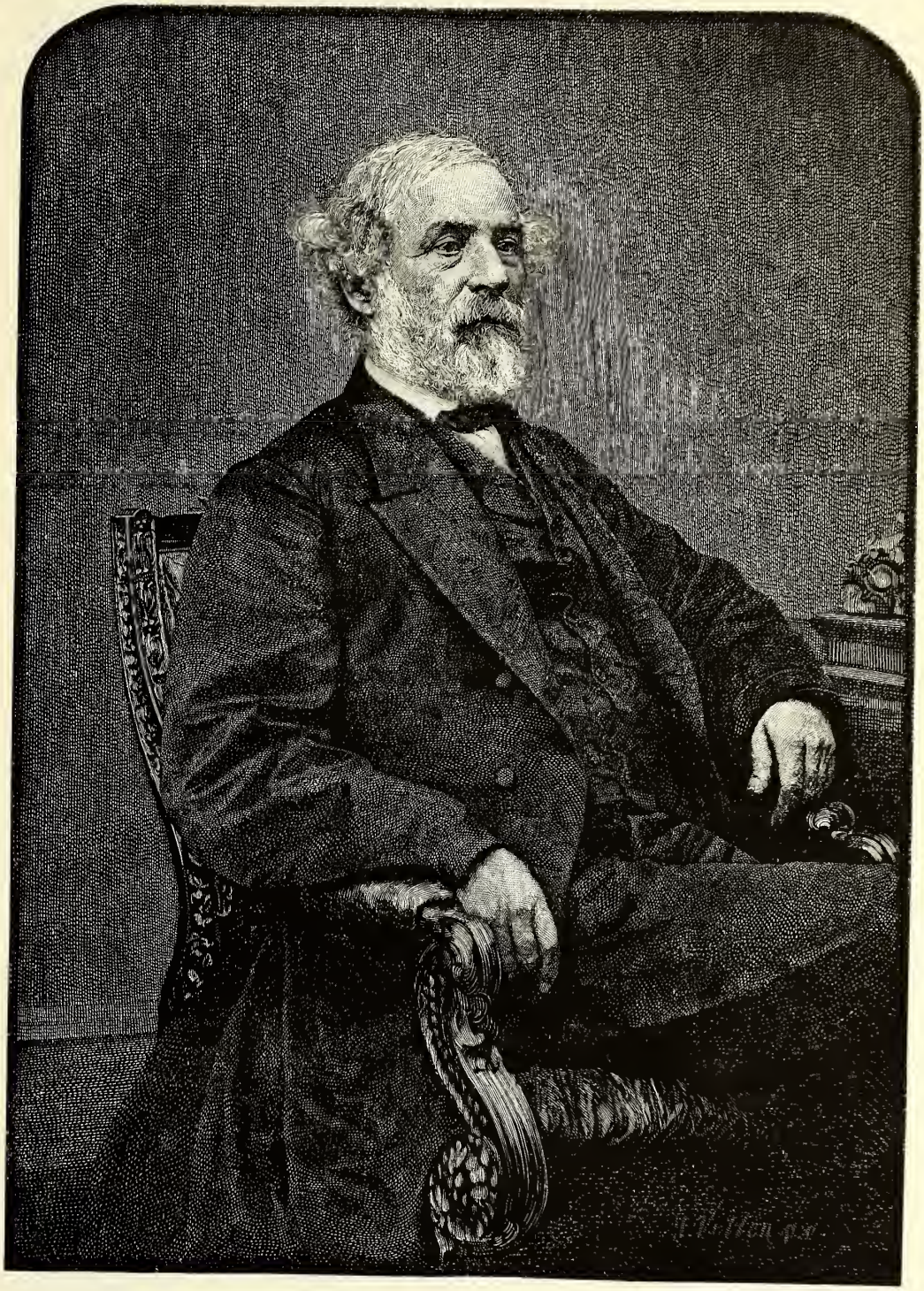
Ferry with its garrison and supplies. With Maryland Heights in our hands Harper's Ferry was untenable. Without Maryland Heights in our possession Jackson's forces on the south side of the Potomac could not have taken the post. At Fredericksburg McLaws held the ground at Marye's Hill with five thousand men (his own and Ransom's division) against forty thousand, and put more than double his defending forces *hors de combat*, thus making, for his numbers, the best battle of the war. General McLaws was not in vigorous health, however, and was left to command his division in the campaign. He called on General Lee to know why his claims had been overlooked, but I do not know that Lee gave him satisfactory reasons.—J. L.

along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge we heard from day to day of the movements of Hooker's army, and that he had finally abandoned his position on Stafford Heights, and was moving up the Potomac in the direction of Washington. Upon receipt of that information, A. P. Hill was ordered to draw off from Fredericksburg and follow the movements of General Ewell, save to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown. When Hill with his troops and well-supplied trains had passed my rear, I was ordered to withdraw from the Blue Ridge, pass over to the west of the Shenandoah and follow the movements of the other troops, only to cross the Potomac at Williamsport. I ordered General Stuart, whom I considered under my command, to occupy the gaps with a part of his cavalry and to follow with his main force on my right, to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and move on my right flank. Upon giving him this order, he informed me that he had authority from General Lee to occupy the gaps with a part of his cavalry, and to follow the Federal army with the remainder. At the same time he expressed his purpose of crossing the river east of the Blue Ridge and trying to make way around the right of the Federal army; so I moved my troops independent of the cavalry, following my orders, crossed at Williamsport, came up with A. P. Hill, in Maryland, and we moved on thence to Chambersburg.

Before we left Fredericksburg for the campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania, I called up my scout Harrison, and, giving him all the gold he thought he would need, told him to go to Washington City and remain there until he was in possession of information which he knew would be of value to us, and directed that he should then make his way back to me and report. As he was leaving, he asked where he would find me. That was information I did not care to impart to a man who was going directly to the Federal capital. I answered that my command was large enough to be found without difficulty. We had reached Chambersburg on the 27th of June and were remaining there to give the troops rest, when my scout straggled into the lines. He told me he had been to Washington and had spent his gold freely, drinking in the saloons and getting upon confidential terms with army officers. In that way he had gotten a pretty good idea of the general movements of the Federal army and the preparation to give us battle. The moment he heard Hooker had started across the Potomac he set out to find me. He fell in with the Federal army before reaching Frederick — his plan being to walk at night and stop during the day in the neighborhood of the troops. He said there were three corps near Frederick when he passed there, one to the right, and one to the left, but he did not succeed in getting the position of the other. This information proved more accurate than we could have expected if we had been relying upon our cavalry. I sent the scout to report to General Lee, who was near, and suggested in my note that it might be well for us to begin to look to the east of the Blue Ridge. Meade was then in command of the Federal army, Hooker having been relieved.

The two armies were then near each other, the Confederates being north and west of Gettysburg and the Federals south and south-east of that memorable field. On the 30th of June, we turned our faces toward our enemy and marched upon Gettysburg. The Third Corps, under Hill, moved out first and my command followed. We then found ourselves in a very unusual condition: we were almost in the immediate presence of the enemy with our cavalry gone. Stuart was undertaking another wild ride around the Federal army. We knew nothing of Meade's movements further than the report my scout had made. We did not know, except by surmise, when or where to expect to find Meade, nor whether he was lying in wait or advancing. The Confederates moved down the Gettysburg road on the 30th of June, encountered the Federals on the 1st of July, and a severe engagement followed. The Federals were driven entirely from the field and forced back through the streets of Gettysburg to Cemetery Hill, which had been previously selected as a Federal rallying point and was occupied by a reserve force of the Eleventh Corps.

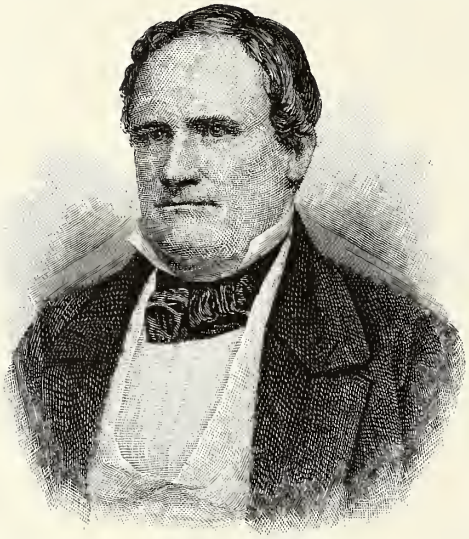
Gettysburg lies partly between Seminary Ridge on the west and Cemetery Ridge on the south-east, a distance of about fourteen hundred yards dividing the crests of the two ridges. As General Lee rode to the summit of Seminary Ridge and looked down upon the town he saw the Federals in full retreat and concentrating on the rock-ribbed hill that served as a burying-ground for the city. He sent orders to Ewell to follow up the success if he found it practicable and to occupy the hill on which the enemy was concentrating. As the order was not positive but left discretion with General Ewell, the latter thought it better to give his troops a little rest and wait for more definite instructions. I was following the Third Corps as fast as possible, and as soon as I got possession of the road went rapidly forward to join General Lee. I found him on the summit of Seminary Ridge watching the enemy concentrate on the opposite hill. He pointed out their position to me. I took my glasses and made as careful a survey as I



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

could from that point. After five or ten minutes I turned to General Lee and said:

"If we could have chosen a point to meet our plans of operation, I do not think we could have found a better one than that upon which they are now concentrating. All we have to do is to throw our army around by their left and we shall interpose between the Federal army and Washington. We can get a strong position and wait, and if they fail to attack us we shall have everything in condition to move back to-morrow night in the direction of Washington, selecting beforehand a good position into which we can place our troops to receive battle next day. Finding our object is Washington or that army, the Federals will be sure to attack us. When they attack, we shall beat them, as we proposed to do before we left Fredericksburg, and the probabilities are that the fruits of our success will be great."



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM BARKSDALE, WOUNDED JULY 2D, DIED JULY 3D. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

"No," said General Lee; "the enemy is there, and I am going to attack him there."

I suggested that such a move as I proposed would give us control of the roads leading to Washington and Baltimore, and reminded General Lee of our original plans. If we had fallen behind Meade and had insisted on staying between him and Washington, he would have been compelled to attack and would have been badly beaten. General Lee answered, "No; they are there in position, and I am going to whip them or they are going to whip me." I saw he was in no frame of mind to listen to further argument at that time, so I did not push the matter, but determined to renew the subject the next morning. It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon.

On the morning of the 2d I joined General Lee and again proposed the move to Meade's left and rear. He was still unwilling to consider the proposition, but soon left me and rode off to see General Ewell and to examine the ground on our left with a view to making the attack at that point. After making the examination and talking to General Ewell, he determined to make the attack by the right, and, returning to where I was, announced his intention of so doing. His engineer officers had been along the line far enough to find a road by which the troops could move and be concealed from the Federal signal stations.

About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 2d he ordered the march, and put it under the conduct of his engineer officers, so as to be assured of their moving by the best route and encountering the least delay in reaching the position designated by him for the attack on the Federal left, at the same time concealing the movements then under orders from view of the Federals.

McLaws's division was in advance, with Hood following. After marching some distance there was a delay in front, and I rode forward to ascertain the cause, when it was reported to me that part of the road just in advance of us was in plain view of the Federal signal station on Round Top. To avoid that point the direction of the troops was changed. Again I found there was some delay, and ordering Hood's division, then in the rear, to move on and double with the division in front, so as to save as much time as possible, I went forward again to see the cause of the delay. It seemed there was doubt again about the men being concealed, when I stated that I could see the signal station, and there was no reason why they could not see us. It seemed to me useless, therefore, to delay the troops any longer with the idea of concealing the move, and the two divisions moved on. As the line was deployed I rode along from left to right, examining the Federal position and putting my troops in the best position we could find. General Lee at the same time gave orders for the attack to be made by my right — following up the direction of the Emmettsburg road toward the Cemetery Ridge, holding Hood's left as well as could be toward the Emmettsburg road, McLaws to follow the movements of Hood, attacking at the Peach Orchard the Federal Third Corps, with a part of R. H. Anderson's division following the movements of McLaws to guard his left flank. As soon as the troops were in position, and we could find the points against which we should march and give the guiding points, the advance was ordered — at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. The attack was

RELIEF MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG, LOOKING SOUTH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A MODEL OR RELIEF MAP BY AMBROSE E. LEHMAN, C. E.)

1. Chambersburg pike bridge over Willoughby Creek — beginning of the battle of the first day. 2. McPherson's farm and woods. 3. Railway cuts. 4. Seminary. 5. Oak Hill. 6. Carlisle Road. 7. Harrisburg Road bridge over Rock Creek. 8. Hanover Road. 9. Wolf Hill. 10. Culp's Hill. 11. East Cemetery Hill. 12. Cemetery Hill — site of National Cemetery. 13. Ziegler's Grove. 14. Meade's headq'rs on the Taneytown Road. 15. Slocum's headquarters on Power's Hill. 16. Codori's house on the Emmettsburg Road. 17. Cemetery Ridge. 18. Little Round Top. 19 Round Top. 20. Devil's Den. 21. Wheat-field. 22. Trostle's farm. 23. Peach Orchard. 24. Seminary Ridge. 25. Extreme right of Longstreet's line.

made in splendid style by both divisions, and the Federal line was broken by the first impact. They retired, many of them, in the direction of Round Top behind bowlders and fences, which gave them shelter, and where they received reënforcements.

This was an unequal battle. General Lee's orders had been that when my advance was made, the Second Corps, on his left, should move and make a simultaneous attack; that the Third Corps should watch closely and engage so as to prevent heavy massing in front of me. Ewell made no move at all until about eight o'clock at night, after the heat of the battle was over, his line having been broken by a call for one of his brigades somewhere else. Hill made no move whatever, save of the brigades of his right division that were covering our left.

When the battle of the 2d was over, General Lee pronounced it a success, as we were in possession of ground from which we had driven the Federals and had taken several field pieces. The conflict had been fierce and bloody, and my troops had driven back heavy columns and had encountered a force three or four times their number,* but we had accomplished little toward victorious results. Our success of the first day led us into battle on the 2d, and the battle on the 2d doubtless led us into the terrible and hopeless slaughter on the 3d.

On the night of the 2d, I sent to our extreme right to make a little reconnoissance in that direction, thinking General Lee might yet conclude to move around the Federal left. The morning of the 3d broke clear and indicated a day on which operations would not be interrupted by the elements. The Confederate forces still occupied Seminary Ridge, while the Federals occupied the range stretching from Round Top to Cemetery Hill and around Culp's Hill. The position of the Federals was quite strong, and the battle of the 2d had concentrated them so that I considered an attack from the front more hazardous than the battle on the 2d had been. The Federals were concentrated, while our troops were stretched out in a long, broken, and thus a weak line. However, General Lee hoped to break through the Federal line and drive them off. I was disappointed when he came to me on the morning of the 3d, and directed that I should renew the attack against Cemetery Hill, probably the strongest point of the Federal line. He had already ordered Pickett's division, which had been left at Chambersburg to guard our supply trains, up for that purpose. In the meantime the Federals had placed batteries on Round Top in position to make a raking fire against troops attacking the Federal front. Meade knew that if the battle was renewed it would be virtually over the same ground as my battle of the 2d. I stated to General Lee that I had been examining the ground over to the right, and was much inclined to think the best thing was to move to the Federal left.

"No," he said; "I am going to take them where they are on Cemetery Hill. I want you to take Pickett's division and make the attack. I will reënforce you by two divisions of the Third Corps."

"That will give me fifteen thousand men," I replied. "I have been a soldier, I may say, from the ranks up to the position I now hold. I have been in pretty much all kinds of skirmishes, from those of two or three soldiers up to those of an army corps, and I think I can safely say there never was a body of fifteen thousand men who could make that attack successfully."

The General seemed a little impatient at my remarks, so I said nothing more. As he showed no indication of changing his plan, I went to work at once to arrange my troops for the attack. Pickett was put in position and received directions for the line of his advance as indicated by General Lee. The divisions of the Third Corps were arranged along his left with orders to take up the line of march as Pickett passed before them in short echelon. We were to open with our batteries, and Pickett was to move out as soon as we silenced the Federal batteries. The artillery combat was to begin with the rapid discharge of two field pieces as our signal. As soon as the orders were communicated along the line, I sent Colonel E. P. Alexander (who was commanding a battalion of artillery and who had been an engineer officer) to select carefully a point from which he could observe the effect of our batteries. When he could discover the enemy's batteries silenced or crippled, he should give notice to General Pickett, who was ordered, upon receipt of that notice, to move forward to the attack. When I took Pickett to the crest of Seminary Ridge and explained where his troops should be sheltered, and pointed out the direction General Lee wished him to take and the point of the Federal line where the assault was to be made, he seemed to appreciate the severe battle he was to encounter, but was quite hopeful of success. Upon receipt of notice, he was to march over the crest of the hill down the gentle slope and up the rise opposite the Federal stronghold. The distance was about fourteen hundred yards, and for most of the way the Federal batteries would have a rak-

* General Meade's report shows that all of the Third and parts of the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Twelfth corps took part in the second day's fight.—EDITOR.

A DISPATCH BEARER.

ing fire from Round Top, while the sharpshooters, artillery, and infantry would subject the assaulting column to a terrible and destructive fire. With my knowledge of the situation, I could see the desperate and hopeless nature of the charge and the cruel slaughter it would cause. My heart was heavy when I left Pickett. I rode once or twice along the ground between Pickett and the Federals, examining the positions and study-

ing the matter over in all its phases so far as we could anticipate.

About one o'clock everything was in readiness. The signal guns broke the prevailing stillness, and immediately a hundred and fifty Confederate cannon burst into a deafening roar, which was answered by a thunder almost as great from the Federal side. From both sides the shells were hurled and burst as

BRIGADIER-GENERAL RICHARD B. GARNETT, KILLED JULY 3D.

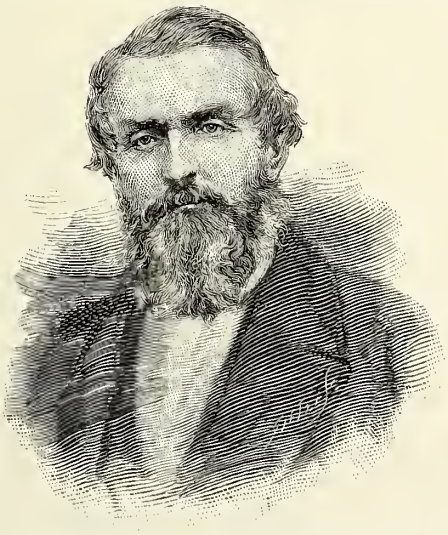
the great artillery combat proceeded. The destruction was, of course, not great; but the thunder on Seminary Ridge, and the echo coming back from the Federals, showed that both sides were ready. The armies seemed like mighty wild beasts growling at each other and preparing for a death struggle. For an hour or two the fire was continued, and met such steady response on the part of the Federals, that it seemed less effective than we had anticipated. I sent word to Alexander that unless he could do something more, I would not feel warranted in ordering the troops forward. After a little, some of the Federal batteries ceased firing, possibly to save ammunition, and Alexander thought the most suitable time for the advance had come. He sent word to Pickett, and Pickett rode to my headquarters. As he came up he asked if the time for his advance had come. I was convinced that he would be leading his troops to needless slaughter, and did not speak. He repeated the question, and without opening my lips, I bowed in answer. In a determined voice Pickett said: "Sir, I shall lead my division forward." He then remounted his horse and rode back to his command. I mounted my horse and rode to a point where I could observe the troops as they marched forward. Colonel Alexander had set aside a battery of seven guns to advance with Pickett, but General Pendleton, from whom they were borrowed, recalled them just before the charge was ordered. Colonel Alexander told me of the seven guns which had been removed, and that his ammunition was so low he could not properly support the charge. I ordered him to stop Pickett until the ammunition could be replenished, and he answered, "There is no ammunition with which to replenish." In the hurry he got together such guns as he could to move with Pickett.

It has been said that I should have exercised discretion and should not have sent Pickett on his charge. It has been urged that I had exercised discretion on previous occasions. It is true that at times when I saw a certainty of success in another direction, I did not follow the orders of my general, but that was when he was not near and could not see the situation as it existed. When your chief is away, you have a right to exercise discretion; but if he sees everything you see, you have no right to disregard his positive and repeated orders. I never exercised discretion after discussing with General Lee the points of his orders, *and* when after discussion he had ordered the execution of his policy. I had offered my objections to Pickett's battle and had been overruled, and I was in the immediate presence of the commanding general when the order was given for Pickett to advance.

Gettysburg was one of the saddest days of my life. I foresaw what my men would meet and would gladly have given up my position rather than share in the responsibilities of that day. It was thus I felt when Pickett at the head of forty-nine hundred brave men marched over the crest of Seminary Ridge and began his descent of the slope. As he passed me he rode gracefully, with his jaunty cap raked well over on his right ear and his long auburn locks, nicely dressed, hanging almost to his shoulders. He seemed rather a holiday soldier than a general at the head of a column which was about to make one of the grandest, most desperate assaults recorded in the annals of wars. Armistead and Garnett, two of his brigadiers, were veterans of nearly a quarter of a century's service. Their minds seemed absorbed in the men behind, and in the bloody work before them. Kemper, the other brigadier, was younger but had experienced many severe battles. He was leading my old brigade that I had drilled on Manassas plains before the first battle on that noted field. The troops advanced in well-closed ranks and with elastic step, their faces lighted with hope. Before them lay the ground over which they were to pass to the point of attack. Intervening were several fences, a field of corn, a little swale running through it and then a rise from that point to the Federal stronghold. As soon as Pickett passed the crest of the hill, the Federals had a clear view and opened their batteries, and as he descended the eastern

slope of the ridge his troops received a fearful fire from the batteries in front and from Round Top. The troops marched steadily, taking the fire with great coolness. As soon as they passed my batteries I ordered my artillery to turn their fire against the batteries on our right then raking my lines. They did so, but did not force the Federals to change the direction of their fire and relieve our infantry. As the troops were about to cross the swale I noticed a considerable force of Federal infantry moving down as though to flank the left of our line. I sent an officer to caution the division commanders to guard against that move, at the same time sending another staff officer with similar orders so as to feel assured the order would be delivered. Both officers came back bringing their saddles, their horses having been shot under them. After crossing the swale, the troops kept the same steady step, but met a dreadful fire at the hands of the Federal sharpshooters; and as soon as the field was open, the Federal infantry poured down a terrific fire which was kept up during the entire assault. The slaughter was terrible, the enfilade fire of the batteries on Round Top being very destructive. At times one shell would knock down five or six men. I dismounted to relieve my horse and was sitting on a rail fence watching very closely the movements of the troops. Colonel Freemantle, who had taken a position behind the Third Corps where he would be out of reach of fire and at the same time have a clear view of the field, became so interested that he left his position and came with speed to join me. Just as he came up behind me, Pickett had reached a point between his and the Federal lines. A pause was made to close ranks and mass for the final plunge. The troops on Pickett's left, although advancing, were evidently a little shaky. Colonel Freemantle, only observing the troops of Pickett's command, said to me, "General, I would not have missed this for anything in the world." He believed it to be a complete success. I was watching the troops supporting Pickett and saw plainly they could not hold together ten minutes longer. I called his attention to the wavering condition of the two divisions of the Third Corps, and said they would not hold, that Pickett would strike and be crushed and the attack would be a failure. As Pickett's division concentrated in making the final assault, Kemper fell severely wounded. As the division threw itself against the Federal line Garnett fell and expired. The Confederate flag was planted in the Federal line, and immediately Armistead fell mortally wounded at the feet of the Federal soldiers. The wavering divisions then seemed appalled, broke their ranks, and retired. Immediately the Federals swarmed around Pickett, attacking on all sides, enveloped and broke up his command, having killed and wounded more than two thousand men in about thirty minutes. They then drove the fragments back upon our lines. As they came back I fully expected to see Meade ride to the front and lead his forces to a tremendous counter-charge. Sending my staff officers to assist in collecting the fragments of my command, I rode to my line of batteries, knowing they were all I had in front of the impending attack, resolved to drive it back or sacrifice my last gun and man. The Federals were advancing a line of skirmishers which I thought was the advance of their charge. As soon as the line of skirmishers came within reach of our guns the batteries opened again and their

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM D. PENDER, WOUNDED JULY 2D, DIED JULY 18TH.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL PAUL SEMMES, MORTALLY WOUNDED JULY 2D.

PICKETT'S CHARGE. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

fire seemed to check at once the threatened advance. After keeping it up a few minutes the line of skirmishers disappeared, and my mind was relieved of the apprehension that Meade was going to follow us.

General Lee came up as our troops were falling back and encouraged them as well as he could; begged them to re-form their ranks and reorganize their forces, and assisted the staff-officers in bringing them all together again. It was then he used the expression that has been mentioned so often:

"It was all my fault; get together, and let us do the best we can toward saving that which is left us."

As our troops were driven back from the general assault an attack was made on my extreme right by several squadrons of cavalry, which succeeded in breaking through our line of pickets. They were met by counter-move of the Ninth Georgia and the well-directed fire of Captain Bachman's battery and driven back, the Eleventh and Fifty-ninth Georgia regiments joining in the counter-move.

Finding that Meade was not going to follow us, I prepared to withdraw my line to a better defensive position. The batteries were withdrawn well over Seminary Ridge, and orders were sent to the right for McLaws's and Hood's divisions to be withdrawn to corresponding positions. The armies remained in position, the Confederates on Seminary Ridge extending around Gettysburg, the left also drawn back, the Federals on Cemetery Ridge, until the night of the 4th, when we took up the march in retreat for Virginia.

That night, while we were standing round a little fire by the roadside, General Lee said again the defeat was all his fault. He said to me at another time, "You ought not to have made that last attack." I replied, "I had my orders, and they were of such a nature there was no escape from them." During that winter, while I was in East Tennessee, in a letter I received from him he said, "If I only had taken your counsel even on the 3d, and had moved around the Federal left, how different all might have been."

The only thing Pickett said of his charge was that he was distressed at the loss of his command. He thought he should have had two of his brigades that had been left in Virginia; with them he felt that he would have broken the line.

While I was trying to persuade General Lee to turn the Federal left on the 1st of July, Halleck telegraphed Meade as follows:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1, 1863.

"The movements of the enemy yesterday indicate his intention to either turn your left or to cover himself by the South Mountain and occupy Cumberland Valley. Do not let him draw you too far to the east."

Again on the same day:

"Your tactical arrangements for battle seem good so far as I can judge from my knowledge of the character of the country. But in a strategic view, are you not too far east? And may not Lee attempt to turn your left and cut you off from Frederick? Please give your full attention to this suggestion."

The next day, just thirty minutes before my assault, General Meade telegraphed General Halleck at 3 P. M.:

"If I find it hazardous to do so [meaning to attack], or am satisfied that the enemy is endeavoring to move to my rear and interpose between me and Washington, I shall fall back to my supplies at Westminster."

From this we know that the ground of the Gettysburg cemetery could have been occupied without the loss of a man, yet even at this late day, some of the Virginians, not satisfied with the sacrifice already made, wish that I, who would and could have saved every man lost at Gettysburg, should now be shot to death.

If we had made the move around the Federal left, and taken a strong position, we should have dislodged Meade without a single blow; but even if we had been successful at Gettysburg, and had driven the Federals out of their stronghold, we should have won a fruitless victory, and returned to Virginia conquered victors. The ground they occupied would have been worth no more to us than the ground we were on. What we needed was a battle that would give us decided fruits, not ground that was of no value. I do not think there was any necessity for giving battle at Gettysburg. All of our cavalry was absent, and while that has been urged by some as a reason why the battle should have been made at once, to my mind it was one of the strongest reasons for delaying the battle until everything was well in hand. The cause of the battle was simply General Lee's determination to fight it out from the position in which he was at that time. He did not feel that he was beaten on the second day, but that he was the victor, and still hoped he would be able to dislodge Meade; but he made a mistake in sending such a small number of men to attack a formidable force in position of great natural strength, reënforced by such temporary shelter as could be collected and placed in position to cover the troops. Lee's hope in entering the campaign was that he would be in time to make a successful battle north of the Potomac, with such advantages as to draw off the army at Vicksburg as well as the Federal troops at other points.

I do not think the general effect of the battle was demoralizing, but by a singular

coincidence our army at Vicksburg surrendered to Grant on the 4th, while the armies of Lee and Meade were lying in front of each other, each waiting a movement on the part of the other, neither victor, neither vanquished. This surrender, taken in connection with the Gettysburg defeat, was, of course, very discouraging to our superior officers, though I do not know that in rank and file it was felt as keenly. For myself, I felt that our last hope was gone, and that it was now only a question of time with us. When, however, I found that Rosecrans was moving down toward Georgia against General Bragg, I thought it possible we might recover some of our lost prospects by concentrating against Rosecrans, destroying his army, and advancing through Kentucky.

General Lee evidently felt severely mortified and hurt at the failure, so much so that at times he was inclined to listen to some of those who claimed to be his friends, and to accept their proposition to find a scapegoat. He resisted them, however, and seemed determined to leave the responsibility on his own hands.

For several reasons I will take occasion here to answer some serious charges that have been made against me by men who claim to have been the friends of General Lee.

Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," quotes from a memorial address the old story of the Rev. W. N. Pendleton (page 441, Vol. II.):

"The ground south-west of the town was carefully examined by me after the engagement on July 1st. Being found much less difficult than the steep ascent fronting the troops already up, its practicable character was reported to our commanding general. He informed me that he had ordered Longstreet to attack on that front at sunrise the next morning. And he added to myself, 'I want you to be out long before sunrise, so as to reëxamine and save time.'

"He also desired me to communicate with General Longstreet as well as with himself. The reconnoissance was accordingly made as soon as it was light enough on the 2d, and made through a long distance —in fact, very close to what there was of the enemy's line. No insuperable difficulty appearing, and the marching up far off the enemy's reënforcing columns being seen, the extreme desirableness of immediate attack there was at once reported to the commanding general, and according to his wish, message was also sent to the intrepid but deliberate corps commander, whose sunrise attack there had been ordered. There was, however, unaccountable delay. My own messages went repeatedly to General Lee, and his I know was urgently pressed on General Longstreet until, as I afterwards learned from officers who saw General Lee, as I could not at the time, he manifested extreme displeasure with the tardy corps commander. That hard-fighting soldier, to whom it had been committed there to attack early in the day, did not in person reach the commanding general and with him ride to a position whence to view the ground and see the enemy's arriving masses until twelve o'clock, and his column was not up and ready for the assault until four P. M. All this, as it occurred under my personal observation, it is nothing short of imperative duty that I should thus fairly state."

Mr. Davis indorses the statement thus:

"For the reasons set forth by General Pendleton, whose statement in regard to a fact coming under his personal observation none who know him will question, preparations for a general engagement were unfortunately delayed until the afternoon instead of being made at sunrise; then troops had been concentrated, and Round Top, the commanding position unoccupied in the morning, had received the force which inflicted such disaster on our assaulting columns. The question as to the responsibility for this delay has been so fully discussed in the 'Southern Historical Society Papers' as to relieve me from the necessity of entering into it."

As General Pendleton's lecture was the capital upon which it was proposed to draw funds for a memorial church, it was natural, perhaps, that Mr. Davis should *as a sentiment* claim the statements made as beyond question. Most Virginia writers on this subject have taken up and followed the false scent announced by Mr. Pendleton. Outside that State, I believe Mr. Davis and General Wilcox are the only persons who do not spurn it as false. Facts connected with this battle have been so distorted and misrepresented that a volume of distinct maps must be written in order to make a demonstration, to the letter, of all its features.

General C. M. Wilcox, in an article in the September number, 1877, of the "Southern Historical Society Papers," refers to the order for early attack, viz.:

"It has been asserted that General Longstreet was ordered to attack at daylight or early the next morning. Of this I have no knowledge personally, but am inclined to believe that he was so ordered."

But from the *official accounts* of Generals Pendleton and Wilcox * we see that the right of General Lee's army was not deployed as far as the Fairfield road on the 1st of July, that General Pendleton did not pass beyond this road, and only noted the location of the ridge on the right from his position on the Fairfield road especially as likely to be important "toward a flank movement." With this idea in his mind he leaves us to infer that he left our right and moved over to our left to supervise the posting of artillery battalions just then coming up. Soon after General Pendleton passed from about the Fairfield road to our left, the division of General R. H. Anderson,—of the Third Corps,—led by the brigade of General C. M. Wilcox, filed off to the right from the Chambersburg road, marched in an oblique direction toward the Fairfield road,

* The text of these reports is omitted here for want of space.

Robert E Lee's Mulatto Brother

"William D. Lee a mulatto 89 years old. - - -
"Perfect Picture of Robert Generous Robert E. Lee.
Born Woodstock, Shenandoah County Va
Lees lived in Leesburg - - Daniel Lee father of Robert
came regular to attend court at Woodstock
William Lee's mother did washing for Daniel Lee
"Mother said he was my father ever since I could
remember." Daniel Lee often gave him money.
[Indianapolis Veteran Review]

Jeremiah Banner
Nov 23 1887

learn much from Corot in the way of technical secrets; no one can learn from him how to idealize nature except a man who, like himself, chanças to be born with a poet's heart; and we can do no more than hope that all new poets who may be born to paint shall be souls of Corot's sort. But we must indeed hope this; for what the world needs just now are not mournful temperaments, reading into nature the sorrow of the human race, but apostles of the joy and peace which those who seek can always find in her, valiant yet tender singers like Corot—happy singers of a glad new day.

VIII.

THE more we study Corot's art the more we love the man who stands behind it; and I have dwelt at some length on the record of his life because it completes the revelation of a strong and serious will, of perseverance, modesty, and self-reliance, of noble desires, unfailing courage, sincerity, and loving-kindness.

It is a little the fashion nowadays to think of artists as excusing themselves, on the strength of being artists, from the duties and virtues we demand of commoner clay. It is too much our way to think of them as eccentric, egotistic, nervously excitable or morbidly sensitive, at odds with a prosaic world and often at odds with themselves—pushed one way by the artistic impulse, pulled another by mere human loves and obligations. We think too often of them thus to pardon or condemn them according as we value art or care little for it as a factor in the progress and aspiration of the world.

Corot's story is of priceless value as proving how far wrong are these ideas; and all the more because it is not an exceptional story. Men like Corot, in all the essentials of what even a pharisaical world would call good conduct, have never been rare among artists and are not rare to-day; nor men as courageous and persevering in disappointment, as simple, modest, and laborious in success. As was Corot, so, in a more or less marked degree, were almost all the great painters and sculptors of his great time. Not all of them could be so cheery and happy, but most of them were as single-minded in their devotion to art, as generous and sincere in their dealings with their fellows.

Let me make a good ending now with a few more words from Corot's lips: "Do we know how to render the sky, a tree, or water? No; we can only try to give its appearance, try to translate it by an artifice which we must always seek to perfect. For this reason, although I do not know my craft so very badly, I am always trying to go further. Sometimes some one says: 'You know your business and don't need to study more.' But none of that, I say; we always need to learn. . . . Try to conquer the qualities you do not possess, but above all obey your own instinct, your own way of seeing. This is what I call conscience and sincerity. Do not trouble yourself about anything else, and you will have a good chance of being happy and of doing well."

M. G. van Rensselaer.

GENERAL LEE AFTER THE WAR.

IT would not be easy, for one who had not been in the midst of it, to realize the enthusiasm that existed among the Southern people for General Lee at the conclusion of the war. Nothing could exceed the veneration and love, the trust and absolute loyalty, which people and soldiery alike had manifested towards him through the struggle. But it was after the war had closed that the affection of the people seemed more than ever a consecrated one. The name given to him universally in the army, "Ole Mars' Robert," is an evidence of the peculiar tenderness with which he was regarded. But after defeat came, all this feeling was intensified by the added one of sympathy. Nowhere could he move abroad without being greeted with such demonstrations of love and interest as always touched his generous and gracious heart.

Living near General Lee as I did, from 1865 till his death, in 1870, I was cognizant of many little instances and scenes which illustrate this feeling, and also serve to bring out some of the finer points of his character in a way no stately biography would condescend to do. It may be worth while to focalize some of these minute side-lights, in order to indicate the less known characteristics of that inner life which shrunk from manifesting itself to the world at large.

A brief period only had passed after the surrender at Appomattox when offers of homes began to be pressed upon him. His family was originally English, and he had many relatives among titled people in the old country, who insisted upon his coming and sharing, for a time, the ease and luxury of their homes. But he positively declined to expatriate himself. "No," he said, "I will never forsake my people in their extremity; what they endure, I will endure, and I am ready to break my

last crust with them." And he refused to leave Virginia. Nothing ever gave him greater pleasure than to witness personal, strenuous effort to overcome the disasters of the war. To see a small farmer attempting to fence his fields with green saplings was to him a sight that made his eyes brighten.

Many homes were urged upon him in his native State; but as my sister, Mrs. E. R. Cocke, of Cumberland, said when he accepted her offer of a vacant plantation adjoining her own, which was a part of her estate, "He chose among these homes one of the most unpretending." With furniture from her own house, she fitted up for him and his family a comfortable abode at "Derwent," Powhatan County; and here he gathered together, for the first time since they had left Arlington, his wife and children around him. "Never shall I forget," she said, "his unaffected gratitude, and his gracious acceptance of this simple home I and my sons had prepared for him. The plantation of Derwent was only two miles from my own, and our great country gardens readily met the wants of the new residents. As I saw the beautiful simplicity with which these trifling supplies were received, it seemed impossible for me to realize that this was the man upon whom the fate of the South had hung; that this was the man for whom thousands were ready to rush to death; that this was the man before whom the hearts of all the Southern Confederacy bowed in reverence. One day, shortly after he came to Derwent, he rode over on Traveler[1] (his famous war-horse) to a neighboring country-store, which was also the post-office. The desire of the people, black as well as white, to see the General was intense, for this was but a few weeks after the surrender. He walked quietly into the store, and was engaged with its proprietor in talk about the prospects of the crops, and such like things, when the place began to be crowded by the country people, intent upon catching a glimpse of the great commander. He seemed not to observe them at first; but turning round, and noticing the press about him, he said, in an apologetic way, 'Ah, Mr. Palmer, pardon me for keeping you talking about corn and tobacco so long; for I see I am detaining you from your many customers.' There was nothing whatever to indicate the slightest consciousness that the crowd had pressed in to see him.

"Another incident," she went on to say, "I recall of General Lee, which seems to me worth relating. My head dining-room servant, who had occupied his post for twenty-five years, and whose ancestors for more than a hundred years had been born on the plantation, had determined to avail himself of his sudden freedom. We were all sitting at dinner — for it was before the General and his family had taken possession of Derwent — when Shepherd, the man in question, all ready for departure, entered the dining-room, to take leave of the assembled family. I well remember the kindness with which the General rose from his seat, and, shaking the old servant cordially by the hand, gave him some good advice and asked Heaven to bless him. There was no feeling of bitterness towards him because he was leaving his mistress to much distraction and care from which he might have saved her; instead of this, a benediction and a Godspeed."

When homes were being offered to him, both abroad and from one end of the late Confederacy to the other, his eldest daughter, who was visiting in our neighborhood, said one day, in the hearing of a trustee of Washington College, "Why don't they propose to my father some place in which he can work? For he never will accept the *gratuity* of a home." The remark was caught up, and conveyed to the board of trustees. This college, situated in the very heart of Virginia, was founded before the American Revolution; and after it had received a large endowment from Washington himself its name was changed from Liberty Hall to Washington College — the first institution of any kind whatever that bore the name of the great patriot. Thenceforth this college was the educator of a large number of the prominent men of Virginia. Its buildings had been injured, its professors and students scattered, and its resources crippled by the war. An offer of its presidency was made to General Lee with scarcely a hope that he would accept it; but accept it he did, without hesitation, saying, "I may thus influence my young countrymen."

I once heard it said by Professor White, the professor of Greek in our college, who had himself been a Confederate officer: "The first appearance of the General in our streets was thoroughly characteristic. As I passed up our main street one day in the summer of 1865 I was suddenly confronted by General Lee on his fine war-horse Traveler, dressed in white linen from head to foot, wholly unattended, even by his black groom. Nobody in the town knew he was coming. This was as he wished it, for it was his desire to shun every demonstration. Here was the man who for four years had never moved abroad without being attended by a military staff composed of some of the most brilliant younger men of the South, and who never appeared anywhere without being received with enthusiastic shouts from all beholders — now with only one person to greet him, and an old Confederate to hold his

[1] For portrait of General Lee on Traveler, see THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for July, 1886.

stirrup! But as every man in the town had been a soldier, it was not long before the street rang with cheers."

I well remember the first visit I paid to Mrs. Lee on the General's taking possession of the house of the college president. There were many visitors present, who all came, with a sort of exalted reverence, to pay their formal respects to the General and Mrs. Lee. When we rose to take leave, my little son, who accompanied me, could not find his cap. What was my surprise to hear Mrs. Lee interrupt her husband in his animated talk with some distinguished gentlemen present — not to ask him to summon a servant to do her errand, but to say:

"Robert, Herbert Preston has lost his cap; will you go into the back parlor and see if he has left it there?"

We were not used then to hear the leader of our armies bidden to wait on a child!

At one of the first Commencements — I think the very first — at which General Lee presided after he became president of the college, the hall was filled with an immense crowd to whom he was the central object of interest. During the progress of the speeches, a little boy four years old became separated from his parents and went wandering up one of the aisles in frightened search of them. The General noticed the child's confusion, and, gaining his eye, beckoned him to come to him on the platform, where he sat surrounded by many of the brilliant officers of the late Confederacy. The tender signal was irresistible to the child. He instantly made his way to the feet of the General, sat down there, and leaned his head against his knee, looking up in his face with the utmost trust, apparently thoroughly comforted. Thus resting, he fell asleep, with his protector's arm around him, and when the time came for the General to take his part in the prescribed ceremonies we who were looking on were touched in no little degree as we saw him carefully rise from his seat and adjust the little head softly upon the sofa so as not to waken the confiding little sleeper.

His love for children was one of his most marked traits. He possessed the royal attribute of never forgetting faces or names; and not a boy in our streets ever took off his cap to salute him as he passed by on Traveler, nor a little girl courtesied to him on the sidewalk, that he did not for a moment check his rein to give an answering salute, invariably naming them, and perhaps the pleasure of a ride on the saddle before him. We found him early one Christmas morning at our door. He had come to bring some Christmas presents to my little boys; and I discovered that he had done the same for all the children of his friends. He told me once of an amusing scene he encountered, in which children played a part, from which he laughingly said he retreated, ignominiously defeated. A few miles out of the town he was overtaken in his ride by a thunder-storm, and sought refuge in the house of a gentleman whom he knew. Mr. W—— and his wife were absent, but a group of children who were playing marbles on the parlor carpet came forward at once and made him welcome. But the attractions of the game were too powerful for their politeness and that of the little visitors they had with them; and as the General begged them not to stop their playing, they took him at his word and went on with their game. In a little while an altercation arose.

"Now, Mary," said Tom, "I call that cheating! You did n't do that thing fairly!"

"Take that back, Tom!" broke out Charlie. "You sha'n't say my sister cheats!"

"But she did," cried Tom, with sullen persistence, "and I 'll say it again!" With that Charlie rose in his wrath and collared Tom; and Mary, trying to separate the combatants, burst into tears and cried out, "O General Lee, please don't let them fight!"

"My good fellows," said the General, grasping each boy by the shoulder, "there 's some better way to settle your quarrels than with your fists." But in vain he tried to separate the little wrestlers. "I argued, I remonstrated, I commanded; but they were like two young mastiffs, and never in all my military service had I to own myself so perfectly powerless. I retired beaten from the field, and let the little fellows fight it out."

His ability to recall a name, after he had once heard it, was peculiar. One of the college professors told me that in riding out with him one day they passed an old mill, at the door of which stood the dusty German miller, with the most barbarous of German names, waiting with the hope of receiving a handshake from the leader under whom his sons had served. His wish was gratified, and the old man was made proud and happy. Not long after, the same professor was passing the same mill, when at the door the miller again presented himself. By no effort of memory could the queer German name be recalled by the professor; but before he had time to speak, the General rode straight to the door, and, with a cheerful "Good-morning," named the old man at once.

He had the gentlest way possible of giving counsel and administering rebuke. I remember hearing him say, in a presence where such testimony was worth more than a dozen temperance lectures: "Men need no stimulant; it is something, I am persuaded, that they can do without. When I went into the field, at the beginning of the war, a good lady

friend of mine gave me two sealed bottles of very superb French brandy. I carried them with me through the entire campaign; and when I met my friend again, after all was over, I gave her back both her bottles of brandy, with the seals unbroken. It may have been some comfort to me to know that I had them in case of sudden emergency, but the moment never came when I needed to use them."

His skill and wisdom in managing the young men who crowded to the college after his accession as president was extraordinary. Owing to the closing of so many of the Southern schools of learning, the number of students was very large, reaching five hundred in the earlier sessions; but a case of discipline rarely occurred. He was accustomed to say to the students when they presented themselves in his office, on their entrance at college, "Now, my friends, I have a way of estimating young men which does not often fail me. I cannot note the conduct of any one, for even a brief period, without finding out what sort of a mother he had. You all honor your mothers: need I tell you that I know you will have that honor in reverent keeping?" So tender an appeal as this went straight to the heart of many a youth as no formal advice could have done.

He told me that once at Arlington, when he was on a visit home from one of the frontier posts, he went out one wintry morning, after a slight fall of snow, and strolled down one of the graveled walks. Hearing some one behind him, he turned and saw his eldest son fitting his little feet into the distinct tracks he had left in the snow, and making great strides in order to do this effectually. "I learned a lesson, then and there," he said, "which I never afterwards forgot. My good man, I said to myself, you must be careful how you walk, and where you go, for there are those following you who will set their feet where you set yours." Something similar to this has been told of another, but I had this from General Lee himself.

Few men were more skilled in the avoidance of everything that could wound the feelings of others. On the occasion of General Lee's being summoned to Washington to give testimony, an incident occurred which illustrates this characteristic. A connection of my own, who attended him as one of his complimentary staff, told me that when in Washington there were multitudes of persons — and among them many of the most distinguished in the land, North and South — seeking audience with General Lee; evening after evening was occupied with these interviews. Again and again had my friend been beset by a person who had no claim to be presented, and as often had he been waived aside on the plea that the number of gentlemen coming to be introduced was so great as to embarrass his provisional staff. But this persistent Confederate watched his opportunity and made the best of it. Coming up to Colonel M—— when he was a little off his guard he whispered, "Take me up now; there is nobody being introduced at this moment."

"But don't you see that the General is surrounded by a group of officers and congressmen, and that it won't do to break in upon their conversations?"

But the old soldier would not be shaken off. So Colonel M—— thought the best way to end the matter would be to lead him up to the General, and thus in a moment put a stop to his pertinacity. Taking him, accordingly, by the arm, he drew him forward. The large circle opened and allowed a pathway, and the man was presented in due form and received with as much courtesy as if he had been a prince of the blood. Colonel M—— was about to lead him instantly away, when he suddenly stepped into the open space where the group had made way for him, and in a rather loud voice said:

"General, I have always thought that if I ever had the honor of meeting you face to face, and there was an opportunity allowed me, I would like to ask you a question which nobody but you can answer. I seem to have that opportunity now. This is what I want to know: *What was the reason that you failed to gain the victory at the battle of Gettysburg?*"

To have such an ill-timed question dropped like a bomb-shell in such a presence was, to say the least of it, embarrassing, and some curt rejoinder would have been natural and to the purpose; but General Lee's kind-heartedness would not permit a rude dismissal even to so unwarrantable a questioner. Advancing and gently taking him by the hand, while all the listening group stood round amazed at the man's presumption, the General quietly said:

"My dear sir, that would be a long story, and would require more time than you see I can possibly command at present; so we will have to defer the matter to another occasion."

This same friend gave me an instance of a similar encounter that concerned Mrs. Lee, whose simplicity and kindliness of heart rivaled that of her husband.

The General and his wife were at the Virginia White Sulphur Springs, occupying one of the pretty cottages that had been set apart for them. The crowd of visitors was great, and everybody who had the least show for so doing was asking for introductions, for the war had not long been over.

"I encountered a good-natured but absurd man from the far South," said Colonel M——, "whose enthusiasm for the Lee family was at

fever heat. His pompous way of talking was a constant amusement to me; and when he asked that I should intrude upon the gay group that always filled the piazza of the General's cottage and introduce him, I naturally hesitated somewhat, fearing lest he should overpower them by one of his magniloquent apostrophes. He joined me one evening just as we were passing the cottage door, where a party of visitors were being entertained by the General and his wife. 'Now is your time,' he whispered; and he forthwith drew me to the steps, where, as in duty bound, I presented him. Withdrawing a little, he assumed a Hamlet-like pose, and lifting his hand with a most dramatic air, he began:

"'Do I behold the honored roof that shelters the head of him before whose name the luster of Napoleon's pales into a shadow? Do I see the walls within which sits the most adored of men? Dare I tread the floor which she who is a scion of the patriotic house of the revered Washington condescends to hallow with her presence? Is this the portico that trails its vines over the noble pair—'

"I stumbled back aghast," said Colonel M——, "at my own blunder, as I listened to this ridiculous speech, which I really believed was gotten up and conned for the occasion. But I was relieved in a moment when Mrs. Lee, quietly laying down her knitting and interrupting the rhetorical effort, with a kind look upon her face replied:

"'Yes, this is our cabin; will you take a seat upon the bench?'"

General Lee's considerate courtesy never failed him. He used to be overpowered with letters from every part of the South, on every imaginable subject, written by the wives and mothers of his old soldiers, asking questions which it was impossible for him to answer, and seeking aid which it was impossible for him to give. Indigent women would write, begging him to find places where their boys and girls might support themselves. Crippled soldiers by scores sought for help from him; and multitudes whose only claim was that they had fought for the Confederacy entreated his counsel and petitioned for his advice in every sort of emergency.

I once said to him, "I hope you do not feel obliged to reply to all these letters."

"I certainly do," was his reply. "Think of these poor people! It is a great deal of trouble for them to write: why should I not be willing to take the trouble to answer them? And as that is all I can give most of them, I give it ungrudgingly." And yet at this time he had five hundred young men under his management, and a corps of twenty-five professors; and this in a line of work totally novel to him.

His humility was as conspicuous as anything about him. His religious character was pronounced and openly shown. But he arrogated nothing to himself as a religious man. I was present once when my husband informed him of an effort just being made to supply our county with Bibles, of which it had been stripped to meet the wants of the army during the war. The Bible Society was being reorganized, and the General was pressed to accept the post of president—"For the sake of the cause; for the sake of the testimony his name would bear; for the sake of the example it would be to his five hundred students." My husband was called out before he had finished his plea, and I was left in the library for a few moments alone with the General. I shall not easily forget the expression of profound humility on his face, as with a subdued voice he turned to me and said:

"Ah, my dear madam, I feel myself such a poor sinner in the sight of God that I cannot consent to be set up as a Christian example to any one. This is the real reason why I decline to do what the colonel urges so strongly."

He was in the act of saying grace at his own dinner-table when the fatal stroke fell which terminated his life.

It was not in General Lee's nature to entertain feelings of bitterness against any human being. As was the case with Stonewall Jackson, he never used the word "Yankee"—the term so generally applied through the South to the soldiers of the Northern army. He always spoke of them as the "Federals" or the "enemy." On the occasion of Mr. Greeley, Mr. O'Conor, and others coming to Richmond to offer bail for ex-President Davis, I heard him, with something more approaching to acrimony than I had ever been witness of, speak of some of the expressions used by Southern editors. "I condemn," he said, "such bitterness wholly. Is it any wonder the Northern journals should retort upon us as they do, when we allow ourselves to use such language as I found in some of our papers yesterday?"

As to the immediate personality of the man, we people of the South naturally enough think that, take him for all in all, physically, intellectually, socially, and morally, we never saw his equal. He was a superb specimen of manly grace and elegance. He had escaped that preciseness of manner which a whole life spent in military service is apt to give. There was about him a stately dignity, calm poise, absolute self-possession, entire absence of self-consciousness, and gracious consideration for all about him that made a combination of character not to be surpassed. His tall, erect figure, his bright color, his brilliant hazel eyes, his perfect white teeth (for he had never used tobacco), his at-

tractive smile, his chivalry of bearing, the musical sweetness of his pure voice, were attributes never to be forgotten by those who had once met him.

His domestic life was idyllic in its beautiful simplicity. His devotion to his invalid wife, who for many years was a martyr to rheumatic gout, was pathetic to see. He had her often conveyed to our various medicinal springs in Virginia, himself riding on horseback beside her carriage. I recall one instance in which he preceded her by a few days in order that he might have an apparatus prepared, under his skillful engineering, by means of which her invalid-chair was placed upon a little platform and carefully lowered into the bath, in order that the descent and ascent of steps might be avoided. His tenderness to his children, especially his daughters, was mingled with a delicate courtesy which belonged to an older day than ours — a courtesy which recalls the *preux chevalier* of knightly times. He had a pretty way of addressing his daughters, in the presence of other people, with a prefix which would seem to belong to the age of lace ruffles and side-swords.

"Where is my little Miss Mildred?" he would say on coming in from his ride or walk at dusk. "She is my light-bearer; the house is never dark if she is in it."

He was passionately fond of nature, and never wearied of riding about on Traveler among our beautiful Virginia hills and mountains, with one of his daughters invariably at his side. His delight in the early flush of the spring, in the rich glow of the summer, and in the superb coloring of our autumn landscape, was wonderfully fine and keen. "No words can express," says one of his daughters, "the intense enjoyment he would get out of a brilliant sunset."

He was fond of literature, and indulged all his life in a wide range of reading quite apart from the bearings of his profession. When at home he was always in the habit of reading aloud to his family. "My first and most intimate acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott's metrical romances," one of his daughters says, "came through papa. He read them to us when we were children, till we almost knew them by heart, and the best English classics were always within reach of his hand. One of the last winters of his life he read aloud to the family group the latest translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey."

General Lee possessed one quality which only those who came into close intimacy with him were much aware of — he had a delicious sense of humor. Many a student was turned aside from some perilous course by a sly shaft, feathered with his keen wit, or by some humorous question which conveyed a gentle reproof, of which only he for whom the reproof was intended could understand the bearings. He could be very stern when it was necessary, but somehow his sternness never embittered.

When he became president of the college he immediately had morning prayers established in the chapel; and never during his incumbency was he known to be absent from them, if he was well and at home. The only things with which he ever grew impatient were self-indulgence and failure in duty. The voice of duty was to him the voice of God. Under no circumstances was he willing to disobey it, nor could he understand how others could be. This was something he continually impressed upon his students. What is duty to God and man, and how to do that duty, were the two leading questions of his life. His persistent assiduity in giving himself up to every detail of college discipline and life was so scrupulous as sometimes to lead to the suggestion on the part of professors of a little more indulgence towards himself, but they never succeeded in getting him to relax the rigid rules by which he governed every action.

One of the last acts of his life was a filial one. Accompanied by his daughter Agnes he went to Florida to visit the grave of his father, "Light-Horse Harry Lee." This journey — his last earthly one — was a sort of sacred pilgrimage. As he returned from Florida he sought out, in North Carolina, the final resting-place of his lovely daughter Annie, who had died in that State in the early freshness of her beautiful girlhood, just at the moment when her father was winning his most brilliant successes. Agnes told me, when she came home, of her father's extreme unwillingness to be made a hero of anywhere, and of the reluctance he manifested, which it took many pleas to overcome, to show himself to the crowds assembled at every station along his route who pressed to catch a sight of him.

"Why should they care to see me," he would say, when urged to appear on the platform of the train — "why should they care to see me? I am only a poor old Confederate." This feeling he carried with him to the latest hour of his life.

One who had been a member of his staff, and who was present in the death-chamber most of the time during his last illness, told me how impressed he was with the General's unwillingness to give any expression to his thought. "Not," he said, "that he was incapable of speaking; but a supreme reticence, that was to me very noble, held him back. He seemed averse to any utterance of the sacred secrets of his soul, lest they should afterwards be spoken aloud in the ear of the world."

Margaret J. Preston.

recovery to demand my resignation, an', igonnies! suh, I don't blame 'em. There now, Colonel Houston," unconsciously giving me one of the titles so dear to his heart, "don't tell me it isn't true. You will tell me next that I'm as han'some as Apollo Belvidere —don't you think my face has been rather a big burden for such a little man to carry?" and a transient sparkle came into the pale blue eyes.

A long interval, in which he seemed to be thinking deeply, and then he finished his reflections aloud:

"Yes, if I hadn't been so ugly, all might have been different. I might have won Mary an' been mo' careful of my money; but then, po' Robert an' the rest would have been worse off, an' I reckon it's better as it is."

I assured him that school matters would turn out better than he expected, and that he would soon be well again, but he replied to my remarks only with a pressure of the hand.

When I called again the next day Major Clayton's condition was much worse, and it was apparent that he was rapidly sinking. He recognized me and said: "Mr. Houston, I know that you will take me home." Only these words, and then he never spoke again. I knew from his expression that he was already at home in his beloved Virginia, among his grapes and roses at Clayton House, and listening to the negroes singing in the cabin doors, amid those scenes of youth which always close for us the great drama, though we may be separated from them by tedious years of time and weary miles of distance. "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Child at birth, child of hope in life, child of the past at death—each of us is but a child after all! The not wholly unkind hand of death closed Major Clayton's red-rimmed blue eyes and set the seal of mysterious beauty upon his ugliness.

I took him back to Virginia, and he was buried in his beloved Hollywood, with the funeral pomp suitable to a soldier and a gentleman; and there I heard what else I have told you of "Cousin James."

THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN LEE AND SCOTT.

BY J. WM. JONES.

Southern Magazine June 1894

NOW that the bitter memories of the late "War between the States" are passing away, and those who were enemies once can again meet as friends and brothers, it is very pleasant to recall the fact that even amid the animosities of war there were instances of warm friendship existing between soldiers of the opposing armies. That playful correspondence between "Jeb" Stuart and his old West Point chum at Lewinsville, in 1861; the capture of his old classmate by Fitz. Lee, in 1862, and the jolly time they had together as they sang "Benny Havens O!" and revived memories of "Auld Lang Syne"; the meeting between Major "Bob" Wheat and Colonel Percy Wyndham, when the latter was captured by Ashby, near Harrisonburg, Virginia, in 1862; and many similar incidents might be given to show that there were friendships which could not be broken by the fact that honest men took opposite sides in the war.

But one of the most conspicuous illustrations is the warm friendship which existed to the last between two of the most prominent actors in the great drama—General Winfield Scott and General R. E. Lee. This friendship, begun in the Mexican war, was cemented up to the time that Lee resigned his commission and accepted the command of the Virginia forces, and remained unbroken until the death of General Scott. I have been permitted to make the following extract from an unpublished autograph letter, written by Captain R. E. Lee to his brother, Sidney Smith Lee, of the navy. It is dated "City of Mexico, 4th of March, 1848." It was not only written without any expectation of its ever being published, but the writer even took the precaution to say to the loved brother, whom he playfully addressed as "My Darling Rose," that "this is intended only for your eyes." And yet it will be seen that this rising young officer, writing with all the freedom of brotherly confidence, not only does not seek to exalt himself by detracting from the merits of his chief, but modestly pushes aside the personal fame he has so justly won, that he might pay tribute of admiring friendship to his loved general. After writing in a charming manner about various family and social matters, Captain Lee says:

"Your commendations upon the conduct of the army in this war have filled me with pleasure; they justly deserve it. There was no danger too great for them to seek, and no labor too severe for them to undertake. The fall of a comrade did not retard a single step, but all pressed forward to their work. Better soldiers never died on any field. Nor has the navy been behind them in their duties. They have risked every exposure and every disease, have served on land with as much alacrity as on ship-board, have captured every port they could reach, and now hold the whole coast closely blockaded. They have only lacked the opportunities offered to the army. I think our country may well be proud of the conduct of both arms of the service. As to myself, your brotherly feelings have made you estimate too highly my small services, and though praise from one I love so dearly is very sweet, truth compels me to disclaim it. I did nothing more than what others in my place would have done much better. The great cause of our success was in our leader. It was his stout heart that cast us on the shore of Vera Cruz; his bold self-reliance that forced us through the pass at Cerro Gordo; his indomitable courage that, amid all the doubts and difficulties that surrounded us at Puebla, pressed us forward to this capital, and finally brought us within its gates, while others, who croaked all the way from Brazos, and advised delay at Puebla, finding themselves at last, contrary to their expectations, comfortably

quartered within the city, find fault with the way they came there. With all their knowledge, I will defy them to have done better. I agree with you as to the dissensions in camp; they have clouded a bright campaign. It is a contest in which neither party has anything to gain and the army much to lose, and ought to have been avoided. The whole matter will soon be before the court, and if it be seen that there has been harshness and intemperance of language on one side, it will be evident that there has been insubordination on the other.

"It is difficult for a general to maintain discipline in an army, composed as this is, in a foreign country, where temptations to disorders are so great and the chance of detection so slight. He requires every support and confidence from his government at home. If he abuses his trust or authority, it is then time to hold him to account. But to decide the matter upon an *ex-parte* statement of favorites; to suspend a successful general in command of an army in the heart of an enemy's country; to try the judge in the place of the accused, is to upset all discipline; to jeopardize the safety of the army and the honor of the country, and to violate justice. I trust, however, that all will work well in the end.

"I had strong hopes of peace on the basis of the project of the treaty submitted by the Mexican government, of which you have learned through the papers. Had congress promptly granted the means for prosecuting the war asked by the President, I believe the treaty, if acceptable to our country, would have been ratified by the Mexican congress. But the discussions in congress and speeches of some of our leading men are calculated to so confuse the public mind here that it may encourage them to delay and procrastinate in the hope that the plan of withdrawing the army, no indemnity, etc., may be adopted. These other difficulties that I have spoken of, especially the recall of General Scott, may prove unfavorable. It is rather late in the day to discuss the origin of the war; that ought to have been understood before we engaged in it. It may have been produced by the act of either party or the force of circumstances. Let the pedants in diplomacy determine. It is certain that we are the victors in a regular war, continued, if not brought on, by their obstinacy and ignorance, and they are whipped in a manner of which women might be ashamed. We have the right, by the laws of war, of dictating the terms of peace and requiring indemnity for our losses and expenses. Rather than forego that right, except through a spirit of magnanimity to a crushed foe, I would fight them ten years, but I would be generous in exercising it."

We have said that Lee's friendship for Scott, thus begun, grew stronger as the years went on. His family, and others who knew him, speak of the tender, loving terms in which he always spoke of his chief, and the high respect with which he always treated him. But this is very strikingly brought out in the circumstances under which Lee, despite the remonstrances of Scott, resigned his commission in the United States army and cast his lot with his native state. During the earlier stages of the secession excitement, Colonel Lee was with his regiment in Texas, and under date of January 23, 1861, he wrote to a member of his family:

"As an American citizen I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions, and would defend any state if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. Still, a union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness has no charm for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native state and share the miseries of my people, and, save in defense, will draw my sword on none."

Three weeks after this was written he received orders "to report to the

Commander-in-Chief, at Washington," and hastening to obey the summons, reached there on the 1st of March, just three days before the inauguration of President Lincoln. His hopes for the averting of civil war were doomed to a sad disappointment, and events followed so rapidly, that by the middle of April he was compelled to decide whether he would go with the North or with Virginia in the great struggle—whether he would accept the command of the United States armies in the field or "share the miseries of his people," while he gave up place, fortune, and his beautiful home at Arlington, to serve his native Virginia.

If any influence could have swerved Lee from his purpose, it was his friendship for his commander, and his high respect for his opinions. General Scott used all of his powers of persuasion to induce him to adhere to the Union, and serve under the "old flag," and finally Francis Preston Blair (at General Scott's suggestion) was sent by Mr. Lincoln to offer him the supreme command of the United States Armies in the field. This statement has been questioned, but the proof is conclusive. Besides the positive testimony of Montgomery Blair, who got it from his father, and of Reverdy Johnson and other gentlemen, who received it from General Scott, I found, soon after his death, in General Lee's private letter-book, in his own well-known handwriting, and was permitted to copy, the following letter, which settles the whole question beyond peradventure.

Senator Simon Cameron had stated on the floor of the Senate that Lee sought to obtain the chief command of the army, and, being disappointed, had then "gone to Richmond and joined the Rebels." Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, himself an ardent Union man, repelled the charge, and thereupon General Lee wrote him as follows:

LEXINGTON, VA., Feb. 25, 1863.

HON. REVERDY JOHNSON,

United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR:

My attention has been called to the official report of the debate in the Senate of the United States, of the 19th instant, in which you did me the kindness to doubt the correctness of the statement made by the Hon. Simon Cameron in regard to myself.

I desire that you may feel certain of my conduct on the occasion referred to, so far as my individual statement can make you. I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States army, nor did I ever have a conversation with but one gentleman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation, and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln. After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made to me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and as courteously as I could, that though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.

I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott, told him of the proposition that had been made to me, and my decision.

Upon reflection, upon returning to my home, I concluded that I ought no longer to retain any commission I held in the United States army, and on the second morning thereafter I forwarded my resignation to General Scott. At the time I hoped that peace would have been preserved; that some way would have been found to save the country from the calamities of war, and I then had no other intention than to pass the remainder of my days as a private citizen.

Two days afterwards, upon the invitation of the Governor of Virginia, I repaired to Richmond, found that the convention then in session had passed the ordinance withdrawing the state from the Union, and accepted the commission of commander of its forces, which was tendered me. These are the simple facts of the case, and they show that Mr. Cameron has been misinformed.

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

It will be seen from this letter that no sooner had Colonel Lee received and rejected this proposition, which tendered him rank far beyond what he could hope for by siding with the Confederates, than he went immediately to his friend, General Scott, and told him all about it. The last interview between Scott and Lee was a very affecting one. The veteran begged Lee to accept the offer of Mr. Lincoln, and not to "throw away such brilliant prospects," and "make the great mistake of his life." Lee expressed the highest respect for General Scott and for his opinions, repeated what he had said to Mr. Blair, that while he recognized no necessity for the state of things then

existing, and would gladly liberate the slaves of the South, if they were his, to avert the war, yet he could not take up arms against his native state, his home, his kindred, his children. They parted with expressions of warmest mutual friendship, and General Lee returned to Arlington.

The night before his letter of resignation was written, he asked to be alone, and while his noble wife watched and prayed below, he was heard pacing the floor of the chamber above, or pouring forth his soul in prayer for Divine guidance. About three o'clock in the morning he came down, calm and composed, and said to his wife:

"Well, Mary, the path of duty is now plain before me. I have decided on my course. I will at once send my resignation to General Scott."

Accordingly he penned the following letter:

ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

GENERAL:

Since my interview with you on the 18th instant, I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been so much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

Save in defense of my native state, I never again desire to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me,

Most truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT,
Commanding United States Army.

The newspapers of the South, and especially of Richmond, were very bitter against General Scott for not siding with Virginia, his native state, in the contest; but General Lee always spoke of his old friend in terms of high respect, while regretting that he did not see it his duty to come with his state. Soon after he took command of the Virginia forces a friend called to see him one day, accompanied by his five-year-old boy, a sprightly little fellow, whom the General soon had dandling on his knee. Soon the father asked Henry:

"What is General Lee going to do with General Scott?"

The little fellow, who had caught the slang of the times, at once replied:

"He is going to whip him out of his boots."

General Lee's voice and manner instantaneously changed, and, lifting Henry down he stood him between his knees, and looking him full in the face, said with great gravity:

"My dear little boy, you should not use such expressions. War is a serious matter, and General Scott is a great and good soldier. None of us can tell what the result of this contest will be."

All through the war he was accustomed to speak of General Scott in the kindest terms, and a short time before his own death I heard him, in a company of gentlemen at Lexington, Va., pay a warm tribute to the memory of his old friend and esteemed commander.

General Scott was even more demonstrative in his expressions of admiration and friendship for Lee. His dispatches and official reports from Mexico were filled with warmest commendations of his favorite engineer officer. Of his service during the siege of Vera Cruz, General Scott wrote:

"I am compelled to make special mention of Captain R. E. Lee, engineer. This officer greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz."

In his report of Cerro Gordo he mentions several times the efficient service which Captain Lee performed, and says:

"This officer was again indefatigable during these operations in reconnoissances, as daring as laborious and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in planning batteries and in conducting columns to their stations under the heavy fire of the enemy."

In his official report of the final operations which captured the City of Mexico, General Scott declares Captain Lee

to have been "as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring," and says again: "Captain Lee, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me (September 13), until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries." When, soon after General Scott's return from Mexico, a committee from Richmond waited on him to tender him a public reception in the capitol of his native state, he said: "You seek to honor the wrong man. Captain R. E. Lee is the Virginian who deserves the credit of that brilliant campaign."

The late General William Preston, of Kentucky, said that General Scott told him that he regarded Lee "as the greatest living soldier in America," and that in a conversation not long before the breaking out of the war, General Scott said with emphasis:

"I tell you that if I were on my death-bed to-morrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and asked my advice as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, let it be Robert E. Lee."

I have been allowed to copy the following autograph letter of General Scott, which illustrates this point:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
May 8, 1857.

HON. J. B. FLOYD,
Secretary of War,

SIR:

I beg to ask that one of the vacant second-lieutenancies may be given to W. H. F. Lee, son of Brevet Colonel R. E. Lee, at present on duty against the Comauches.

I make this application mainly on the extraordinary merits of the father, the very best soldier I ever saw in the field; but the son is himself a very remarkable youth, now about twenty, of a fine stature and constitution, a good linguist, a good mathematician, and about to graduate at Harvard University. He is also honorable and amiable, like his father, and dying to enter the army. I do not ask the commission as a favor, though if I had influence I should be happy to exert it in this case. My application is in the name of national justice, in part payment (and but a small part) of the debt due to the invaluable services of Colonel Lee.

I have the honor to be, with high respect,
Your obedient servant,
WINFIELD SCOTT.

In a public address delivered in Baltimore, soon after the death of General Lee, Hon. Reverdy Johnson said that he "had been intimate with General Scott, and had heard him say more than once that his success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor, and undaunted energy of Lee. It was a theme upon which he (General Scott) liked to converse, and he stated his purpose to recommend him as his successor in the chief command of the army. I was with General Scott in April, 1861, when he received the resignation of General Lee, and witnessed the pain it caused him. It was a sad blow to the success of that war, in which his own sword had as yet been unsheathed. Much as General Scott regretted it, he never failed to say that he was convinced that Lee had taken that step from an imperative sense of duty. General Scott was consoled in a great measure by the reflection that he would have as his opponent a soldier worthy of every man's esteem, and one who would conduct the war upon the strictest rules of civilized warfare. There would be no outrages committed upon private persons or property which he could prevent."

A prominent banker of New York, who was very intimate with General Scott, gave me a number of incidents illustrating Scott's high opinion of Lee. On one occasion, a short time before the war, this gentleman asked him, in the course of a private interview:

"General, whom do you regard as the greatest living soldier?"

General Scott at once replied: "Colonel Robert E. Lee is not only the greatest soldier of America, but the greatest soldier now living in the world. This is my deliberate conviction, from a full knowledge of his extraordinary abilities, and if the occasion ever arises, Lee will win this place in the estimation of the whole world."

The General then went into a detailed sketch of Lee's services and a statement of his ability as an engineer, and his capacity not only to plan campaigns, but also to command large armies in the field, and concluded by saying: "I tell you, sir, that Robert

E. Lee is the greatest soldier now living, and if he ever gets the opportunity, he will prove himself the greatest captain of history."

In May, 1861, this gentleman and another obtained a passport from General Scott to go to Richmond, to see if they could do anything to promote pacification. In the course of the interview, General Scott spoke in the highest terms of Lee as a soldier and a man, stated that he had rejected the supreme command of the United States army, and expressed his confidence that Lee would do everything in his power to avert war, and would, if a conflict came, conduct it on the highest principles of Christian civilization. He cheerfully granted the passport and said: "Yes, go and see Robert Lee. Tell him for me that we must have no war, but that we must avert a conflict of arms until the sober second thought of the people can stop the mad schemes of the politicians."

In the interview which these gentlemen had with General Lee, he most cordially reciprocated the kindly feelings of General Scott, and expressed his ardent desire to avert a war, and his willingness to do anything in his power to bring about a settlement of the difficulties. But he expressed the fear that the passions of the people North and South had been too much aroused to yield to pacific measures, and that every effort at a peaceful solution would prove futile. Alluding to Mr. Seward's boast that he would conquer the South in "ninety days," and to the confident assertions of some of the Southern politicians that the war would be a very short one, General Lee said with a good deal of feeling:

"They do not know what they say. If it comes to a conflict of arms, the war will last at least four years. Northern politicians do not appreciate the determination and pluck of the South, and Southern politicians do not appreciate the numbers, resources, and patient perseverance of the North. Both sides forget that we are all Americans, and that it must be a terrible struggle if it comes to war. Tell General Scott that we must do all we can to avert war, and if it comes to the worst we must then do everything in our power to mitigate its evils."

Alas! that the wishes and aspirations of these two great soldiers could not have been realized. Men will differ as to whether Scott or Lee was right in the course which each thought proper to pursue on the great question which alone ever divided them, but all must admire that pure friendship which neither time nor circumstances could break.

THE IDEAL THE NEED OF THE PEOPLE.

BY JOHN PHELPS FRUIT.

It is by the real that we exist; it is by the ideal that we live. Would you realize the difference? Animals exist, man lives. . . .

Literature secretes civilization, poetry secretes the ideal. That is why literature is one of the wants of societies; that is why poetry is a hunger of the soul.—*Victor Hugo.*

IN a recent retrospect of the past year from a literary standpoint,[1] a writer finds little in poetry worthy of mention. He includes nine names, in the list for 1893, who have published creditable volumes, but says "all are minor poets, and the contrast between 1892 and 1893 is marked." "The novelists," he says further, "have been as busy as ever during the past year, but nothing very startling is to be found among their productions." In other lines embracing literature, written not for the people, there is a better showing.

Why this decadence in literature for the people; particularly in poetry? Evidently because of our excessive interest in the material progress of the age. The splendid achievements of invention and scientific discovery have disenchanted the human mind. The great problem now is to restore to the soul of the people something of the ideal.

Our epoch is in thralldom to a utilitarianism so jealous and tyrannical as practically to expel the poets from the republic. Mr. Stedman, in his "Victorian Poets," speaks of the period as one of scientific iconoclasm. A brilliant scientific discovery is more overpowering than an admirable poem. There has been created a thirst for more facts. He says: "The Victorian poets have flourished in an equatorial region of common sense and demonstrable knowledge. Thought has outlived its childhood, yet has not reached a growth from which experience and reason lead to visions more radiant than the early intuitions. The zone of youthful fancy, excited by unquestioning acceptance of outward phenomena, is now well passed; the zone of cultured imagination is still beyond us. At present, scepticism, analysis, scientific conquest, realism, scornful unrest. Apollo has left the heavens. The modern child knows more than the sage of antiquity."

Instead of thinking the sun sinks to rest upon his "saffron-colored couch," the poet of to-day writes:

There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound.

This fairly represents the embarrassment of the idealists of the present.

There is no need to discuss the special aspects of this restriction of ideality, such as the influence of journalism; the influence of critical scholarship; the influence of material comfort, and so on. These are but specific results of our surrender to the spirit of the period.

It has been declared of late that ideality will be so effectually throttled that we shall have no more poetry. It would be calamitous to repeat the opinion at this time, in the face of the record of 1893, showing a tendency towards the verification of the statement, did we not know that the law of rhythm—ebb and flow—holds sway in the realm of literature as surely as elsewhere, and therefore a decadence in poetry means a renaissance.

It is this fact, perhaps, that assured Mr. Stedman that we could esteem this a transition period, and that ahead of this we might expect to be on the crest of the wave again.

What is the use of expecting or waiting for the harmony of science and poetry to solve this problem? When science gives *real* value to facts and poetry *ideal* values, how soon may we expect them to be joined in sweet fellowship?

(1) The Dial, Vol. XVI, No. 181.

General Robert E. Lee,

The Soldier and the Man.

By T. J. Mackey,

Late Captain of Engineers, C. S. A.

Putnam's Magazine March 1896

IN the Imperial Gallery of Arts at Berlin there is a painting of a battle of the Franco-Prussian war, in which the artist has portrayed the horrors of a field where the red, right arm of Slaughter reaped its bloody harvest along furrows shot-sown and bladed thick with steel.

But the supreme horror that seems to send a shudder through the canvas, is not seen on the stricken field, but above it.

Far up among the clouds formed by the smoke of the guns the spirits of the slain foemen are beheld battling in mid-air,

> "Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell."

The white flag of death that waved over the pallid faces below brought no truce to their more than mortal hates.

My companion while I stood, some ten years ago, looking upon the ghastly malevolence displayed in the picture, was an Austrian captain of artillery, who, knowing me to be an ex-Confederate officer, assumed that it expressed the unquenchable hate engendered also in the breasts of American soldiers who combatted in our great civil war.

Turning to me, he said, "*Très naturel! Très sublime! Est-cela votre opinion?*" (Very natural! Very sublime! Is that *your* opinion?)

I assured him that it was not; and that American soldierhood, whether it upheld in the line of duty the starry ensign of the Union or the blue-cross battle-flag of the Confederacy, was as far from the malevolence typified by that painting as it was from cannibalism itself. That incident was one among many that served, during my long residence in Europe, to convince me that even the most enlightened Europeans are unable to comprehend the fraternal tie which now binds together the survivors of that renowned soldiery of the opposing armies, that less than a generation ago, on the soil of the United States, awoke the world with the tumult of their arms.

The mystery of this concord that sprang from war, as the goddess of love arose from the storm-vexed waters of the Ægean Sea, would be deepened in their view if they knew that the hands which then grasped the sword-hilt most firmly, and advanced their levelled bayonets farthest into the breath-smoke of the reeling guns, are those that clasp most warmly now. The national harmony thus wrought out of sectional discord through the drawing together of late hostile elements, as if by the silent but irresistible influence of some centripetal force operating in the moral world, exalts alike the American's pride of citizenship and the civilization of his country. Certainly, the thoughtful advocate of human progress in every land will gratefully behold in this unity of American sentiment the surest guarantee of the perpetuity of the great republic, whose ever triumphant flag challenges the respect of the nations as the symbol of liberty regulated by law.

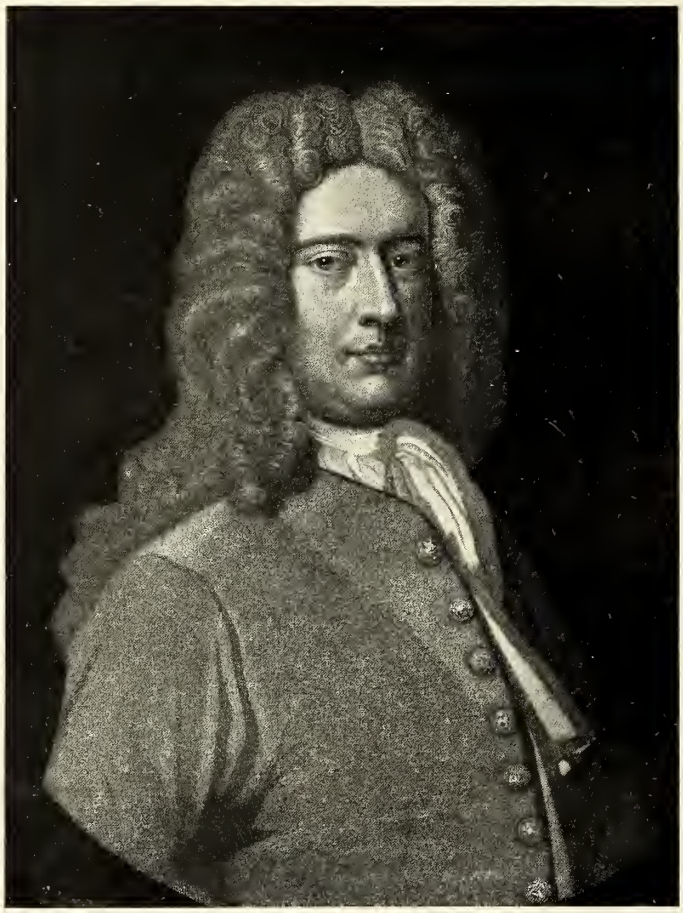
Results so profoundly beneficent,

and flowing thus speedily from the greatest of internecine wars, must be imputed primarily to the sterling manhood and inborn chivalry of the American soldier.

But the potent inspiration that impelled most strongly to the active exercise of these qualities was derived from the two great commanders of the opposed armies.

The terms accorded by General Grant to the army of Northern Virginia, at Appomattox, will forever stamp him as an exemplar of the loftiest knighthood and the most sagacious statesmanship. He there generously merged the conqueror in the more exalted character of the pacificator.

Those terms he maintained inviolate, despite the active hostility of the civil administration of the country, and at his own hazard made good his word as a soldier against political casuists who sought to enforce a policy of revenge. Not sullenly, but with serene fortitude and cheerful endeavor, did General Grant's greatest opposing commander, General Robert E. Lee, respond to his earnestly expressed desire for "peace" —not the peace of the publicist, which



Richard Lee,
Founder of the Lee Family in America.

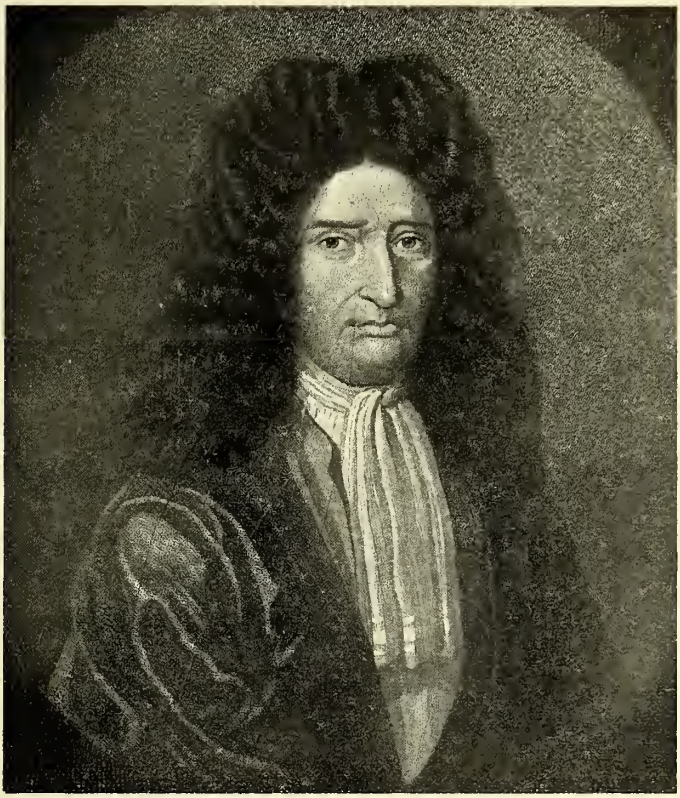
consists in the formal termination of a state of war, but peace in the hearts of the people, cemented by a loyal devotion to the flag of their common country.

Sincerely cherishing that spirit of national brotherhood, I propose in this series of articles to contemplate Robert E. Lee as an illustrious American,

> "On Fame's eternal bead-roll
> Worthy to be filed."

That he was a great master of the art of war, and justly entitled to rank among the foremost field captains of whom history makes mention, and wore his uniform as the upright judge his ermine—without a stain—may now be affirmed as the settled opinion of enlightened and impartial historic students.

In presenting the facts that made up his unsullied life, of which from the first flower of his youth to when his temples were white with the blossoms of the grave, duty was the guiding star, I shall not enter into a critical review of his memorable campaigns.



Richard Lee, Jr.,
Second son of Richard Lee.

I will notice them only *in limine*, merely so far as is requisite to a clear understanding of the achievements upon which rests his renown as a soldier, and that have added new lustre to the martial annals of the English-speaking race.

Robert Edward Lee was of noble lineage, for there flowed, full proof,

through his veins the blood of a long line of brave and honorable men and virtuous and refined women.

While under our republican institutions hereditary titles and privileges are very properly repudiated, and every man having an equal chance in the race of life is justly deemed, as Carlyle phrases it, "the child of his own work," yet the old adage, "Blood will tell," still goes among the people, and it is a matter of common observation that there are hereditary gentlemen, as well as hereditary rascals.

The thoroughbred is recognized among men as well as horses. The first of his ancestors who came into historic notice was Launcelot Lee, a belted knight, who, in the year 1066, fought under the consecrated banner of William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings, and for his services had a vast domain in Essex bestowed upon him by that monarch.

Colonel Thomas Lee,
The first American Governor of Virginia.

His great-grandson, Lionel Lee, served under Richard Cœur de Lion in the third Crusade to the Holy Land, and for his gallant conduct at the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre was created Earl of Lichfield. The armor that he wore is still preserved in the Tower of London.

Richard Lee, his descendant, tenth

Earl of Lichfield, achieved distinction in the English army that invaded Scotland during the reign of Henry VIII. (1542), under the command of the Earl of Surrey, and the banner that he bore may yet be seen suspended in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

His son, Sir Henry Lee, a distinguished soldier, was made a Knight of the Garter by Queen Elizabeth, and was the father of Richard Lee, the founder of the American branch of the family, who was appointed by Charles I. Secretary of the Colony of Virginia.

He brought to the Colony, from his estate in Shropshire, a large number of laborers, and settled upon an extensive tract of fertile land that he purchased in Westmoreland County. Upon his death, in 1664, his son Richard succeeded to the homestead, which was known as Stratford House.

Thomas Lee, the grandson of Richard, was appointed Governor of the Colony of Virginia by King George II., and was the only native-born American who ever held that office under the Crown. He died in 1750, leaving six sons and two daughters.

His second son, Richard Henry Lee, may justly be considered the real author of the Declaration of Independence, for on June 7, 1776, he introduced into the Congress at Philadelphia the following resolution, which was adopted by that body three days later, after a long debate:

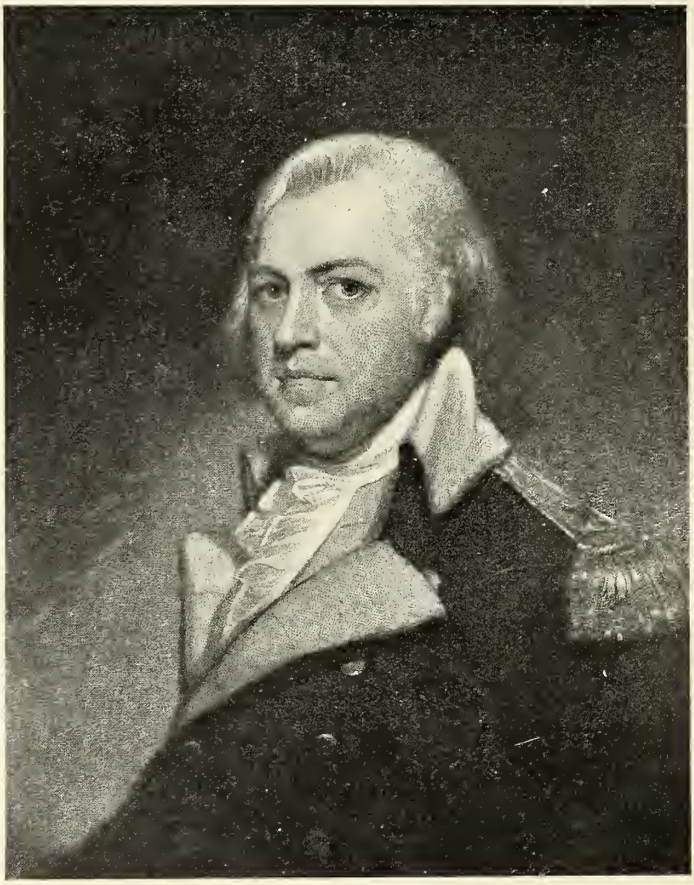
"*Resolved*, That the United Colonies are, and ought to be, Free and Independent States: that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

The terms of the resolution were afterward incorporated in Jefferson's draft of the Declaration. Richard Henry Lee's nephew Henry, a son of Governor Thomas Lee's brother of the same Christian name, married Lucy Grimes, who was known as the "Lowland Beauty," and was the early love of Washington, whom she inspired with such poetic ardor that he wrote an im-

Richard Henry Lee.

passioned sonnet in her praise. She became through that marriage the mother of six sons and four daughters, and thus made ample amends for her error in declining the hand that was destined to achieve the independence of her country and round into enduring form a mighty nation of freemen. Her eldest son, Henry Lee, was the renowned commander of Lee's Legion in the War of the Revolution, and bore the sobriquet of "Light-Horse Harry."

His was the brightest blade that led the Continental cavalry in battle, and Washington was deeply attached to him, his presence, no doubt, recalling the spirit of his youth and leading him to transfer to the gallant son the affection once cherished for the lovely mother. He attained the rank of brigadier-general in the Continental army, and at the close of the war was elected to Congress, and was Governor of Virginia from 1792 to 1795. He was selected, while a member of the House of Representatives, in 1799, to deliver a funeral oration upon Washington before the two Houses of Congress.



General Henry Lee ("Light-Horse Harry"),
Commander of Lee's Legion in the Revolution, and Governor of Virginia, 1792–95.

It was a master-piece of forensic art, worthy of the occasion, and he forever associated his own name with that of his august chief in the eloquent sentence that with equal truth and brevity defines Washington's place in his-

tory as that of "The man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens." In 1798 General Henry Lee was married to Anne Hill Carter, of Shirley, Va. By this, his second marriage, there were six children—two daughters, Anne and Mildred, and four sons, Algernon Sydney, Charles Carter, Sydney Smith, and Robert Edward. The youngest son, whose memory is enshrined in the hearts of millions of Americans, who proudly point to his name as one of the noblest that earth wears upon her zone, was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Va., on January 19, 1807.

That historic section of the "Old Dominion" seems to have been dedicated by nature as the birthplace of illustrious men, for there Washington and President James Monroe were born, and Richard Henry Lee, and his brother, James Lightfoot Lee, both signers of the Declaration of Independence, there first saw the light.

Near its northern border, in the county of King George, James Madison, justly called "The Father of the Constitution," the fourth President of the United States, had his birth.

Robert Edward Lee's first baptismal name was conferred upon him in honor of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, from whom his mother's descent was traceable in a direct line.

Her mother, Anne Moore, was the grand-daughter of Alexander Spottswood, who was recognized in the Herald's College as a lineal descendant of "the Bruce," and wore upon his escutcheon the arms of the immortal hero of Bannockburn. Colonel Spottswood commanded a regiment of Scottish Highlanders at the battle of Hochstädt, or Blenheim, as the English term it, where the allied armies of England and Austria, under the command respectively of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy, on August 13, 1704, won a decisive victory over the combined forces of France and Bavaria.

For his gallantry in that battle, Queen Anne, in 1710, appointed him Governor of Virginia.

General Lee never sought to borrow lustre from his ancestral line, regarding it as the proudest heraldry for an American that his father was worthily the companion in arms and trusted friend of Washington, and his mother an exalted type of the noblest American womanhood.

Having been informed, while in command of the army in Petersburg, in February, 1865, that a scholarly genealogist at Richmond was about to publish by subscription a "History of the Lee Family of Virginia," he thus wrote in a letter to his wife:

> "I am very much obliged to Mr. —— for the trouble he has taken in relation to the Lee genealogy. I have no desire to have it published, and do not think it would afford sufficient interest beyond the immediate family to compensate for the expense. I think the money had better be applied to relieving the poor."

In 1811, when he was four years of age, his parents removed to Alexandria, Va., in order to secure better educational facilities for their children, and Lee passed his boyhood in that time-honored town so beloved by Washington.

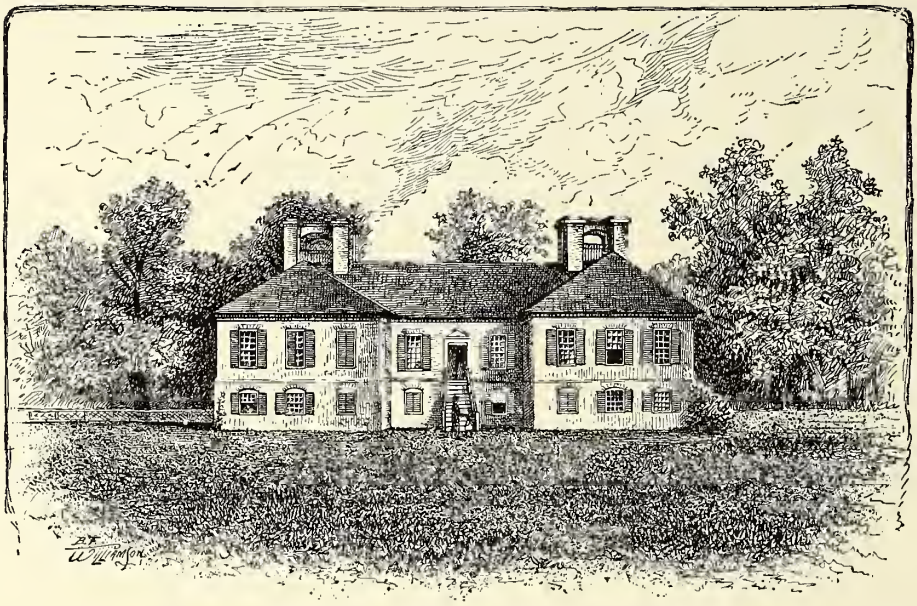
The family resided in a massive brick dwelling known as the Parsonage, which still stands in good repair, although built in Colonial times.

The first great grief that flung its deep shadow over the happy household circle came in the following year.

England, by a long series of aggressions that were as flagrantly violative of international law as they were of the plain principles of common justice, had forced the United States either to engage in open war with her or submit to national dishonor.

Soon after the commencement of hostilities, which was announced by a resolution of Congress declaring that "war exists between the United States and Great Britain," General Henry Lee tendered his services to the government.

The famed commander of the Legion had not yet passed his manhood's prime: he was but fifty-six years of age, and his commanding form was as erect, and his eyes as ready to kindle with the flash of the sword, as



Stratford, Westmoreland County, Birthplace of Robert E. Lee. (Drawn by B. F. Williamson.)

This beautiful example of early colonial architecture is still standing. It was erected for Colonel Thomas Lee by Queen Caroline. It is said to have been the finest place in Virginia. Charles Carter Lee wrote of it: "When I was a boy the chimneys of the house were the columns of two summer houses, between which there was a balustrade; and in Colonel Philip Lee's time, during the evening promenade of ladies and gentlemen a band of music played the while in one of the summer houses."

when he cut through the British left, and curbed the high vaulting ambition of the fiery Tarleton, at Eutaw Springs, the last battle of the war in South Carolina.

President Madison promptly appointed him Major-General, and he proceeded to Baltimore to make some necessary business arrangements before taking the field. A large number of the newspapers representing the general views of the Federal party, since termed the Republican party, earnestly opposed the war, and their publishers advanced dangerously near to the line that divides the freedom of the press from rank treason.

The matrix of the anti-war feeling was in New England, and the rift in the patriotism, even of Massachusetts, became so wide that Bunker Hill with all its glories, now so resplendent, sank down for a time in the crevice.

William Hanson, formerly a citizen of that State, was then editing a Baltimore paper called *The Federal-Republican*—a hyphenated paradox; and having published an article on July 3d, bitterly denouncing the President and his administration, the mobilized savagery of the town famous alike for the violence of its mobs, the beauty of its women, and the bravery of its men, advanced upon his house, threatening to lynch him.

General Lee, then being in the vicinity of the editor's home, interposed to protect him from the threatened outrage, and although he succeeded in preventing it, he received injuries from bricks and paving-stones at the hands of the mob, that disabled him for military service, and were the direct cause of his death, which occurred a little more than five years thereafter, on March 25, 1818.

The following extracts from letters written to his eldest surviving son, Charles Carter, from the West Indies, whither he had gone to recruit his broken health, reveal him both as a moral philosopher and a Christian hero.

On June 18, 1817, he wrote from Nassau:

"This is the day of the month when your dear mother became my wife. Since that happy day,

marked only by the union of two humble lovers, it has become conspicuous as the day our war with Great Britain was declared in Washington, and the one that sealed the doom of Bonaparte on the field of Waterloo.

"The British general rising, *gradatim*, from his first blow struck in Portugal, climbed on that day to the summit of fame, and became distinguished by the first of titles, 'Deliverer of the Civilized World.' . . . You know I love my children, and how dear Smith (his son Sydney Smith Lee) is to me. Give me a true description of his mind, temper, and habits. Tell me of Anne. Has she grown tall? And how is my last (his daughter Mildred) in looks and understanding? Robert was *always good*, and will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother; does he strengthen his native tendency?"

I may add here, that "Robert" did strengthen it; that he was indeed, as these pages will show, "always good," and the laurels laid upon his brow in the morning of his life faded not at night. Again the noble father wrote wise counsel, clothed in words that make it a veritable "apple of gold in a picture of silver:"

. . . "Fame in arts or arms is naught unless betrothed to virtue. Thales, Pittacus, and others in Greece taught the doctrine of morality almost in our very words: 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.'

"The beautiful Arab couplet, written three centuries before Christ, announced the duty of every good man, even in the moment of destruction, not only to forgive, but to benefit the destroyer, as the sandal-tree in the instant of its overthrow sheds perfume on the axe that fells it."

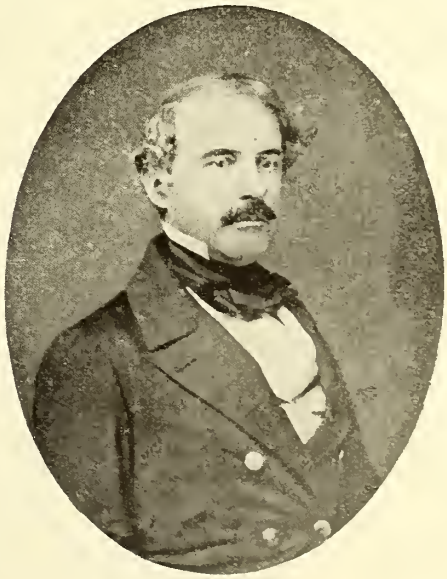
His widow found solace in the bitterness of her bereavement, not only in the Christian faith that she would be reunited with her devoted husband, where "there shall be no more parting," but in the earnest and judicious discharge of her duty to the five fatherless children committed to her sole care.

Robert E. Lee attended first the Alexandria Academy, where he was under the tuition of Mr. W. B. Leary, a talented young Irish gentleman, to whose skill and fidelity as a teacher he testified in after years.

He then entered the Alexandria High School, whose head-master was Benjamin Hallowell, a "thee" and "thou" Quaker of the strictest sect, famed as an instructor of youth and beloved as a good man.

He stood abreast with the foremost in his class in all the studies, and his conduct was faultless. He was especially proficient in mathematics—the science of absolute proof—and in history. At the age of sixteen he became the chief prop of his home, aiding his mother in household duties while diligently pursuing his studies.

His eldest brother, Charles Carter, was then a student at the University of Cambridge, England, and the next, Sydney, had entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, so that Robert was, as it were, his mother's chief of staff and home commissary, attending to the marketing and purchasing the family supplies of every kind. He spent his vacations in hunting, and often followed the game, such as deer and the brown bear, then to be met with in the middle and western counties of Virginia, on foot from sunup to sundown, and many of them fell to his rifle. The arts practised by the hunter are more closely related to the art of war than would appear at the first glance. To hunt large game successfully requires some strat-



Robert E. Lee.
As a Lieutenant at the age of 30.

egic skill to take advantage of the contour of the ground and cover the hunter's approach to the wary animal, until within rifle range.

The faculty termed by Jomini, in his work on the Art of War, the *coup d'œil*, or power to discern with a stroke of the eye the value of a given position for attack or defence, is thus acquired, and is of immense advantage to a commander on the field of battle.

Lee, like Washington, continued to be an ardent hunter, until called to high military command, and

> . . . "deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat and public care."

At the age of eighteen, when he had thoroughly mastered the curriculum of the High School, he was required to choose a profession, and selected that of arms, the most chaste of all professions, save the Christian ministry.

His application to his member of Congress for appointment as a cadet at West Point having been granted, his name was placed upon the rolls of that renowned military academy—the nursery of great American soldiers—in September, 1825, when he was in the nineteenth year of his age. His mother, writing to a relative soon after his departure for the academy, said : "I miss my Robert very much, for he has been both a son and a daughter to me."

My old instructor in *belles-lettres* at the military academy of South Carolina, Colonel W. H. Brisbane, who was an assistant professor at West Point, and present at cadet Lee's preliminary examination, described him to me as then the beau ideal of perfect physical development, and of almost feminine beauty of face.

He was five feet ten inches in height, square-shouldered and full-chested, formed for activity and strength ; his face oval, his nose nearly Grecian in its outline, with expressive hazel eyes, and hair of a deep brown color, and withal his bearing bespoke him as the modest and courteous young gentleman. But he was not only physically and mentally well equipped, for his moral training was of the highest. He had been reared in the faith of a Christian at the household altar, and its divine principles, as illustrated in the daily life of his mother, became his rule of conduct, both in his own self-government and in his relations with others.

Hazing was then at its height at West Point, and although he was only a "plebe," as the newly entered cadet was termed, even the hazers respected the native dignity and modesty that marked his demeanor, and forbore to "put him through" a full course of their midnight gymnastics, and made him but one visit, only standing him for a few minutes on his head, that he might thus be taught to look up to them as his superiors.

He was a hard student, orderly, and methodical, painstaking in the discharge of every duty, and exemplary in all his conduct, and yet no recluse in habit ; for he excelled in all manly sports, and his associates recognized his genial qualities by pronouncing him "a right good fellow." In his third year he was appointed adjutant of the corps of cadets, a much coveted position.

He graduated in 1829, taking the second honor, in an exceptionally talented class numbering forty-six. I may observe that the first honor was borne off by Mercer, of Georgia, who seemed to have exhausted his powers in achieving that distinction, leaving him no reserve of mental force, for he made no mark in the war, and did not rise in grade above the rank of brigadier, to which he was originally appointed in the Confederate army at the commencement of hostilities in 1861.

Upon graduating, Robert E. Lee was commissioned a second lieutenant of engineers, the most *élite* corps of every military establishment, and entered upon his career as an officer of the United States Army.

(To be continued in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for April.)

LEE,

The Military Genius and the Noble Man.

THE Greek, the Carthaginian
and the Roman brave
The lustre of their glory
to their countries gave.
Then England, Prussia,
and immortal France,
Bore each a son to wield
the war-god's lance.

These men were soldiers—each one
of deathless name,
But, all, alas, were doomed to mar
their brilliant fame.
The world despaired. It seemed
that need must be
The warrior linked with lust
or cruelty.

And then, as if His patience
waited but to find
This seeming lesson graven
on the human mind,
God sought to prove that even
war's demands
Need not pollute great Genius'
heart or hands.

He chose a time when, roused
from its fateful rest,
The thought of freedom stirred
an unborn nation's breast,
And gave us LEE to consummate
the plan—
A perfect *soldier* and
a perfect *man!*

John Kearnes White.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST STATESMAN.

Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. Gladstone, and their favorite grandchild, Dorothy Drew.

From their latest photograph, by Elliot & Fry, London.

General Lee's Statue in the Capitol

VIRGINIA'S two contributions to the Statuary Hall of the National Capitol have recently been set up. One is a statue of Washington; the other that of General Robert E. Lee, the first Confederate leader to be accorded the recognition of being ranked among the nation's heroes.

1909

The new statue of Washington, which has just been placed in the southern end of Statuary Hall

It is significant that the installation of the statue of Lee, clad in the uniform of a general in the Army of the Rebellion, should be effected without a single note of protest from any quarter. But this condition has not always existed. One has only to refer to the Congressional Records of the Fifty-seventh Congress, second session, and it will be seen that several resolutions were introduced against placing a statue of General Lee in Statuary Hall, or the National Capitol. Congressman John F. Lacey, of Iowa, introduced a resolution offered by the Phil Kearny Post, Grand Army of the Republic, "against placing the statue of General Robert E. Lee, of the Confederate Army, in the Statuary Hall of the United States Capitol." The resolution was referred to the Committee on Library. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, introduced a similar resolution offered by General Lander Post, No. 5, Grand Army of the Republic. This was referred to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. Congressman Ernest F. Acheson, of Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution offered by Post No. 59, Grand Army of the Republic, "protesting against the erection of a statue of General Robert E. Lee in the Capitol or any other building in the city of Washington." A similar resolution was introduced by Congressman Mercer, of Nebraska, offered by U. S. Grant Post, No. 110, Grand Army of the Republic. Both of these resolutions were referred to the Committee on Library.

During the second session of the Fifty-ninth Congress a bill was introduced by Congressman Edward W. Pou, of North Carolina, "to provide for the erection of a bronze equestrian statue to the memory of the late Robert E. Lee, in Washington, D. C. During the first session of the Sixtieth Congress a bill was offered by Congressman Scott Ferris, of Oklahoma, "to provide for the erection of a monument to Robert E. Lee in the National Capitol at Washington." Both of these bills were referred to the Committee on Library.

The statue is the work of Edward G. Valentine, a Virginian, whose earlier work—the marble recumbent statue of the same subject—surmounts the sarcophagus of the General in the ivy-covered chapel of the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia, where after the war General Lee served as president up to the time of his death in 1870.

The statue of General Robert E. Lee, recently placed in Statuary Hall without a word of protest

Gen. Lit. p. 327.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

1911

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXII FEBRUARY, 1911 No. DCCXXIX

General Lee As I Knew Him

BY A. R. H. RANSON

Late Major of Artillery, C.S.A.

EVER since the end of the war, I have intended to write a sketch of General Lee. Many times I have sat myself down with pen in hand to do this, but now, after forty-four years, the sketch has not been written, has not even been begun. It simply would not get itself written, and I have often wondered why.

I had known General Lee from my boyhood. I was at school with Custis, his son, at Clarens, a school near Alexandria, and knew the General as a boy knows a man. I was present when he stormed the engine-house at Harper's Ferry in 1859 with a detachment of marines under Lieutenant Green, and during the war had seen a great deal of him, having been twice assigned to duty at his headquarters, and having served as assistant chief ordnance officer from August, 1862, to December, 1862, and from October, 1863, to the end of the war in 1865 in that capacity. I had seen him during my service at his headquarters daily and sometimes many times a day, and as a man I had known him and the members of his family in a social way. Of course, during the time I served at his headquarters the social side was eliminated as far as my intercourse with the General was concerned, but my relations with his family did not change.

General Lee has been the only great man with whom I have been thrown who has not dwindled upon a near approach. And I have seen some of the great men of my time, of this and foreign countries, and have had opportunities of knowing something about them.

The element of success looms large to the world in making up her verdict upon her sons. To Napoleon the world grants greatness, but not goodness, whereas, if he had succeeded, the goodness might have been added. If Washington had failed, he would have been accounted a good man, but never a great one, and of Lincoln the same may assuredly be said. To Robert Edward Lee has been accorded in defeat that highest niche in the Temple of Fame which the world reserves for her greatest and her best.

While I have abandoned the idea of a character sketch of General Lee, I have determined to write an account of some of my experiences and interviews with him, confining myself to a simple relation of facts of my own knowledge, leaving those who may read to make up the character sketch, each one for himself.

And first I may say that General Lee in a drawing-room was a very different man from General Lee in the field. In the drawing-room he was just a dignified and quiet gentleman, very kindly and gentle, especially with women and children. In the field he was the general, the commander in all essential points, and somehow without the least exhibition of haughtiness and without perceptible change of manner. A soldier will understand how this might be, but citizens will

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hardly comprehend it. He was just as grave and courteous in the field as in social life, but no one in his social acquaintance ever thought of fearing him; yet I believe all his officers feared him. They loved him as men are seldom loved, but they feared him, too. In social life he liked to talk to women or children. I have seen him with a child on his knee, and he never seemed to tire of its prattle, while the talk of an ordinary man would have bored him almost to extinction. And I never heard General Lee laugh. He would have his joke and was very fond of having it, and his face would light up with a smile, but I never heard the sound of his laughter.

It was during the winter of 1863-4 at Orange Court House that I found out that the officers of the army had a wholesome fear of General Lee. For myself, I had no fear of him, and laughed at my messmates when I found out their fear. They said: "You wait and see. You have known the General socially. You have now to make his acquaintance as your commanding officer." And I found they were right. Before that winter and spring were over I feared General Lee as much as any one.

Not long after we went into winter quarters at Orange Court House in December, 1863, General Lee invited his staff to luncheon. O'Brien, his orderly (a United States soldier who followed the General's fortunes when he resigned and came South), delivered the invitation verbally. I did not know whether or not I was privileged to consider myself a member of his staff, and therefore did not go. After my messmates had gone, O'Brien came to my tent and said, "The General is waiting for you, and desires you to come at once." I hurriedly dressed, and in ten minutes joined them. When I entered the General's mess-tent, he and his staff were standing around, evidently waiting. The General, looking as grave and imposing as usual, said, "Captain Ranson, do you think it right to keep us all waiting in this way?" I made my apologies in rather a lame fashion, and felt for the first time an awe of General Lee.

The luncheon consisted of the contents of a large box, a present received that morning. It was filled with turkeys, hams, pickles, plum cake, mince pies, etc., and several bottles of Madeira, older than the century. There was little conversation, the good things, so rare to us, were devoured almost in silence, and after that the Madeira was decanted into a tin pitcher, and we drank it out of the ordinary tin cups which came in nests in every camp-chest equipment.

The silence was rather oppressive, and wishing, I suppose, to show that I was not afraid of General Lee, I attempted some wretched joke about drinking old Madeira wine out of tin cups. It was a fearful mistake. As the youngest man present, I should have held my tongue, but I saw my mistake when it was too late to mend matters. My poor joke was received in silence. General Lee said gravely but kindly that the wine was a gift from an old lady friend in Petersburg, and he was afraid she would not relish my joke. Of course I was ignorant of the personal side of the present, but nevertheless I should have remained silent. I felt as if I would be glad if the earth would open and swallow me up. My awe of General Lee had greatly increased, and I began to understand why it was his staff were all afraid of him. I had tried to play when there was no one to play with, and I had to play with my foolish self.

The latter part of the winter my wife came to Orange Court House to visit me. I engaged board for her at a house in the village, where many officers' wives were quartered.

One Sunday—it was communion Sunday—I went to church with my wife. General Lee was also there, and while we were standing in the aisle awaiting our turn at the altar rail, and General Lee was just in front of us, I noticed that my wife pressed forward and stood very close behind him and took hold of one of the buttons on his coat. It was a singular move, and I asked the meaning of it as we walked home after church. She said: "I did not think you or any one saw it. I only wished to be able to say when I went home that I had touched the hem of his garment." I write this here because it was an illustration of the reverence and love with which General Lee was regarded by the women of the South. At that time my wife knew the General by sight only.

Painting by Howard Pyle

GENERAL LEE ON HIS FAMOUS CHARGER "TRAVELLER"

With the opening of spring, the usual order of "Women to the rear" was issued. There was as yet no sign of the opening of the campaign, and many of the officers' wives lingered on in disregard of it, and my wife followed the example of the others. Finally, however, she started for home, and I went with her as far as Staunton. Soon after the train left Orange Court House, General Lee entered the car in which we were seated and came slowly down the aisle. He looked larger and more imposing than ever to us who had disregarded his order. When he came to where we were sitting, he stopped and said, "Captain Ranson, I wish you to introduce me to Mrs. Ranson." My wife rose instantly (I was already standing) and said: "Oh, General Lee, I disregarded your order. It was my doing, not my husband's, and I beg you to forgive both of us." The General said: "Pray do not disturb yourself. My order was not intended for you at all. It was intended only for your husband. I intend to get a great deal of work out of him this summer, and he cannot do his work unless his horses are in condition. Every evening for some weeks, about nightfall, I have observed that he mounted his horse behind his camp and galloped off toward Orange Court House, three miles away, and every morning he came galloping back about sunrise. Now you know this is not good for the horses. By the time I should need his services they [the horses] would be worn out, and I was obliged to put a stop to it." He then took my seat by her and talked to her so pleasantly that her fears were relieved and her love and veneration were greatly increased. But there was in General Lee's little joke a reproof and warning to me, and although my wife's fears were relieved, he had let me know that he had had his eye on me and that he knew more of my movements than had been supposed. A wholesome fear of him came upon me then and there.

I do not wish to make the impression that I had neglected my duties, for I had performed them all before leaving camp for the night, and I was not disobeying orders. An officer had the privilege of leaving camp when his duties had been performed, provided he was within call in case of an emergency, and a courier would have been sent for me whenever I might have been needed at any hour of the night; but I was wearing out my horses in a measure, and I knew it, but I did not know that the General knew it.

One night during the campaign from the Wilderness to Richmond we halted and went into bivouac on the roadside. We had been marching and fighting all day. It had rained hard, and the road was muddy. The wagons had not come up, and there was every prospect of a hungry and comfortless night. However, in a few moments the camp-fires were blazing for miles in front and behind us, and that was cheering and comforting. I was about to turn in for the night, when a courier rode up and said that General Lee wished to see me. When I got to his fire (there were no tents), he asked me if I knew the way to Ashland. Ashland was on the road to Richmond and about half-way, seventeen miles from our camp and eighteen miles from Richmond.

I said I did not, but was sure I could find the way. He then gave an order that a cavalryman, one who had lived in that part of the country and who knew the way to Ashland, should be ordered to report to me at once. He explained to me that at Ashland there were several trains of freight-cars loaded with supplies, that Grant's movements threatened that point, and that I must ride there as rapidly as possible and order all the trains back to Richmond.

When I got to my camp, the cavalryman was there in waiting, and we mounted and rode off.

The first part of the way for a mile or so was along the road lighted by the fires of the troops and was bright and cheerful, but the courier said ten miles of the road were through a thick forest. When we came to the woods, we had left all the troops some distance behind, and the darkness was in strong contrast to the bright light of the camp-fires. I could not see my hand before me. I put the trooper in front and told him to ride at a quick trot and I would follow. But soon I found this was no easy task. The branches of the trees, heavy with rain, hung low and caught me in the face, delaying my progress, while the trooper, knowing the road and having the con-

fidence of that knowledge, outfooted me, and I had to halt him until I could come alongside. I told the trooper to ride more slowly. He agreed, but soon he was far ahead again, and once more I halted him. I think both the trooper and his horse not only knew the road, but also knew that they were going home, and this gave them a speed I could not rival. I could not see him, and only knew by the sound of the splashing of his horse's feet on the wet road how far he was ahead of me. After halting him and repeating my instructions a number of times, there came a time when I received no answer to my call, although I could hear his horse's tread far ahead of me. I put my mare at full speed, regardless of the branches which slapped me in the face every moment. I stopped and listened. There was no sound. The forest was as still as death and silent as the grave. The rascal had deserted me.

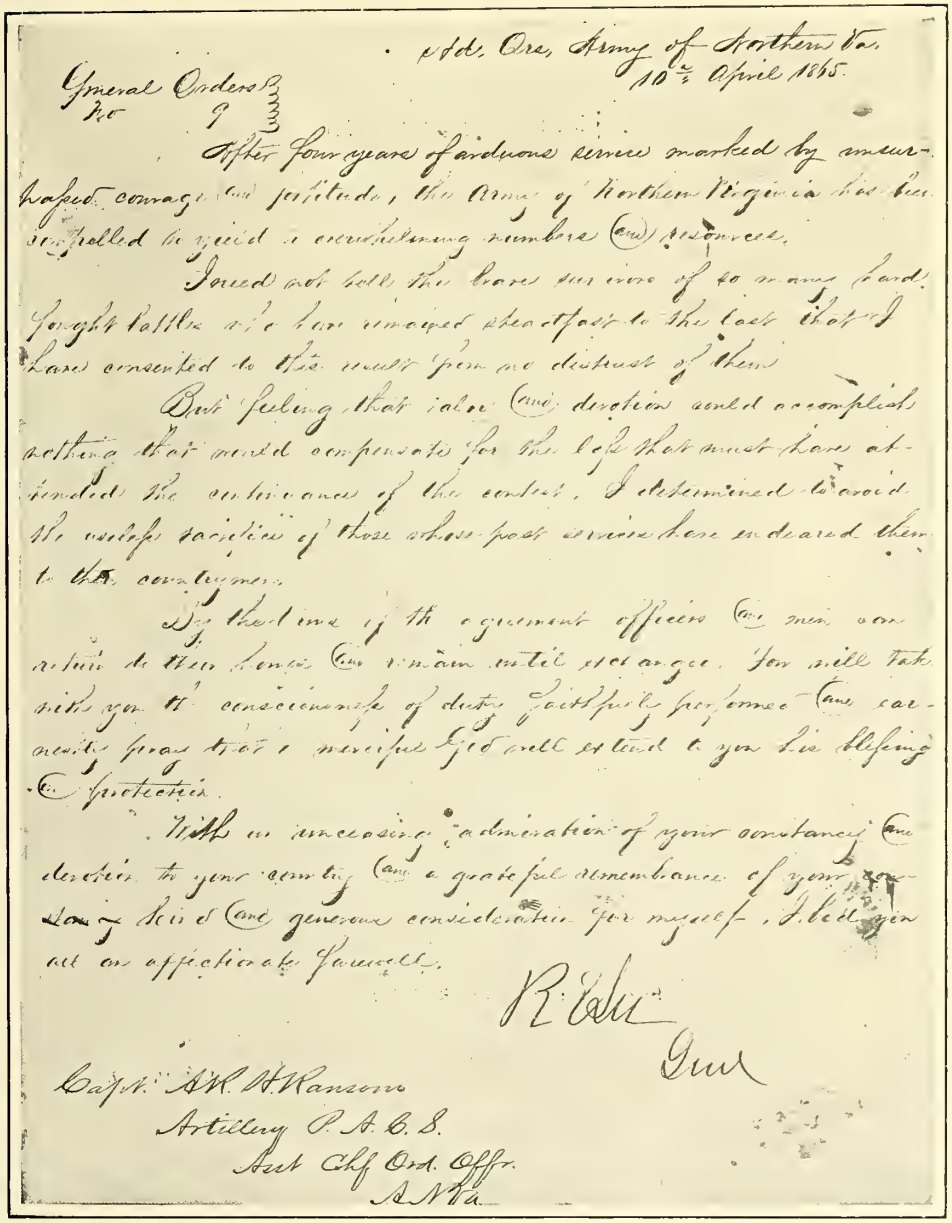
There was but one thing to do. I pressed on in the darkness at the best speed I could make, but finally the branches had increased in number, and now and then my knees came in contact with the body of a stout tree. Moreover, the sound of the splashing of my mare's feet in the water had ceased, and, dismounting and feeling the ground, I found I was out of the road, and on rough ground covered with pine tags.

What to do was now the question. I remembered that all the way the picket-firing had been on my left, and just then there was a shot on my right. Concluding that my mare had turned about and was making for our late camp in the rear, I turned her around and waited for the next shot. It was on my left. I knew then that I was headed in the direction of Ashland and that the army was behind me. Again I pressed on through the thick woods, keeping the picket-firing on my left. It was slow going. Every moment brought me in contact with branches which tore my face and trees which bruised my legs. Still I pressed on, it seemed to me for hours, always keeping the firing on my left and turning the mare's head sharply when it came from in front.

At last there came a sound from in front as of an approaching storm. There was no lightning or thunder, but the sound increased every moment. I stopped to listen, and there was the familiar sound of rattling sabres. I knew then that it was the approach of a body of cavalry coming on at great speed. Whether they were friends or enemies I did not know. Taking no chances, I dismounted, and selecting a good-sized tree by feeling for it, got behind it, holding my mare by the bridle. The cavalry swept by me in the darkness, not one word being spoken. When they had all passed, I mounted and rode on in the darkness, increasing my speed in desperation, always keeping the picket-firing on my left.

How long this lasted I knew not, but I feared that my ride would be a failure, and my heart was sad indeed. Presently, without any intimation of approaching day, it became lighter, and riding about a little, I found I was out of the woods. But where was I? I pressed on, and soon came to a fence. Listening for the picket-shots, I found they were immediately in front. Then I turned sharply to the right and followed this fence. I knew if I followed the fence far enough I would get into the road I had left, as by the picket-shots it (the fence) was at right angles with the direction of the road; and I was right. Riding rapidly now along the fence, I presently came to a road, at right angles to the direction of the fence. Turning to the left and putting my mare at full speed down it for several miles, I came to a light in a field on my right hand. Riding to this light, I found a house, and in answer to my call, a girl came out on the porch with a lamp. I asked her how far it was to Ashland. She answered, "You are just coming to Ashland," and in answer to my question as to the time, she said it was just twelve o'clock. She explained, "Keep the road you have just left for a mile and you are there."

Ashland is a long, straggling village with one street running through it, and the railroad is on that street. I saw a light in an upper window, and, hailing, found the quartermaster's office was there. Leaving my mare in the street, I bounded up the stairway, and soon had him awake and gave him General Lee's orders. He seemed doubtful, and finally declined to move the trains without writ-



Hd. Qrs. Army of Northern Va.
10th April 1865.

General Orders
No 9

After four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them.

But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the consciousness of duty faithfully performed and earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your constancy kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

R. E. Lee
Genl

Capt. A. R. H. Ranson
Artillery P. A. C. S.
Asst Chf Ord. Offr.
A. N. Va.

GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL WORDS TO HIS ARMY

Facsimile of "General Order No. 9," addressed to Captain A. R. H. Ranson, and now in his possession

ten orders from General Lee's Headquarters. Then I wrote out the order and signed it:

"By command of General Lee.

A. R. H. Ranson,

Capt. Asst. Chief Ord. Officer A. N. Va."

It was the first time I had signed such an order, as Colonel Baldwin had always signed them, and when I saw General Lee and asked him about it, he said, "In such an emergency you must always use my name," and I always did.

The quartermaster awoke the firemen and engine-drivers, and there soon was the sound of hissing steam from one end of the street to the other. Presently there was the creaking and grinding of wheels, and all the trains slowly backed out of the town.

I followed them down the street until they were all gone, and then, seeing a nice front yard covered with grass, rode in the gate, and taking saddle and bridle off my mare, shut the gate and left her to enjoy herself. I lay down on the porch and was soon fast asleep.

When I awoke in the morning, the sun was shining in my face and a man was standing over me, looking curiously at me. He did not recognize me, but I knew him instantly. He was a cousin of mine, named Page. We had not met during the war. He was surgeon of the post, and invited me to breakfast. I accepted very gladly, first going to the quartermaster for some corn for my mare. And such a breakfast! Hot rolls, beefsteak, butter, and coffee. I can taste it now.

After breakfast I rode down the street and saw General Lee sitting on a porch, a little girl of two or three years on his knee. He said: "Well, you got the trains out. After all, there was no need of sending you, as I got here myself before Grant. Soon after you left I became uneasy, and put the army in motion, and the head of the column is very near here now. I have telegraphed the trains to come back." I never told General Lee about the trooper. He was much concerned about my scratched and bruised face. I said nothing about my bruised knees, but I had Doctor Page and his good wife to look after me. After all, I had succeeded, and that was the best salve for my scratches and bruises.

I told the General of the cavalry I had met in the forest, and he replied that a new regiment had joined us the day before and had been sent out on picket duty. It was their first experience in war. Their outposts had been attacked in the night and had been driven in. They came in yelling, "The Yankees are upon us," and the half-awakened regiment was instantly stampeded, leaving everything but their horses behind them. This accounted for their speed through the forest, for nothing but the frantic fear which prevails in a stampede of men and horses could have occasioned it.

When we reached James River, some miles below Richmond, I supposed we would have a rest and get up our wagons and tents, but General Lee crossed the river the next morning and took the road to Petersburg. We had not ridden far when a courier met us and handed a despatch to the General. Glancing over it, he put his horse Traveller out on a long, sweeping gallop, and the staff followed. We did not draw rein until we entered the town. On the road we passed the advance of the army marching in close order and quick time. Their left flank was protected by a line of skirmishers, who (from the firing and whistling of bullets over and around us) were actively engaged. The line of march was protected by an advance-guard, also in close order and marching rapidly toward Petersburg. General Lee evidently feared the town would be occupied by the enemy before he could get there, but we found it safe, and the early arrival of our men ended all anxiety.

The General's headquarters for the moment were in some public building, and the ladies sent in breakfast. Loaves of hot bread, butter, and coffee. During breakfast the General astonished me by saying, "Capain Ranson, I fear you have not had a good mother." I was indignant, and rather hotly replied: "You are mistaken, General. I have the best mother in the world." The General replied: "Well, I may be wrong, but there is one thing she did not teach you—how to cut bread and butter. I will show you how." He then took the loaf of bread in his hand, and spreading the butter on the end, cut off a slice and handed it to me, saying: "Now that is the way to cut

bread and butter. Look what a mess you have made by cutting off your slice first and then trying to butter it afterward." Now if this had happened the year before, I would probably have been angry, and might have made a fool of myself, but now I was beginning to understand General Lee and that this was his little joke, and that I should not deprive him of the pleasure of it. I knew he was a grave and serious man and had few moments of fun. He was carrying the weight of the whole Southern cause on his own shoulders, almost unassisted, and sometimes very seriously handicapped. Moreover, I became aware that he was treating me like a son when he scolded me, and I tried to remember this in later days, when his scoldings were hard to bear. On this occasion I took the slice of bread and thanked him gravely for teaching me something.

About two months after we arrived at Petersburg, General Lee sent for me and said that he wished me to move a heavy gun, 22,000 pounds, from our line in front of Petersburg and send it down the line toward James River. I went down and found the gun in a pit, a little in the rear of our line of works, and the pit was on a knoll which enabled us to fire over our lines. It would be necessary to move the gun to Petersburg, to load it on a flat car, and send it down the railroad to its new position. It was down grade all the way, and the car would run down itself by gravity, but it had to be done at night, as the railroad was in sight of the enemy's lines and in easy range of their guns. Also there was a marsh in the rear of the pit, with a sluggish stream of water flowing through it, and so a bridge must be built over the stream and a plank road laid on the marsh. I reported all this to the General with many other necessary details, and he gave me authority to make all the arrangements. I wanted a heavy tripod and men to work the falls, railroad jacks to raise the gun, and blocks to block it up under the carry-log, and mules to pull the big carry-log with the gun swung under it. I got the carry-log and the blocks with great difficulty from a lumber-yard at Blanford, in plain view of the enemy, and the work had to be done under a heavy fire from their big guns. I gave the orders for the bridge and the plank road to the engineers, and made all the other preparations. Of course all the work had to be done at night, as the pit was in plain view of the enemy, and was within range of both musketry and artillery, about three hundred yards distant.

When all was ready I went down one night, taking with me twenty-eight pairs of mules hitched to a ship's cable, sailors to work the falls, and twenty-five other men for lifting, etc. We set the tripod over the gun and were raising it, when a storm came up. The lightning revealed to the enemy that something was being done, and they opened on us with musketry and artillery. We were obliged to lie still behind the pit until the storm was over. When the storm had ceased, we raised the gun, swung it over the crest of the pit, and rolled it down to where the carry-log was waiting. We then jacked it up, blocking it as it was raised, and secured it with heavy chains to the carry-log. The mules were put to and stretched out in a straight line, each pair having a rider.

I had noticed by daylight that a wide sweep had to be made so that we could strike the bridge at a right angle to the stream. When all was ready I rode to the leading mule, and taking it by the bridle rein, swung around on a wide curve. It was dark, but we hit the bridge squarely in the centre, the mules going down-hill at a gallop, and the lead mules were nearly over the plank road on the farther side, when suddenly something happened in the rear. There was a quick stop, and the mules were jerked back on their haunches with great force. I rode back and found the high wheels of the carry-log had cut through the bridge like a knife through a cheese and into the mud underneath, the gun resting on the bridge. We jacked it up and tried another start, but there was no more pull in the mules that night; a dozen pairs would pull forward, but a dozen more would pull back, and after seesawing for a while, I sent the mules back to Petersburg. The day was now breaking, so we cut green bushes and twined them about the high wheels of the carry-log to deceive the enemy, and then returned to camp, arriving about sunrise.

I had been sleeping in my tent for an hour or two, when I heard General Lee asking for me. I went out and found him sitting on his horse. He asked me if I had gotten the gun out, and I explained. "Then you failed," he said. I went on to say that if he would give me two hundred men who would pull together when ordered, I could get the gun out that night, the bridge having been strengthened. He turned away, saying: "No, sir; you have failed. I will send Captain W. to report to you."

Captain W. came in the course of a day, and I rode down and showed him over the ground. He made rather light of it. He had moved the heavy guns from Fort Sumter, and therefore had experience. I cautioned him that moving guns over the paved streets of Charleston was a different proposition from this. He tried it that night, but did not move the gun six feet. The next night another officer tried it and failed. On the third morning General Lee rode up to my tent and said, "What was it you said to me about moving that gun with men?" I said that with two hundred men who would act with intelligence and pull together at the word of command I could bring the gun out. He was turning away, when I said, "Am I to try it to-night, General?" "No; you failed; I will not give you another chance. I will send an officer to you."

During the day another officer called, and I went down with him and his two hundred men that night, and by two o'clock the gun was in Petersburg and loaded on the car. It was started and went safely down in an hour, two men, one at each end of the car, working the brakes. I have always thought this was hard lines, but at the same time I know that General Lee was teaching me a lesson, and that I should be thankful for the trouble he was taking.

In the latter part of December a barrel was delivered at our camp, marked "General Lee and Staff." We opened it, and found it was packed full of turkeys. We sent word to General Lee, and he rode over to our camp. There was snow on the ground, and we had laid the turkeys out on a board on the snow, the biggest in the middle and the others tapering off to the smallest at each end. There were about a dozen of them.

General Lee dismounted and joined the group gathered around the present, carrying his unslung and undrawn sword in his hand. He was told that the big turkey in the middle was his. He stood looking down at the turkeys for a moment and then said, touching the big turkey with the scabbard of his sword: "This, then, is my turkey? I don't know, gentlemen, what you are going to do with your turkeys, but I wish mine sent to the hospital in Petersburg, so that some of the convalescents may have a good Christmas dinner." He then turned on his heel, and walking to his horse, mounted and rode away. We looked at one another for a moment, and then without a word replaced the turkeys in the barrel and sent them to the hospital.

In September I was ill in the Officers' Hospital in Richmond with malarial typhoid fever, contracted in my night work on our line of works.

One day General Lee visited the hospital. After he had gone over it, a half-dozen juleps were handed round to him and his staff. General Lee took one, and after the others were helped, put it back on the waiter and told the man to carry it to some convalescent officer who needed it more than he. I think I got that julep.

But I must now return to the Petersburg campaign. It was then, and now is, evident to me that General Lee intended to fall back to Lynchburg before the spring opened, and that his plan was overruled. I was sent in January to Lynchburg to store large quantities of ordnance stores, shipped there from Petersburg, and I caused to be filled several of the tobacco warehouses and some churches. In February I was sent again to Lynchburg, with orders to ship back these stores to Petersburg. This showed certainly a change of plan, and I do not think the change was made by General Lee. Petersburg was a trap, and General Lee was avoiding that trap. Our right flank was our weak point, and I believe General Lee selected his headquarters on the south side of the river so he would be near his right flank, the inevitable point of attack. When the blow came, our cause was lost.

One Sunday morning, early in April,

news came of Grant's attack on our right, and the disaster to Hill's corps. Grant was marching up the south side of the river, and we must now retreat up the north side. I rode into Petersburg and met General Lee in the street. He told me the place would be evacuated during the day, and I must save what ordnance stores I could. As there were no engines to haul the trains or wagons either, my efforts were in vain. I spent the day, however, in trying, and did not cross the bridge until about midnight. When I looked back, the bridge was burning and also the long trains of ordnance stores. I spent the remainder of the night trying to extricate the long trains of wagons and artillery stuck in the marshy road of our retreat, and failed there also. In the morning I came to a farmhouse immediately on the road. The farmer had his wood-pile in the public road in front of his house. A log had fallen off the wood-pile and was lying on the ground, and sitting on the log, with his back resting against the wood-pile, was General Lee, asleep, with the rising sun shining on his face. I was sitting on my horse looking at him, when he opened his eyes and said, "I think I have been asleep." I made my report, to which he listened, but said nothing concerning it. He told me to go to the barn and feed my mare, and come back and get my breakfast. "They are cooking something in the house for me, and you must have some of it."

One day during the retreat, General Lee sent me to a point about six miles in front and on the river. He said the stragglers from Hill's corps were retreating by a bridge over the river at that point, and that I must stop them, arm them, and try to defend the bridge. I started, taking with me two wagons loaded with arms and ammunition, and some picks and shovels and two couriers. When I arrived I found the river was overflowing its banks, and that the retreating men, coming in squads of from two to ten, had to wade in the water on the south side to reach the bridge, and then wade from the bridge to the north bank. They came out wet and wretched-looking, generally without arms. I began to form them into squads, placing an officer over each squad, and put them to work. I piled the rails of an old fence along the bank and threw up dirt, forming a very good protection against musketry. But the men soon got tired and many of them sat down, saying they were hungry and could not work. I told them I would get some food for them, and sent back the two couriers I had with me and the empty wagons with written orders, "By command of General Lee," for rations. This seemed to encourage them, and the work went on until dark. By that time I had 600 men and divided them into companies, the whole in charge of a colonel. I had built quite a good bridge head for musketry, extending about three hundred yards along the river, and had manned it. Then I left them, in order to report to General Lee and hurry up the rations; but, alas! no rations were to be had.

When I arrived at headquarters, General Lee was in a tent, sitting with General Longstreet on some bundles of rye straw (the ground being wet from the rain), at the upper side of the tent, with one candle for a light. I made my report, and the General told me to wait, as he wished to see me. He asked me if I had had anything to eat, and I told him no. He said he was sorry he had nothing to offer me. He gave me a bundle of straw and told me to sit near the door. It had been raining all afternoon, and I was quite wet. I was also very tired, so I put my foot through the bridle rein of my mare standing outside, and lying down on the bundle of straw, was soon asleep.

I was awakened by voices, and looking up, saw the colonel I had left in charge of the troops at the bridge standing in the tent. He reported that the rations had not arrived, and the starving and discouraged troops had all deserted in the darkness, leaving their arms in the trenches. General Lee heard him to the end of his account, and then with a wave of his hand dismissed him. Turning to General Longstreet, he said: "This is very bad. That man is whipped. It is the first time I have seen one of my officers who had been whipped. It is very bad." The conversation between the generals was then resumed in low tones, and I again fell asleep. I must have slept for some length of time, when I was awakened by General Lee's voice, speak-

Drawn by Howard Pyle

HIS ARMY BROKE UP AND FOLLOWED HIM, WEEPING AND SOBBING

ing in loud tones, louder than I had ever heard from him. He was saying, "General Longstreet, I will strike that man a blow in the morning." General Lee sometimes spoke of General Grant as "that man," and of the Federal army as "those people."

General Longstreet replied in low tones, giving the strength and condition of his command, and the strength and position of the enemy, and concluded by saying, "But you have only to give me the order, and the attack will be made in the morning." Again the conversation was resumed in low tones, and I fell asleep. I must have slept for an hour at least, when again I was awakened by the loud, almost fierce tones of General Lee, saying, "I tell you, General Longstreet, I will strike that man a blow in the morning." General Longstreet again recounted the difficulties, ending as before, "General, you know you have only to give the order and the attack will be made, but I must tell you I think it will be a useless waste of brave lives."

Thinking I had been present long enough at such an interview, I coughed and got up from the straw, and drawing back the flaps of the tent, looked out into the darkness. General Lee said: "Captain Ranson, I beg your pardon. I had forgotten you. Go now and get something to eat and some rest. I will see you in the morning."

I found my poor mare lying flat on her side in the rain and fast asleep. It was past midnight and very dark, but I reached our camp, though neither I nor my mare got anything to eat that night.

The morning came, and I listened for the sound of our attack, but all was still. There *was* no attack; our fighting days were over.

When General Lee rode out of our lines to meet General Grant, the stillness in our camp was awe-inspiring. We all knew what his going meant, although no word had been spoken.

When he rode back into our lines, erect and grand—grander than ever—his army broke up into a loving mob and followed him, holding on to his hands, his feet, his coat, the bridle of his horse, and its mane, weeping and sobbing as if their hearts were breaking. I saw one of his generals of the Second Army Corps sitting on a stump, crying loudly and bitterly, as a child will cry. General Lee's head was not bowed, he held it high as usual, but there was a look of sorrow and pain in his face which I had never before seen there. He tried to speak to his men, but the words stuck in his throat (I was within twenty yards, and if he spoke I did not hear him), and then I saw the tears were coursing down his face. He had halted for a moment, but now rode on to his camp. His men followed, but I did not. I knew there were no more orders for me, and as I could be of no use to him, I did not wish to intrude upon him in his hour of agony. When I saw the men returning to their camp, I went to headquarters, and there learned of his surrender and the terms. He had recovered his composure and was as calm and dignified as usual. His officers had gathered around him.

When I knew that the surrender was a fact, I mentioned to Colonel Baldwin, my chief, that the secret-service money of the army was in our wagon, and asked for instructions. The secret-service money of the army was used in paying spies and informers who ran the blockade and entered the enemy's lines in search of information, and to obtain such supplies as were not obtainable in the South. Up to the time when Overton Price, clerk at the ordnance office of the chief of ordnance, left, the box containing the money was in his keeping, and he paid out all moneys. No books or records were kept. When an order was presented, the money was paid to bearer and the order was instantly destroyed. Nothing was kept that could incriminate any one, and the reason must be apparent when it is remembered that a spy met death as a certainty when detected.

Colonel Baldwin asked General Lee about the money, and he replied, "I know nothing about it." Colonel Baldwin said, "But, General, I am asking for instructions." General Lee replied, "Colonel Baldwin, I know nothing at all about the matter, and will not discuss it."

Colonel Baldwin then asked General Longstreet, who said: "Divide it up among the officers present. The government owes me a month's pay and I should like to have it."

I brought the iron box containing the money, and Colonel Baldwin counted it. I have forgotten how much there was—only a few thousands, however. I had had charge of the box ever since Overton Price had been ordered back to his company in March, and had opened it but once, and that was at Amelia Springs. Colonel Baldwin did not join us on the retreat until we reached Amelia Springs. He asked for the box, and gave Generals Fitz Lee and Rosser $2,500 each, they intending to cut their way out and join General Joe Johnston. The money was in fifty and one hundred dollar bills, United States currency, and some gold. Colonel Baldwin gave me one hundred dollars, put one hundred dollars in his own pocket, and then gave each of the officers present one hundred dollars, beginning with General Longstreet. The money soon gave out, and Captain Duffy, chief gunsmith of the Reserve Ordnance train, coming up and complaining of having been left out, Colonel Baldwin gave him fifty dollars, the half of his own one hundred dollars. I heard at the time that Colonel Baldwin offered General Lee some of the money and that he refused it. I was not present when this occurred, but I am perfectly sure it is true.

The morning after the surrender I went to General Lee's tent to see if I could be of any use. He told me he was busy, and asked me to see that he was not disturbed. I was ill, suffering from a malady which had sent me to the hospital several times, and which had been aggravated by the hard life during the retreat. I had had little rest, and Doctor Gild gave me some morphia tablets. I took them all night, but lay awake until morning upon the bare ground, looking up at the stars and wondering they could shine so brightly on our dark and sorrowful world. Tired and suffering, I lay in front of the General's tent. Looking up, I saw three Federal generals, mounted and looking down at me. Their sleek horses and bright uniforms and trappings were in strong contrast to what we were accustomed. They asked me if they could see General Lee, and I said no, he was engaged. They then asked why I lay on the damp ground, and I said I was ill. They said I looked ill and dejected, and they could not understand why I should be dejected. One of them said: "If I were you, I would be the proudest man in the world. When I rode into your lines this morning and saw the poor remnant of the army which had baffled us so long, I was ashamed of myself." He then asked me if I had had any breakfast, and I said no. As he turned away he said, "I will send you something." He took my name and gave me his card. I lost the card and have forgotten his name. I think, however, he said it was General Humphries.

In a short while a wagon drove up containing a barrel of hams, a barrel of hardtack, and a barrel of whiskey. I sent the wagon to my camp, and it was distributed among the hungry men. Every man and officer who came along was given a canteenful of whiskey and a good meal of bread and ham. The barrels were soon empty.

While I was guarding General Lee's tent, a man named White, a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office, came out and handed me an envelope. He said, "The General says this is all he has to give you in return for your services on his staff, especially during the retreat." I opened the envelope, and it was the farewell address of General Lee to his army, generally known as General Order No. 9, addressed to me as Captain A. R. H. Ranson, Assistant Chief Ordnance Officer, Army of Northern Virginia, and signed by himself. I have it now, and consider it the most valuable of my possessions.

Now that everything was over I began my preparations for my journey home, about two hundred miles distant. I formed a mess with Colonels Latrobe and Fairfax of Longstreet's staff. General Grant allowed us a wagon and team of mules, as the journey had to be made across country. We kept our horses and side arms by the terms of surrender. When my preparations were completed I went to General Lee's tent. He knew I was going, he could see the preparations, and the wagon now stood in front of his tent ready to start. When I entered, he arose from his seat, extended his hand, and looked straight into my face. When his grasp relaxed I withdrew my hand and turned away. Not a word had been spoken, and this was my parting with General Lee. I never saw him again.

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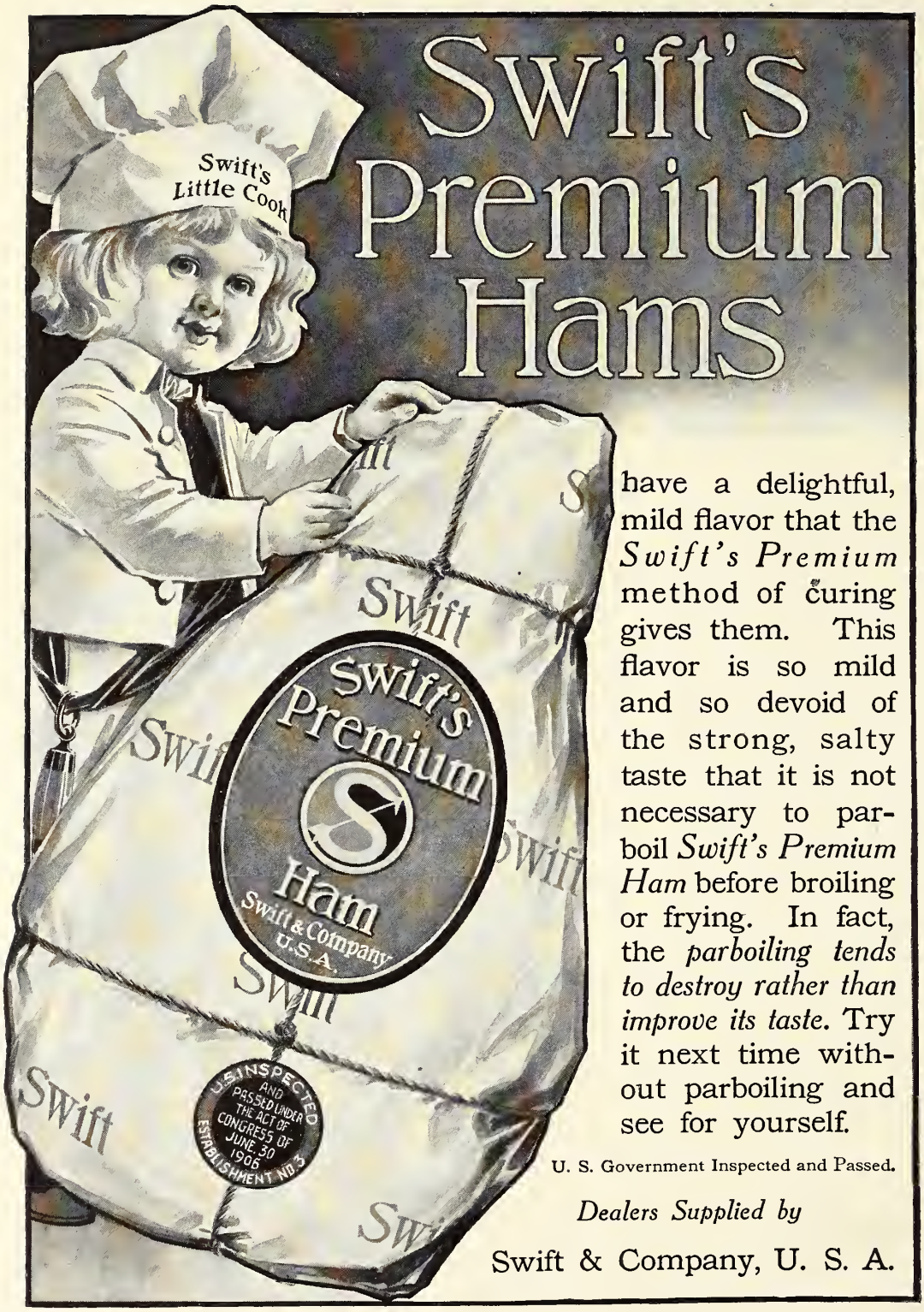
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LINCOLN AND LEE IN 1918

Letter by Charles E. Payne in the Nation: The career and conduct of Robert E. Lee are full of significance for Americans today. Before making his momentous decision to cast his lot with the south, he spent the night in meditation and prayer. Though he loved his profession with all his heart, he could yet say in the midst of the Civil war: "'Tis well war is terrible, else we might grow too found of it." When invading the north, he issued the general order that, "Duties exacted of us by Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own."

His character and ability were the greatest single factor in the long resistance of the south, yet great as he was in war, he was even greater in peace. When final defeat was inevitable, Davis and others wished to disperse the southern armies and carry on a protracted guerilla warfare, but Lee said with a solemn indigation:

"You must remember we are a Christian people. For us as a Christian people there is but one course to pursue. We must accept the situation; these men must go home and plant a crop and we must proceed to build up our country on a new basis.'

And again, in reply to an irritated southern mother, he wrote: "Madam, don't bring up your sons to detest the United States government. Recollect we are one country now. Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans."

He himself accepted the presidency of a small struggling college at a salary of $1,500 per year and threw himself into the work of training young men with all the ardor that had characterized his defense of the "Lost Cause." In this generous and liberal fashion he lived and died a loyal American.

This conduct therefore constitutes a complete refutation of the German plea that war knows no law but necessity, and the salvation of the state justifies any means. He placed honor above success and went down in defeat. But today he is honored and respected as few soldiers have been, even in the section against which he fought. When German atrocities are inflicted upon us, as doubtless they soon will be, there will come a strong temptation to resort to at least a measure of retaliation. Will it not then be well to recall Lee's admonition that we are a Christian people?

Democracy is about to be tested as never before. Our success in keeping sane and poised will in a large measure vindicate or condemn free institutions. We are indeed fortunate that at such a moment we have the sustaining example of Lincoln and of Lee. And may we not feel encouraged to believe that a people which produces a Lincoln and a Lee amidst the hatreds of civil war and in the next generation unites in whole hearted defense of the principles proclaimed by Woodrow Wilson will ultimately suc-

(incomplete)

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

December 5, 1923

DEC 7 1923

Mr. William W. Reed,
407 Crosby Building,
Buffalo, New York

My dear Mr. Reed:

For several weeks I have been frequently absent and so crowded with work during my short intervals at home that my mail has been accumulating beyond precedent.

But for this I would long since have written to thank you most sincerely for that very unusual and splendid picture of Abraham Lincoln. It is the finest, in my judgment, I have ever seen, and Mrs. Smith and I are going to frame it to hang in our home, which, as you know, is the home in which General Lee lived and died.

Thanking you, therefore, most sincerely for your thoughtful courtesy , and assuring you of a warm welcome to the Lee home at any time that you and Mrs. Reed can revisit Lexington, I am

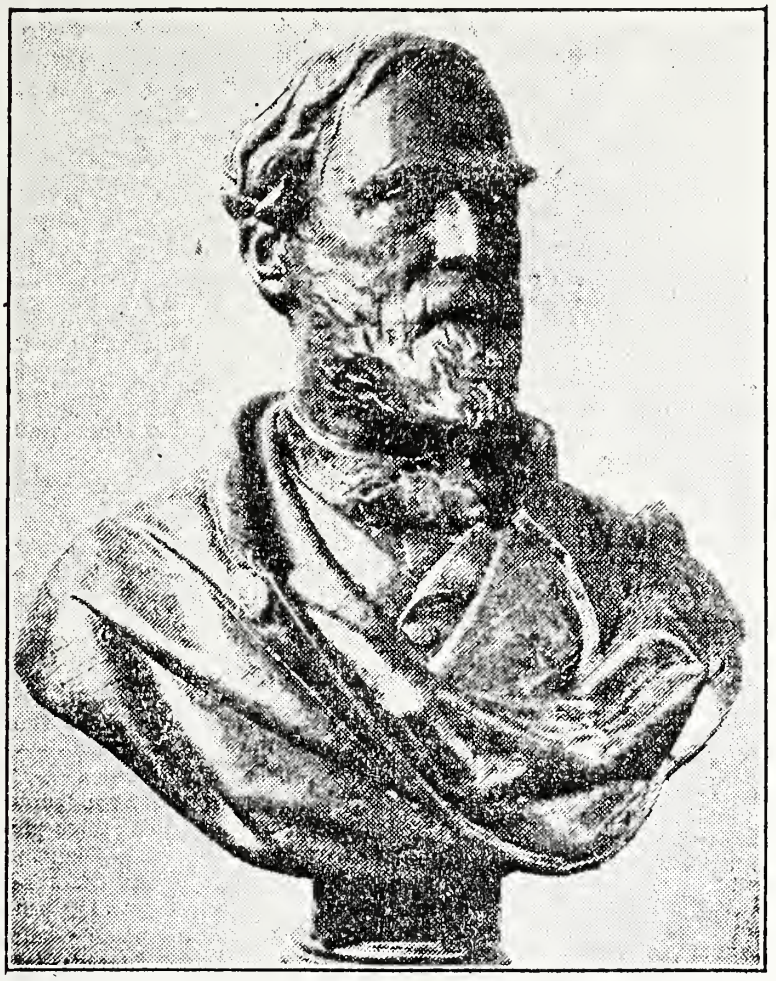
Most cordially yours,

Henry Louis Smith,

HLS:EGW

President

The Bayard of the Southern States



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BUST OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE

Recently Unveiled at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

Sandhurst Unveils Bust of Robt. E. Lee

Special from Monitor Bureau

LONDON, Sept. 30—The unveiling of a bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, recently may be said to complete the trio of great Americans memorialized in England—Washington and Lincoln being the other two. The ceremony at Sandhurst, although not momentous in itself, was nevertheless one of those events which go a long way toward solidifying the growing friendship of the English-speaking peoples and creating a better state of mutual understanding between them. Not enough is heard of such occurrences.

Among the group journeying from London for the unveiling of the distinguished southerner's bust—a copy of the original by Fred Valke now in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Virginia—were Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler, who had been Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Edith de Castro, of the English-Speaking Union, and Prof. John H. Latané of Johns Hopkins University.

Mrs. Schuyler said that the reason General Lee today held such an exalted place in the hearts of both Southerners and Northerners was his steadfast adherence to what he thought was right, brushing aside power and glory in his endeavor to make it prevail. Self-government had been the aim for which the great man had fought. There was Lee the general, Lee the Christian, with his self-sacrificing and human qualities, Lee the leader, and Lee the educator, for he had been the founder of a school of journalism.

Gen. Charles Corkran, Commandant of the Royal Military College, in accepting the bust, said they looked on Lee as not only a soldier, but a great gentleman who had been a shining example to all, the proof of this being that even in the north now granted his fine qualities.

The colossal figure of Gen. Lee mounted on his horse, Traveler, as it nears completion in the carving of the great Confederate Memorial on Stone Mountain by the sculptor, Augustus Lukeman. This part of the memorial will be ready for unveiling in two or three months.

mid - 1920s

Lee, Robert S.

Lincoln and Lee.

One of the inspiring features of the celebration of Lincoln day Saturday was a joint meeting of members of the G. A. R. and United Confederate Veterans of New York city.

The former wearers of the blue and the gray met around a common altar of Americanism and united in paying tribute to the memories of Robert E. Lee and Abraham Lincoln. They placed memorial wreaths on the busts of Lincoln and Lee in the Hall of Fame of New York university. Incidentally it reflects the greatest credit upon those who direct the affairs of the Hall of Fame that both these great Americans have been honored by being included in the list of the American immortals.

Gen. William Patton Griffith, past commander of the Union Veterans legion and Gen. Edwin Selvage, past commander of the Confederate Veterans' camp, shook hands before the bust of Lincoln and a salute of thirty-one guns was fired by the R. O. T. C. corps of the university.

This splendid spirit of Americanism is to be visualized here in the great Lincoln and Lee university which Kansas City and surrounding territory are working hard to establish. And like an echo of this spirit comes the action of Representative Howard of Nebraska in calling the attention of the lower house of congress to a plan fostered by L. D. Richards, a Union veteran, to induce the G. A. R. and United Confederate Veterans to hold one last joint reunion next year as a symbol of the final union of the sections once severed.

The Journal-Post has suggested the same thing on a number of occasions and believes that no more fitting finale to the great tragedy of the war between the states could be conceived.

Kan City Star 2-13-27

Lincoln or Lee

By Clifford Raymond.

PROF. WILLIAM E. DODD of the University of Chicago has called his new book "Lincoln or Lee," which puts the conflict in the terms of two personalities and Prof. Dodd also puts it in 177 small pages of large type and wide spacing. In something less than 30,000 words the historian has taken the theater of war as it was contained in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, has sketched in its political background and the astonishing result is a complete picture. The general reader may lay the little book aside with the feeling that he has been deeper into the theme of the drama and closer to the elbows and thoughts of the actors than he ever was before.

That 30,000 words should do so much is profoundly impressive. It is an accomplishment in selection. Mr. Dodd has winnowed his material until what he uses implies a thousand unsaid things behind it but they will not perplex the reader who knows nothing of them.

Thirty thousand words portraying such a whirligig of intrigue, incompetence, indecision, happenstance, rascality, military tragedy, terror, heroism, personal vanity, inexplicable virtues, chicane and suffering. In the front of the picture the two characters, Lee on one side, the immaculate man of war with his three sons in his army, one a grimy cannoneer. On the other, Lincoln singing at the oddest moments his little song, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" He sang it on the battle field of Antietam to the wonderment of McClellan who went into that battle "with a halter around my neck." He was disobeying or exceeding the only orders he could have produced if he had been defeated. Lincoln verbally had restored him to the command, but he had nothing to show for that. His official orders proved only that he had no authority beyond the fortifications of Washington. He had gone outside his duty and at South Mountain and Antietam had stopped Lee's first attempt at invasion of the north.

When Lincoln, looking at the two acre field where southern brigades had crumbled, sang, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" Little Mac thought him slightly touched in the head. He, George B. McClellan, a disgraced, dishonored and disowned soldier of the United States, the prey of intrigue, broken by his enemies, had just accomplished a miracle. At the humble request of Mr. Lincoln and Gen. Halleck he had taken charge again of a federal army unbelievably broken, demoralized and disorganized by the second battle of Bull Run, and within a week he had it stepping out high, wide and handsome to nail Lee in Maryland.

* *

Should the spirit of mortal be proud? Little Mac thought that occasionally it might very well be and never on better occasion and to better purpose than when a discredited general had turned the tables on his home enemies, had proved his indispensability, had taken his life in his hands by exceeding his written authority and by incredible incident had succeeded in saving his nation. If Mr. Lincoln had danced a hornpipe on the field of Antietam, Gen. McClellan might have understood it quite as much as he understood the singing of "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" George B. McClellan at that moment and for good cause was proud, but Lincoln looking at the terrible field had come to a decision which was to do two things. It was to save his cause in England and it was nearly to ruin it at home. McClellan had given him the victory he needed for the emancipation proclamation.

That was to multiply his enemies at home and spread the spirit of secession through the north but it checked Palmerston and it proved to the English liberals, the workers, the half starved people of the closed mills, that this was a moral and not a political war. It prevented recognition of the confederacy but in the congressional elections Lincoln lost every state west of the Hudson and had an unfriendly congress. And so, on a shattered field, with this purpose in mind, he sang his little song and puzzled the altogether too Fabian McClellan, who had lectured him solemnly on the science of government at Harrison's Landing, telling him never to interfere with property rights.

Mr. Dodd also gives you a strange god of war in the background, a laughing god who could work such a joke as to give McClellan his only complete understanding of what Lee was doing in his Maryland invasion and then give Lee the knowledge that McClellan knew. What a jest for Mars. The red faced fellow sits on Olympus and laughs. Here is something rich beyond imagination. Gen. D. H. Hill has wrapped his cigars at Frederick, Md., in Lee's order which sends Jackson to Harper's Ferry and Longstreet to Boonesboro. Maryland is to be torn out of the union, Pennsylvania harried and Lincoln and the federal government are to be chased to New York. Steam is up in the federal warship lying in the Potomac. But first Jackson must turn 15,000 federals out of Harper's Ferry.

Gen. D. H. Hill smokes a cigar after breakfast as his command quits Frederick for the north. The order falls to the ground. The federals come in. A union soldier sees a bit of paper, picks it up, sees what it is and hurries to McClellan. For once little Mac knows exactly where Lee is and that he has divided his army. But a spy sees this soldier deliver this paper and, learning what it is, hastens to his chief. So Lee knows that McClellan knows everything.

Dispositions accordingly are made, but it does Lee little good. McClellan has what he needs, complete confidence and also that "halter about his neck," his disobedience of orders in going beyond the fortifications of Washington to take command of an army for which there was no other command and to stop and throw back an invasion against which there was no other defense. For once he is out to kill and not to count his enemies.

* *

The reader not only sees the march and retreat of armies, the straight thrusts of the Army of the Potomac and the sweeping half circles of the Army of Northern Virginia but he watches Lincoln's dealings with his problem in Europe and observes Lincoln's agents with the comprehending humor Mr. Dodd intends shall prevail. The lean, wizened and incredible little Robert J. Walker, the Mississippian, the slave governor of Kansas, the man mainly responsible for the repudiation of Mississippi's bonds in '43, a convert to Lincoln in '61 and sent to Europe, of all things to sell federal bonds. The British looked at the repudiator with amazement but he convinced them Jeff Davis was the rascal who had swindled them and "the widows and orphans" believed him. Confederate bonds took this mendacity on the chin and tumbled.

John Lathrop Motley had been sent to Austria but he spent most of his time with his old college chum, Bismarck. Motley disliked Lincoln and Bismarck disliked democracy, but Walker got $250,000,000 through them and sent it to Lincoln to beat Lee. Lincoln had Thurlow Weed, who before his inauguration had tried to persuade him to save the Union without war by accepting the Crittenden compromise, in London talking business talk to business men. He had Henry Ward Beecher thundering from the English pulpits and his prim little sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe, capitalizing the sentimental values of Uncle Tom's Cabin for the Union by her appearances "in person." The good queen had moist eyes when she quoted Uncle Tom.

By limiting his drama to the Virginia theater of war Mr. Dodd avoids its chief and irresistible fact, which is that the two mighty boxers in the Virginia prize ring were neither winning nor losing the war except as their successes and disasters affected civilian courage, loyalty and steadfastness and threatened to affect international relations. They jumped at each other and staggered back, but from the beginning the war was being won by the federal flanks, the navy on the left and the armies of Grant on the right.

It is not a defect in the historian to leave this out of the picture of Lincoln facing Lee because the people of the north did not see it at the time. They were winning when despair and disloyalty were most acute and destructive. The south was being ruined. It is apparent that a people at war cannot constantly lose territory, cities, rivers, harbors, agricultural lands and resources, month by month and year by year from the very beginning of their struggle and, themselves not winning and holding an inch, be considered then or at any other time, to have any hope whatever.

[Copyright: 1928: By The Chicago Tribune.]

eers. From a portrait now at West Point.

beautiful brick buildings—the kitchen, whose fireplace is the largest in this countryside, of all these Colonial kitchens with their mighty hearths; the coach house, inclosed by vine-covered brick walls, with the beautiful house used as school or guesthouse or offices. The slave quarters are entirely gone.

The few bricks that remain of the wall, which once ran for miles about, inclosing gardens and orchards, are buried under earth and vine and shrub like the mounds of some old battlefield. Here and there about the grounds lie bits of the old stone balustrades of native stone

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And in this recently presaged event one sees the new spirit of Virginia herself. This mother of Presidents, this Virginia, no longer is living upon the romance of her past—though she has romance enough. Like that old England which, more than any other part of America, Virginia resembles, she displays today both the capacity to keep all that is most glorious in the old and to reach out for what is best in the present.

To lose this tender flavor of sadness in the past of Stratford, to gain the glory of a new nobility in the greatness of Stratford's and Virginia's great hero of the recent past, Gen. Robert E. Lee, to sense the dawning of the new Virginia, which Lee himself presaged in the letters of his later years, ride on, now, through these rich fields and pause at Waverley—next door neighbor to Marmion—and call upon that Virginian who typifies the old and new, Mr. Thomas Lomax Hunter.

Here all is young and gay as Stratford once was gay and young. Twelve little girls are having a house party. In vain seeking seclusion for his thoughts, Mr. Hunter—philosopher, poet, lawyer, humorist, farmer and, above all, Virginia gentleman—finally takes you into his study, where hang the portraits by Sully and the still older painting of his earlier ancestor over the fireplace.

Every one in Tidewater Virginia knows Mr. Hunter, and so do many who are in other counties of Virginia. Mr Hunter is too full of troubles over the bean-beetle to be, at first, much concerned about the troubles of the past.

But then he loosens up. He remembers how Booth had made his escape through those woods over yonder and tells you the real story of how Booth shot himself within the burning barn. Many another tale he knows of the four years during which this very house was the constant center of Yankee raids.

It is hard to keep Mr. Hunter going upon the past. Like all the new Virginians, his mind wanders to the present. Though he remains a Cavalier, he is also a booster for Virginia.

You cannot travel about in this section of Virginia today without becoming aware of this new Virginia. The danger is not that the new Virginia will remember her past too much, but that she may forget it too soon.

NEW YORK
WASHINGTON D C STAR
AUGUST 4, 1929

PART 7.

The Sunday Star Features
Magazine

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, AUGUST 4, 1929. 24 PAGES.

AMERICA'S NEW SHRINE

Stratford: Beauty is here—strange beauty. Yet the first emotion you feel in gazing upon it is one of sorrow.

Preservation of Stratford, Birthplace of Robert E. Lee and Home of Many Others Whose Names Have Become Markers Along the Road of History, Will Create a New Shrine Where Not Only the South, but the Entire Nation, May Pay Homage to Its Heroes.

BY ANNE HARD.

DOWN from the narrow gorge where three States meet, where John Brown died, through seven channels narrow and deep, now known as tangled lines over the Great Falls above Washington, now widening and smoothing to reflect white lovely domes and spires as it passes the Capital, widening still between the vine-entwined red-and-white strata of the Maryland capes and the round Virginia hills, goes the Potomac, that lovely stream of history, to meet the waters of Ararat, of the Rappahannock, the James and the York, in Chesapeake Bay.

Near these shores, in all, their length, how many battles have been fought that spilled the blood of our best; along these shores how many homes, so beautiful themselves, have sheltered the makers of this Republic!

Among these homes none stands today more dignified, no look upon us rather in historic retrieval to all American than Stratford, home of the first, the last, the greatest Lee. Birthplace of Robert E. Lee—Stratford, which the Connecticut Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has attempted to purchase and to preserve as a national shrine.

For if Wakefield, near by, is forever notable for Washington, the single name of Stratford will forever be known for the number of great men it contributed to the making of our country.

HERE is the freight boat on whose canvas-awninged deck we may go to Stratford almost between sunset and a morning.

Sunset and stars behind the Virginia hills; sunset and hazy, blue-violet clouds with lightening in their bellies hurrying up a bronze sky. Roll up the canvas awning from the deck, for there is wind in these clouds. Take a look to the right (which is the left, for this is mere freight three days, for the motor buses are dashing the cargoes).

Old docks of Alexandria: Fort Foote, Fort Washington, vine-conquered. *Mount Vernon*, spectral in the storm light; Marshall Hall, placed behind shadowing trees; the dickie moon shows we have changed the course eastward and northward—doubling our wake—and Piscataqua Hall shines from its little cove. Indian Head, where the Navy guns of yesterday were tested; Quantico, where the Marines barrack today; Wolf-water, Liverpool Landing, Timoneo, Nanjemoy Creek to Maddox Point—murmur-ing, lapping, lulling, the Potomac, Chesapeake and Civil Wars; Cobb Island, Piney Point, where Booth took the ferry to his last fate—(the old man still lives in survey who ferried him across, they tell you here).

On past Colonial Beach, Washington's Atlantic City, glittering its lights into the dark-ened waters; Monroe Bay, trinkling the ground where James Monroe was born; nearing the birthplace of James Madison, Bridges Creek, by whose waters in Wakefield, where George Washington was born; then Nomini Cliffs—and Stratford.

No dock there for us tonight. At one time there was a dock, for Stratford was a River House—there where were its road, there where here, nine miles across to the Maryland shore. But to get ashore, we must go on for another half-mile, run to the Lodge Landing.

Down the river on the twilight pathway, the mysterious eyes of the bell buoys, the flash of the lighthouses—where Cleveland used to use the buoy tenders for his duck shooting; lights rising from little houses in the midst of the flow of Ragged Point. Then finally, in the deceitful coolness of a Summer dawn, you come to the Lodge Landing.

For 30 miles the river washes the shores of King George County, for many more it sends its salty fingers in among the pines and cornfields of Westmoreland. It is 40 miles from Washington to Stallmore by road. It is 338 miles by River. Stratford is on the River, where from the shadows you can hear the black men humming a tune as they run the cargo, you will run all night and in the morning be 5 miles by land where you stand the monarch.

It is the hunt of Yesterday, beautifully, poetically drowning in Today.

HERE we pick up the yellow, sandy ribbon of a road that leads to Montross Courthouse. Madison, Marshall, Monroe. We pass three great mansions, upon their hillsides. The place where Thomas Campbell, nephew of a poet, held his early school—we pass it by. Fenton Weems of sainted memory lived over there. We hurry on.

And then we are ashamed of hurrying. Like a ship heralded, Montross lies in the golden bubble of his noon-time heat. Comfortable to the sure knowledge of a Virginia which has ceased to think of its past because of the pleasant conveniences of its prosperous present, Montross boasts a handful of neat houses and two imposing hotels.

Its country clerk is away upon his vacation at Atlantic City. Two casual persons are within the courthouse. With large hospitable wavings of the hand they offer you the courtesies of the building; and repair to their own quarters for lunch. You go upstairs to see the principal. Ancient portraits on the walls, speculative, so you go, upon the still more precious records in those dusty tomes, remembering the romantic stories of their saving from the Yankees during the Civil War.

There they hung in the gaudiest little courtroom—Richard Henry Lee, Gen. Robert E. Lee, Gen. Thomas Stuart Garnett, Gen. R. E. Lee Beale, Judge John Critcher, Judge Richard Walker, Col. R. Garnett, Judge Thomas Gaskins, Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson, Gen. Washington, Francis Lightfoot Lee, William Lee, while Wm. Sam Pitt, in a great Roman toga, his right hand pointing to a lady indicating a dainty cap on her scepter like a silk lampshade, dominates the assembled American notables.

Near this Montross, at Leedstown, in February, 1766, a set of protests against the stamp act was drawn up by Richard Henry Lee and signed by a series of great names and by still bearing the name of Lee—Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Ludlow Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, William Lee, Richard Lee and John J. Lee.

Here in Montross, on June 23, 1776, the very wording of the Declaration of Independence was foreshadowed in a series of resolutions signed by three Lees, while Richard Lee and Henry Lee, his cousin, were sent as delegates to a meeting at Richmond to be held on the 20th of March, instructed, as the quaint old table in Montross Courthouse still reads, that "it is our firm determination to stand or fall with the liberties of our country."

UNDER the trees in the courthouse yard a little colored girl is leading two fairly haired children scarcely younger than herself. The sun beats down on empty streets. Onward the yellow ribbon of road stretches past rich clover fields; blue hydrangeas, women in pink and blue sun-bonnets; oddly named settlements—Calico, Hyacinth, Hague—to Hungars Mill Creek.

A friendly farmer, pausing on the bridge to tell the way to Stratford:

"A Chicago banker has bought the old Washington place at Bushfield. He's just as common! Her bin out in the fields in his bare pants and you wouldn't know he was worth a cents."

The fine new pike; deceptive wind that pretends to move the trees; heat rising from the clay beside the road in pulsing waves; slow turn going through the forms of work, grind exhausted, sullen, under the tree, a hiss from the pike—Stratford.

Most fascinating, most excellent, most interesting, strangest in her allurine, in her hint of mystery, Stratford sits there before us. In design different from any other house in America, in history more poignant than any, a house where life has reached its heights of gayeties and rich romance, where great men were born and women lived so great, and where they died, *Beautiful and grim—50 years have sent their Summer heat, like this, upon the patterned*

brickwork of these walls and shimmered on the locked meeting of its grouping chimneys.

Here Thomas Lee built his home. Here he brought his young wife, Hannah Ludwell Lee, when their former home, Mount Pleasant, was tragically burned by a convict whom he, as county magistrate, had condemned. Here were born six famous sons and a daughter not unworthy of her brothers: Thomas, described by John Adams as "the most popular man in Virginia," and first of the first to lead his friends and neighbors into the Revolution; Philip Ludwell, husband of Elizabeth Steptoe and the beloved head of the whole family, Richard Henry, owner of Pecatone on the river, the first baby born in Stratford and signer of the Declaration of Independence; Francis Lightfoot, who signed it with him; William Lee, the diplomat; Arthur, who went with Franklin to France, and Alice Lee, who married William Shippen of Philadelphia and mothered a distinguished family of her own.

It was Philip Ludwell Lee's daughter Matilda, known throughout romantic Colonial Virginia as the "Divine Matilda," who became the next owner of Stratford. And her ownership soon merged by marriage with that of her second cousin, Henry Lee of Leesylvania, most famous of Revolutionary Lees—"Light Horse Harry" Lee. "Light Horse Harry" Lee's mother was Lucy Grymes, the "Lowland Beauty," the enviable subject of George Washington's tender early verse. His brother was Charles Lee of Gen. Washington's cabinet. His son, born of a second marriage with Anne Carter after the death of young Matilda, was the last Lee child to be born in Stratford Hall. Seventy-five years after the birth of that first child, Richard Henry—exactly 75 years, in January, 1807—was born Robert E. Lee.

GENERATION of Virginia councilors, holders of the highest offices in the State, of Oxford educated, scholarly soldiers, of signers, of undaunted Revolutionaries; generations of a tradition of hospitality and grace of life culminated in that birth.

There are other Lees in Virginia. But the Lees of Stratford form a great family by themselves. There are living today over 200 members of the "Lee Family Association" with ramifications accounting for probably some 300 more.

Among them is that Mr. Casenove Lee of Washington, whose vocation is to be an engineer and whose avocation is to be an authority upon Virginia antiquities, and who has recently announced that when the Daughters of the Confederacy shall have completely acquired Stratford, he will present them with copies of the original portraits which once hung there, and of the frames, the originals of which—both frames and portraits—remain in his possession [illegible] in perfect preservation.

The darkly domineering face of Richard Lee, owner of Mount Pleasant, in a great wig symbolic of his high office, is among these. Near him is his beautiful wife, Letitia Corbin, painted in a sleek gown drooping from the shoulders.

There is Thomas Lee, builder of Stratford, whose subtle, cultivated, able and humorous face rises above a coat of garnet color, and whose wife, Hannah Ludlow, shows poise and pride in every line of her distinguished portrait. And there, most interesting perhaps of all, is the first Lee, "the emigrant," Richard Lee of Stratford Landing in England, son of all the Lees of Coton Hall in Shropshire. Richard Lee, "the emigrant," was a man of substance in London as in Virginia; his wife, there next to him, rises disdainfully from gleaming folds of brown velvet, and Richard himself is as arrogantly direct as when Pepys mentions him as having called at the naval office.

Look upon the pictured face of that founder of the American line whom the family still calls "the emigrant," so stern, so darkly powerful; or upon the more temperamental face of Thomas Lee, the strength and sureness of the face of Hannah Ludlow, mother of the great band of brothers. Imagine them once more upon the wall of this great drawing room of Stratford, and feel how true it is that for those who build a home as well as a house something of the personality of the builder remains to make something else than brick and plaster.

And so it is at Stratford.

Beauty is here—strange beauty. Yet the first emotion you feel in gazing upon it is one of profound sorrow. It cannot be merely of sorrow that past carelessness has let so much glory depart. It is a more human sorrow. It is only later, when you have heard the last of Stratford's story, that you suspect another, deeper cause.

Bricks made of clay from nearby cliffs—five different kinds of bricks, rich rose and darker red, some with glazed ends—are beautifully patterned to form the walls of a high basement and two upper stories.

The central portion is slightly recessed so that the two wings extend on either side to form the letter H. Strange as it is in this effect of its facade, with the narrow staircase running up from the ground to the second story, its chimneys are its most curious feature. These are formed in two quartets, one chimney in each wing, each double pair bound together with a stone cornice.

This entrance which we use today is really the back door of the old house. This entrance road by which we came might have been for plantation workers.

WE should have seen Stratford from the river front—with a wide terrace looking off through vistas of garden, plaisances, orchards and fig trees, where now there is naught but some worn stone steps toward a tangle of thicket and second growth oak and pine.

No other great house which I have seen contains a single room which surpasses in perfection of proportion and detail the hall at Stratford. It is not quite a square; the door in the center of each wall is balanced by window openings on two sides, by glassed, recessed bookcases on two sides—recesses filled by the first Lees with one of the greatest libraries in all the Colonies, filled with books in half a dozen languages. Flat Corinthian pillars frame each opening and rise to meet the downward curving of a vaulted ceiling, whose height is nearly that of the roof-tree itself.

In one corner stands a table and beneath its shelf remains its shattered mirror, a mute

Robert E. Lee as a lieutenant of Engineers. From a portrait now at West Point.

reminder of an episode of the Civil War. A troop of colored Federal troops was encamped near Stratford. Some stragglers came, late at night, to the door. There was just one person in the house, a Southern woman, but she was armed. She talked to those stragglers in terms they were able to understand. Cowed, they left her. But not before one of them, seeing his own reflection in that mirror and terrified at the sight, had run his bayonet into the glass. Or so, at least, the story goes.

In one wing on the second floor is the great drawing room, where the portraits once hung. In the other, bisected by a hall opening into the garden, with beautiful arches over recessed niches, is a bedroom of royal proportions, with exquisite fireplace and cornices, and two rooms which now, with the hall, are open to the visitor. These are the white and exquisite room, where Gen. Lee was born, and the little nursery, where he was placed as a child.

The fancy for the letter H is quaintly seen in the removable brass plates over the door hinges, the paneling of doors to form the "witches' cross," while in the grounds near by, laid upon axes still like the letter H, are three beautiful brick buildings—the kitchen, whose fireplace is the largest in this countryside, of all these Colonial kitchens with their mighty hearths; the coach house, inclosed by vine-covered brick walls, with the beautiful house used as school or guesthouse or offices. The slave quarters are entirely gone.

The few bricks that remain of the wall, which once ran for miles about, inclosing gardens and orchards, are buried under earth and vine and shrub like the mounds of some old battlefield. Here and there about the grounds lie bits of the old stone balustrades of native stone which once defined the terrace where so many Virginia beaux and belles came gladly to Stratford's distinguished hospitality.

These scattered columns, a few worn steps, alone remain of that balustraded terrace which saw the final tragedy which marked the passing of Stratford from the possession of the descendants of the first great "Emigrant" Lee.

ONE HUHDRED years ago this Summer the little Margaret Lee, only child and idolized by her father, "Col. Harry" Lee, and heiress of Stratford, ran in her play out upon the high stone steps, slipped, fell—was killed. Her father never recovered from the shock. He left Stratford. He went to Algiers, to Italy, to France, trying to forget by working upon a book about Napoleon's campaigns. He never saw Stratford again.

Thus passed the direct succession in the ownership of Stratford, and something of the sadness of it hangs still about this place.

Today it is in the possession of Mr. Charles Edward Stuart, who is no kin to the Lees, but who inherited it through ancestors who were devoted friends and neighbors of the Washingtons and Lees, to whom it had come by will.

For Stratford, though it has passed out of the possession of the Lee family, has never been sold. Stratford has never been "on the market."

In the founding of a great line Stratford's glory began. It ended in the death of a little child.

Yet, because it sheltered another little child, its glory will always remain and this house will ever find the protection of the country's admiration. Because Robert E. Lee was born there, another century will see it reverenced by millions o[illegible]ted [illegible]

And in this recently presaged event one sees the new spirit of Virginia herself. This mother of Presidents, this Virginia, no longer is living upon the romance of her past—though she has romance enough. Like that old England which, more than any other part of America, Virginia resembles, she displays today both the capacity to keep all that is most glorious in the old and to reach out for what is best in the present.

To lose this tender flavor of sadness in the past of Stratford, to gain the glory of a new nobility in the greatness of Stratford's and Virginia's great hero of the recent past, Gen. Robert E. Lee, to sense the dawning of the new Virginia, which Lee himself presaged in the letters of his later years, ride on, now, through these rich fields and pause at Waverley—next door neighbor to Marmion—and call upon that Virginian who typifies the old and new, Mr. Thomas Lomax Hunter.

Here all is young and gay as Stratford once was gay and young. Twelve little girls are having a house party. In vain seeking seclusion for his thoughts, Mr. Hunter—philosopher, poet, lawyer, humorist, farmer and, above all, Virginia gentleman—finally takes you into his study, where hang the portraits by Sully and the still older painting of his earlier ancestor over the fireplace.

Every one in Tidewater Virginia knows Mr. Hunter, and so do many who are in other counties of Virginia. Mr Hunter is too full of troubles over the bean-beetle to be, at first, much concerned about the troubles of the past.

But then he loosens up. He remembers how Booth had made his escape through those woods over yonder and tells you the real story of how Booth shot himself within the burning barn. Many another tale he knows of the four years during which this very house was the constant center of Yankee raids.

It is hard to keep Mr. Hunter going upon the past. Like all the new Virginians, his mind wanders to the present. Though he remains a Cavalier, he is also a booster for Virginia.

You cannot travel about in this section of Virginia today without becoming aware of this new Virginia. The danger is not that the new Virginia will remember her past too much, but that she may forget it too soon.

ONE figure pre-eminently holds back that flood—the noble and majestic figure of Robert E. Lee, the last great Lee of Stratford, Lee of Virginia.

At Waverley, all day and many nights, they heard the cannon of Fredericksburg. By crossings, creeks and fields but yesterday filled with the troops in blue and gray who moved to Manassas, to Chancellorsville, to Spottsylvania, who surged between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, our road skirts many a battleground of the armies of Virginia as we drive from Stratford and from Waverley toward Washington.

Alexandria, again, whither Lee was taken from Stratford as a little boy, to go to school. Then the high hill of Arlington, his home, that home from which he drove across the river for that momentous conference with Gen. Scott in which he made his great decision.

Yet Lee, though he lived only his first few years at Stratford, is best shrined there. Writing to his daughter in the very midst of the war, he said:

"I am much pleased with your description of Stratford and your visit. It is endeared to me by many recollections and it has always been the great desire of my life to purchase it. Now that we have no other home and the one we so loved has been so foully polluted, the desire with me is stronger than ever. The horse-chestnut you mention was planted by mother" . . .

To me it seems that Fate had from the first raised up this man to play the part he did by keeping him, as it were, free, from any personal home. From his very youth, his was the soldier's life, his the soldier's home in the field. West Point, the Mexican campaigns, West Point again; only for brief times and at infrequent intervals did he enjoy the charm of his hill-crowning home.

Tender as he was to his family, devoted as he was to his friends, his inner reliance was never upon any spot upon this earth, but always closely, deeply, simply, upon his Heavenly Father.

Out of that great inner vision Lee was able to embark upon the course of his duty as he saw it, to do that duty so superbly that—without his desire or his intention, without his even suspecting that it would ever come about—history today crowns him as one of the greatest warriors, the greatest statesmen, the greatest gentlemen of all our time or any other time.

And so, past Arlington, the home from which he was driven by the sad exigencies of war, we drive today to the shores of the River of History once more, to see the new Arlington bridge, now raising its white arches above the peaceful Potomac, stretching from the Virginia of Lee, the Virginia of the past, toward the foot of the Lincoln Memorial, to symbolize the reuniting of the Virginia of the present, the Virginia of the future, with all our land in whose history she plays so proud a part.

Sky Legend

By David Morton

There was a moon and there was rain, as well,
Out of the same sky, at the selfsame time;
Of all the silverest legends that men tell,
This had the strangest and the silverest rhyme;
More like a moon remembered out of story,
It strayed above the town into a sky
Of stormy darkness and of mournful glory,
Till both the storm and glory had gone by.

So—it is even so—that life may be
. . . For some . . . remembered glory and dark pain:
A moon so clouded and so shapeless grown
It gives not light enough for one to see
More than a dim, lost wonder that was known
Far off, before the falling of this rain.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER

Volume 102 | Indiana Edition | Number 40

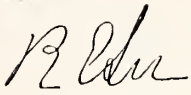
Every Saturday | OCTOBER 4, 1930 | Ninetieth Year

SHRINES OF AMERICA

21: To Robert E. Lee

When an attempt was made to try Robert E. Lee for treason General Grant threatened to resign his commission and carry the issue before the people. The attempt was immediately dropped. No one admired and respected Lee more than did Grant. His campaigns against Lee convinced him he was fighting a great soldier; their subsequent meetings convinced him he was dealing with a great man. Lee has since been placed, even by foreign experts, among the few military geniuses of all time. Though a Confederate he was an American, and as such we cherish his memory. At top, his birthplace in Westmoreland County, Virginia; below, his home at Arlington, Virginia, with its old fireplace.

Prairie Farmer goes to more than 300,000 farm homes every week



THE OFFER TO ROBERT E. LEE

To the Editor of The New York Times:

THE TIMES Magazine Section contained a statement that President Lincoln did not authorize General Scott to appoint Colonel Robert E. Lee as head of the Union Army, and the author of that statement would hardly admit that General Scott got Secretary Blair to so inform Colonel Lee. The whole story is set forth in Nicolay & Hay's Life of Abraham Lincoln, and in front of the Blair mansion at 1,651 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, is a tablet to the effect that General Lee was offered the command of the Union Army in that building in 1861.

If there is one thing in history that is true it is that Abraham Lincoln agreed with General Scott that Colonel Robert E. Lee should head the Union Army. The selection was made not only because of the military ability of Lee, but on account of the known fact that the Lee family of Virginia were never Democrats. General Robert E. Lee probably never voted in his life, but he was no Democrat; and General Scott felt that as his father was a stanch Federalist and Unionist the son would support the Union cause. That he was mistaken had nothing to do with the fact that General Lee was actually offered the command of the Union Army.

As Generals Lee and Jackson can never be accused of cowardice or running from the enemy, it will take more psychology than I possess to answer the question why each of these Confederate Generals carried about with him during the Civil War a brand new Union Army uniform, which at least on one occasion was made use of by General Stonewall Jackson, who, finding himself in a critical position with enemy artillery at one end of a bridge which he desired to cross, changed his uniform hurriedly and rode over the bridge in a Union uniform and ordered the gunners away.

LEROY S. BOYD.

Arlington, Va., Nov. 16, 1930.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY IN 1852: ROBERT E. LEE, in the Dress Uniform of a Lieutenant Colonel of the U. S. Cavalry, a Portrait Painted by Ernest L. Ipsen, Which Was Presented to the Academy by the United Daughters of the Confederacy on the 124th Anniversary of General Lee's Birth

1831

WHERE THE LEADER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES SLEEPS: THE TOMB OF ROBERT E. LEE

in the Lee Memorial Chapel in Lexington, Va., With the Old Confederate Battle Flags Returned by the United States Government in the Bronze Standards Donated by Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of Richmond in Memory of His Father. The Anniversary ot General Lee's Birth Will Be Observed Tomorrow.

ARLINGTON HOUSE: *The Home of Lee*

By Edward Francis Rines

IT WAS built originally by George Washington Parke Custis, the grandson of Martha Washington, and into its rooms went many of the priceless heirlooms of Mount Vernon; but from the moment of his marriage to Mary Ann Randolph Custis, Arlington House was destined to become known as the home of Robert E. Lee. Today it is very plainly marked in the guide books as the Lee Mansion.

For many years, the empty shell of the house as it appeared at the close of the Civil War was all that stood there; and to the visitor the bareness of the rooms seemed pathetic, the very stateliness of the mansion strangely pitiful.

Now, however, with the help of a Federal appropriation, this lovely old home has been restored to its former richness and glory. Once more it is possible to see the drawing room very much as it must have looked the night the wealthy heiress of Arlington House and Lieutenant Robert E. Lee were married. It is no longer hard to imagine the crisp, rustling dresses of the women as they swept down the long stairway; the tall tallow candles glowing in crystal chandeliers, lighting up every room; the grinning ebony butlers passing around silver trays on which rested Washington's own decanter and wine glasses; or the happy voices of the wedding party.

Everyone knows about Robert E. Lee, but comparatively few know the whole story of Arlington Mansion where he lived for so many years. The house itself nestles in the trees lining the Virginia side of the Potomac, at the end of the new Arlington Memorial Bridge linking Washington and the Cemetery. Located on the heights overlooking the city, the beautiful Doric front of the mansion, said to have been modeled from the Temple of Poestum near Naples, is plainly visible from the Washington side; and it seems particularly appropriate that the home of Lee should, in a manner, crown the Southern end of the bridge.

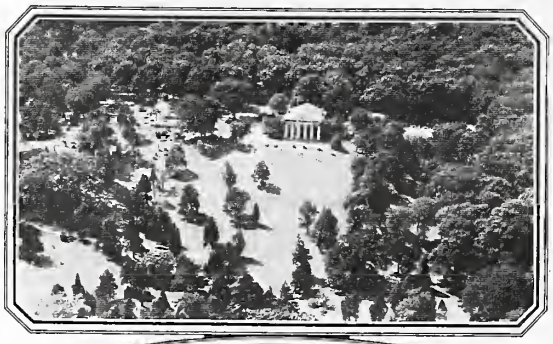
The land upon which the house rests was part of the original tract of six thousand acres allowed by Sir William Berkeley, as a reward for bringing colonists to America, to Robert Howsen, who subsequently sold it for six hogsheads of tobacco! In 1778, John Parke Custis, a son of Martha Washington by her first husband, acquired eleven hundred acres of the original grant, and named it Arlington for the earlier homestead of his Custis ancestors, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. At his death, the estate descended to his son George Washington Parke Custis. Young Custis, however, continued to live at Mount Vernon until his grandmother died in 1802, at which time the home was broken up. It was then that he came to his new Virginia estate and commenced the erection of the Arlington Mansion.

The foundation stones came from land near by, and the bricks were burned of clay upon the place under Mr. Custis' own supervision. Eight massive white columns support the weight of the projecting roof. This grand old house with its noble portico is one of the very finest examples of Colonial architecture in existence.

IN the half century that George Washington Parke Custis and his wife, the former Mary Lee Fitzhugh, lived at Arlington, virtually all the famous men of America of that era came there as guests. In 1824, when Lafayette made his farewell visit to America, he was entertained at the mansion; and it was from there that he and Mr. Custis set out for Mount Vernon, to lay a wreath upon the tomb of the Father of His Country.

To the estate came people from Alexandria, from Georgetown, from Washington, to enjoy a holiday on the picnic ground. This picnic ground was located in a grove of beautiful trees, where there was a famous spring. It is still there today, and still known as the Custis Spring. Everyone was welcome, and dining rooms and kitchens were built for their convenience. A large dance pavillion was likewise erected, and many times hired musicians were furnished by the genial host to entertain his guests. The halls and grounds to Arlington House rang with laughter.

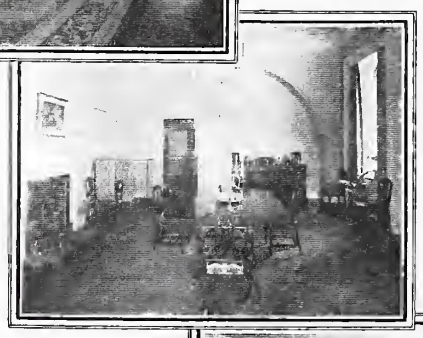
But there was some sorrow; for although Mr. and Mrs. Custis had several children, all died in infancy except one, a daughter Mary Ann Randolph Custis.



Arlington House: The Home of Lee

Top of page—Arlington House from a distance

Left—State drawing room. It was in this room that Robert E. Lee was married



State dining room where many famous men of America were entertained

The great four-poster bed which occupied a corner in General and Mrs. Lee's room

Robert E. Lee was accustomed to visit Arlington when a boy, and he had for his playmate there little Mary Custis. The two children spent many happy hours together, romping on the beautiful lawn which extends from the front of the mansion in a gentle slope down to the fertile low grounds lying along the historic river.

It was on June 30, 1831 that the wealthy Miss Custis and Lieutenant Robert E. Lee were married. Lee was a manly, handsome youth; but no one yet dreamed what an important part he was to play in the pages of history, or of the fame and honor that awaited him. In fact, there is a tradition to the effect that the bride's father disapproved of the marriage, probably thinking that no one was quite good enough for his Mary!

The wedding ceremony was performed by the Reverend Dr. Keith, of the Theological Seminary near Alexandria. It had rained on the way out, so that Dr. Keith arrived quite drenched and was forced to avail himself of one of Mr. Custis' suits. But while the Reverend Dr. Keith was tall and thin, the master of Arlington was short and plump, and there is a story to the effect that Dr. Keith grew nervous during the ceremony for fear that his surplice did not entirely hide his droll appearance.

Following the marriage ceremony, supper was served in the state dining room that has now been restored for our eyes. If the very choicest set of china was used that night, then it was undoubtedly Martha Washington's own; the one presented to her by certain English merchants and bearing her monogram.

It is not hard to imagine that Arlington was a very happy place indeed during the next few years. In the cold winter evenings the family would gather around the fireplace, the Lee youngsters clustered at the knees of the men sitting there in the firelight, with Mrs. Lee at the old harpsichord, playing the songs she loved so well, and Mrs. Custis joining the men in conversation.

THE mistress of Arlington House died in April, 1853, and four years later its gentle master followed her. Today their graves may be seen by the visitor, marked by simple marble shafts in an iron-fenced enclosure. Lilies of the valley carpet the ground in season.

During the Lee regime, Arlington continued to be noted for its lavish hospitality. Mrs. Lee was always ready to show the Washington and Custis relics collected and preserved by her father, and to display Mrs. Washington's dresses, even to strangers, and to tell charming little stories about each one. In the mansion were to be seen the original portraits of General and Mrs. Washington, painted at the time of their marriage. There also was the last original portrait of General Washington, done by Sharpless, a distinguished English artist who painted in crayons. Many other pictures and much of the fine furniture of Mount Vernon were there: Martha Washington's money chests, the tea-table at which she always presided, a bookcase made by General Washington's own directions, the camp tent used by him during the Revolutionary War, and the very bed upon which he died.

From the time of their marriage, Arlington House had been the only permanent home of Lee and his bride. Lee was away a great deal of the time, especially during the Mexican War, but his wife remained at Arlington, and he returned there whenever possible.

At the death of Custis, he had found affairs in a somewhat jumbled state. Custis was wealthy, and apparently had not bothered much about practical affairs. But Lee set in to change all this. He built fences, strengthened roads, improved outhouses, and put the negro quarters in better condition.

It was from Arlington that he rode in 1859 to suppress the raid of John Brown, and it was to Arlington that he returned when the fight was over. We can see Robert E. Lee clinging to that old house he had grown to love so well, in the days when the dark clouds of civil war were gathering.

Then came the night

when the die was cast. On April 18, 1861, at the instance of President Lincoln, Lee had been approached to see if he would accept command of the Northern army in the field. On the same day came news that Virginia had joined the seceding states. A final choice had to be made—not between duty and advantage—that offered no difficulty to Robert Edward Lee—but a decision as to where his duty lay; and, characteristically, it was at Arlington that Lee chose to make it.

He asked to be left alone for a time, and going upstairs, commenced pacing back and forth across the bedchamber over the drawing room. It was in this room that he faced his tragedy. Mary, passing in the hall, heard her husband fall upon his knees and engage in prayer for Divine guidance. Then going below, she too prayed, and waited.

Presently she heard the door of the bedchamber swing open, and her husband's steps as he started down the stairs. Eagerly she watched for him to appear; and then when she beheld his face, so resolute yet calm, she knew that he had reached a decision. His voice, when he spoke, was almost cheerful. "Well, Mary, the question is settled. Here is my letter of resignation and a letter I have written to General Scott."

THREE days later Lee was summoned to Richmond, where he accepted the offered command of the troops that were soon to become known as the Army of Northern Virginia. He did not disguise the keen pangs he felt in leaving Arlington—Arlington, the beautiful home to which he would never again return, not for one day or for a single hour.

It was even harder for his wife. Arlington was the living record of Mrs. Lee and her ancestors; the scene of her happiest memories, her marriage; the birthplace of her children. Perhaps she realized, as she remained on, attempting to dismantle the mansion and remove its contents farther south, that the great days of Arlington were over.

Overlooking Washington as it did, it was at once apparent that the estate would be considered a valuable spot by the Union forces. Mrs. Lee was still at her task when warning came that the troops were on their way. She was forced to leave hurriedly, and was unable to carry away a great deal.

The Mount Vernon relics were soon discovered by the soldiers in the attic and cellar of the house, and the most valuable were conveyed to the City of Washington and placed in the Patent Office for safe-keeping. However, a great many pieces were carried away as souvenirs.

In June of the following year, Congress passed its "Act for the Collection of Direct Taxes in the Insurrectionary Districts within the United States." Under this act, certain Government commissioners were appointed to levy and collect taxes in Virginia and elsewhere, and if default were made in the payment, to sell the real estate upon which the taxes were levied. These commissioners adopted a rule by which payment would not be accepted unless tendered by the owner in person. As Mrs. Lee was behind the Confederate lines, it was impossible for her to comply with this arbitrary requirement, so she sent another in her stead. The money was tendered and refused. The agent was told that Mrs. Lee must present it in person; and this being impossible, on January 11, 1864, the eleven hundred acres of Arlington Estate passed into the hands of the United States by virtue of a tax sale. The amount of taxes actually due at the time was only $92.07, together with a 50-per-cent penalty.

AT THE close of the war, Arlington was hardly recognizable as the same spot. The shell of the house alone remained; the great rooms had been stripped bare of their precious furnishings so intimately associated with the fame of Washington, and many of these were scattered throughout the country. The spreading groves had been cut down for firewood, while the graves of countless Union and Confederate soldiers could be seen everywhere.

Years afterwards Mrs. Lee, desiring to see this home once more, came alone to Arlington. Too much of an invalid even to get out of the carriage which brought her, she looked sadly around and asked for a cup of water from the spring, then ordered the driver to take her away. The changes which had come upon the place were too great and saddening for the sorrowing invalid to endure.

General Lee died in October, 1870; and upon the death of Mrs. Lee three years later, her eldest son George Washington Custis Lee became entitled to Arlington Estate according to the will of his grandfather, the original owner of the mansion. He immediately set about working for the restoration of the property to its rightful heirs. The task seemed almost hopeless, and it was in vain that he petitioned Congress to give back to him that which his lawyers advised had been taken without due process of law. Finally a suit in ejection was begun.

Early in 1879 a jury and Mr. Justice Hughes of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia decided that the United States had no lawful title to Arlington Estate. The case was carried to the Supreme Court; and on December 4, 1882, that high tribunal, by a divided opinion, handed down its famous decision that Mr. Lee was entitled to the Arlington property.

If Mr. Lee had not been magnanimous, the United States might have been faced with the necessity of disinterring the remains of thousands of soldiers and sailors buried in the cemetery and, further, of vacating the estate, part of which had become a military post. Fortunately for the Government, though, Mr. Lee *was* magnanimous, and agreed to sell Arlington for $150,000. Congress appropriated the necessary money, and a deed was executed conveying his title to Arlington House Estate to the United States.

AND so, year after year, month after month, new rows of simple headstones appeared on the sloping surfaces of the once-flowing lawns of Arlington; and year after year, month after month, the lonely Lee mansion stood guard at the top of the hill in all of its stately splendor.

Two Special February Treats

Forty burro loads of Spanish gold!

That was what the fortune teller in Galveston had told Colonel Abercrombie and Rashe McNary was buried in the colonel's front yard, back on his plantation up the Trinity. And, she said, a little mole would guide them. A little mole would come up out of the ground, one day; and where it went back in, they were to dig.

So began the watch for the mole . . . And what came of it—what happened when the burrower of destiny at last appeared—is related enthrallingly in

"Colonel Abercrombie's Mole"

By J. FRANK DOBIE and WILL KITTRELL

Ole Lonesome was waitin'. Waitin' for a visitor long overdue, but of whose ultimate coming the faithful old black servant had no slightest doubt.

And then another Visitor called for Ole Lonesome—that last Gray Visitor who must come to us all. But Lonesome could not go until he had fulfilled his trust. How he fulfilled it, and found peace at last, is told in as fine a story as we have presented in a long time. It is called

"Ole Lonesome"

By EWING WALKER

REMEMBER: in HOLLAND'S *for FEBRUARY*

Finally, in May, 1924, a joint resolution authorizing its restoration and refurnishing was introduced in the House of Representatives. It is interesting to note that this act of Congress was fathered by former Representative Louis C. Cramton, of Michigan, son of a man who fought in the Union forces, who always had a great admiration for General Lee.

THE restoration work has been under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Mortimer, of the Army Quartermaster Corps, and is now in a very satisfactory state of progress. Naturally, most of the items used are necessarily replicas, since the original pieces have now found homes elsewhere—at Mount Vernon, at Stratford, at the National Museum at Washington—while others have been hopelessly lost. Also, some pieces are now in the hands of the Lee heirs, who are unwilling to part with them. But wherever possible, the design of the original piece known to have been in the home at the time it was occupied by the Custises and the Lees has been followed. Part of the furnishings have been obtained by donation, and the remaining pieces purchased with a small appropriation made by Congress for this purpose.

For a number of years, the house was used as living quarters for the superintendent of the Cemetery, and new plumbing, new floors, and a heating system were installed. These modern improvements have all been torn out and the wide floor boards put back in. Window and door frames have been restored to facsimiles of those in the house at the time of its occupancy by the Lees. A beautiful door was found in the basement, and after the modern plumbing had been removed, it was found that this fine old door belonged to a hall closet that had been turned into a bathroom. It faces the conservatory on the south side of the main building, and is now back in its original place.

When the restoration was started, it was found that many bricks were crumbling away and walls disintegrating. A great deal of rebuilding had to be done on the foundations and walls. While working on the roof, sheathing and gutterings were torn away—and close up under the eaves was found a very old globe of the world, on which were outlined the voyages of discovery made up to 1796! This old globe had been in the mansion continuously from the time it was taken there by George Washington Parke Custis until it was removed from under the eaves and sent to be restored. It now may be found in the school and sewing room. It shows considerable wear, and the outside is cracked so that the date of publication is obliterated, but the last voyage recorded—1796—indicates that the date was close to this year.

The old well in the yard had been covered over and a modern drinking fountain placed on top of it. This fountain has now been banished and the old well restored. It is a fine well, forty-eight feet deep and with over eight feet of water.

WHEN the work was started, many of the old locks were found to be missing, and in a number of cases had been replaced by modern hardware. An old lock said to have come from Arlington Mansion was purchased at auction and presented to the restoration project. It was tried on all the doors, and finally the place where it fitted exactly—keyhole, screw holes, and paint marks—was found. It is now on the north door of the main hall, where it was originally placed more than a century and a quarter ago.

The lantern hanging in this hall is interesting. It is an exact replica of the very famous old lantern which Admiral Vernon, after whom Mount Vernon was named, presented to Lawrence Washington when he was building that historic building. The original was brought to Arlington Mansion by George Washington Parke Custis, and hung there until 1861. Then it went into the Patent Office in Washington, later to the National Museum, and now is back home at Mount Vernon. The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association gave permission to have the lantern reproduced, and the copy now hangs in the hall of Arlington Mansion, where the original hung for over fifty years.

Among the original pieces that have been returned to the house might be mentioned a food cupboard that stood in the back hall, near the family dining room, and two homemade bedside candle tables. When Mrs. Lee left so hurriedly in 1861, she gave the cupboard and candle tables to her personal maid and slave, Salina Gray. They were recovered from a grandchild of Salina Gray who lives near by, and are back in their places in the old mansion.

A Civil War veteran sent in two heavy china custard cups which he had carried away as souvenirs from among the articles found stored in the cellar. Another veteran in Massachusetts contributed his bit to the restoration in the shape of an ornate brass key. Several small bits of statuary which formerly adorned the mantel in the family sitting room are now back home after considerable traveling about.

The sideboard in the state dining room is the gift of a Confederate officer who served with Lee. It is not a reproduction, but is of the same period. The dining-room chairs, however, are exact replicas of Sheraton chairs originally in Mount Vernon, later in Arlington, and now in the National Museum.

A NUMBER of the mural paintings in the house have survived the wear and tear of the years in surprisingly good shape. Those over the west door in the main hallway are well preserved today. A few cracks have appeared, but the paintings are intact and may be seen by all visitors. Others, such as the picture of George Washington's white horse and the two American eagles, have almost faded from sight, and are now being restored.

Many excellent portraits originally hung in the mansion, and various patriotic organizations have had copies made for presentation to the restoration project. In addition to those already mentioned might be named the portrait of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, by Gilbert Stuart; a portrait of Lafayette, by Charles Wilson Peale, and one of George Washington by the same artist. An original painting, *Washington at Yorktown*, by George Washington Parke Custis, was recently discovered in the near-by town of Alexandria. The War Department had a copy made, and this copy now hangs in the mansion.

Nearly every day an additional touch is added to the work of restoration, and only recently General Lee's chessboard and some of the original china were returned.

Lee's home at Arlington now no longer presents a desolate appearance to the visitor. There is quiet dignity to the restored mansion, and one feels its real grandeur. Indeed, as it stands today, Arlington House is in many ways quite as impressive as Mount Vernon.

The Romantic Symbol of Robert E. Lee

Judge Winston Shows the Beloved Leader of the Lost Cause a Partisan Without Hate

ROBERT E. LEE.
A Biography.
By Robert W. Winston . . . *428 pp. . . . Illustrated . . . New York: William Morrow and Company . . . $4.*

Reviewed by
AVERY CRAVEN
Professor of American History, University of Chicago

THE story of Lee bears retelling. His example is always worth holding up to our race. Such an unspoiled and unstained man is worthy of a people's admiration, even though they render only lip service in return. And Judge Winston, although a bit sentimental with his hero, has done better than most others in recounting an old story.

Lee is pictured as a serious boy, who made good at West Point and refuted the charge of "never having had a youth," by once riding "double" down the streets of Washington, and by writing joking letters to his friends about affairs of the heart. He was a good and brave soldier in the Mexican War; a skilled engineer in turning the course of the Mississippi River at St. Louis; an efficient commander on the Texas frontier. When South Carolina and her sister states of the Lower South seceded from the Union, he was certain they had acted beyond their rights. Only when Lincoln chose to make war and he faced the possibility of fighting against his own "kin and fireside" did he waver in his loyalty to the old government. Even then he went with Virginia, not with the Confederacy as a whole. Self-respect required it. As Judge Winston says: "Now it must be conceded that every man in the seceding states, whether he would or no, had to decide whether he would adhere to his state or to the nation, and if he decided honestly and put self-interest behind him, he decided right." Thus the man of duty found himself among those whose constitutional opinions he could not accept; among those who would perpetuate the institution of slavery which he could not justify; among those confident that they could build and maintain a government better than the one he believed nigh perfect.

Judge Winston has made the most of Lee's rise to the leadership of the Army of northern Virginia. He notes the fact that not a single paper commented on Lee's return to Arlington from Texas. He heads his chapter dealing with the West Virginia campaign and the Charleston coast defenses, "A Forlorn Hope." While the Battle of Bull Run was raging and even Jefferson Davis was at the front, Lee is seen at his desk in Richmond—a glorified clerk in the War Department. All of which adds something of the dramatic to the brilliant defense of Richmond which marked Lee's first appearance as head of the Army. The "enemy at the gates; Lee to the rescue."

In dealing with the military history of the war, Judge Winston is clearly conscious of the recent attack of Major General Fuller on Lee's generalship. He goes out of his way to point out the fact that Lee did grasp the military problems of the Confederacy as a whole, that he understood the importance of the Western front and that many of his moves were dictated by necessities there. He sharply checks Lee's British critic for his failure to understand the political and economic conditions under which Lee worked and proves that Lee did his best to check desertions and enforce discipline. And yet the author understands that Lee was "too tolerant of his subordinates," that consideration of others was his weak point. He finds weaknesses in both tactics and strategy and is willing to grant Lee's opponents considerably more credit than some others have done.

Even in the story of warfare, the real interest and value lies in the character and personality of the man himself. There is ever a largeness about Robert E. Lee which impressed his fellows as it has impressed the men of later days. Something of the same "selflessness" of Lincoln was there; something of the air of dealing with "eternals." He asked nothing from others which he himself was not giving. He was seldom caught by the immediate, but held to long-time values—giving to the bitter struggle of madmen a quality of nobility and worth which seemed to justify the awful price it demanded. Judge Winston has sprinkled his pages with incidents which convey these impressions. Idealism and realism blended in a soldier.

Jefferson Davis comes off rather badly in this volume. He was dictatorial and sometimes unfair. His insistence on too much military power, his lack of judgment and tact in dealing with his generals, his blunder in appointing Bragg and forcing a battle which opened the way for Sherman's march, and his stubborn holding to Richmond and the possibility of final victory, were major factors in the downfall of the Confederacy. Perhaps something better for Davis might be said if Judge Winston had given the same consideration to political necessities in this case as he gives to those which condition Lee.

The final picture of the great Southern leader after the war has something of the hero worship about it that no writer seems able to avoid. A great and good man resigned to Fate is irresistible. Already tradition had begun to take the place of reality. "The lost cause" for which men had fought as few humans had ever done had to have its symbol. Lee both fitted and merited the place. It would be asking too much of any writer, who had followed this man and his cause to its shadows to resist the urge to the sentimental.

There are more small errors in this work than a first-class effort, such as it is, deserves. Too many quotations are inaccurate. But these are minor matters in a volume which catches the great essentials which make Robert E. Lee the hero of a united people in whose civil war he was a partisan without hate.

General Lee soon after the Surrender
Illustration from "Robert E. Lee"

A Russian Boy Genius Grows Up In Exile

THE BRIGHT LEXICON.
By Donald Culross Peattie . . . *320 pp. . . . New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons . . . $2.50.*

Reviewed by
FRED T. MARSH

"THE BRIGHT LEXICON" is an unusual novel. It contains an engrossing story of the kind which makes reading at a long sitting possible and pleasurable. The language is graceful in its literary quality. Intelligence is written large on every page, and experience brings it down to reality. I like the psychological patterns through which the people emerge into being. The novel raises a good many questions, always sound ones, which, however, it does not attempt to answer definitively. There is no escape here by way of irony, continuous humor, bitterness or sarcasm.

The first section is the story of a child, lost, exiled from his Russian home, wandering over the chaos that was south-central Europe immediately after the war, protected by the plain peasant servant woman, Mina, whom he never ceases to cherish through all his later adventures.

Kyril's father's family are the comparatively rich Chirikovs, Russian exiles of what was the nouveau aristocracy. They are still rich, although all the relatives and hangers-on at their grand ménage in the Riviera are penniless and helpless. Kyril's father had been an idealistic revolutionist, his mother an Austrian of the petty nobility, carried away by his father's fervor. But all this lies in the past. The boy finds his way to the Chirikov household and grows up there.

Kyril is the boy genius, the Wunderkind, and unmistakably so. His mind is avid, forever stimulated, his memory and visual powers beyond explanation. He is in the class of the child mathematicians, the child violinists, the child chess players. He despises and cows the Chirikovs, those typical innocents of White Russians. Ouvarov, the novelist, himself a liberal revolutionary before the Bolshevik government took over power, sums them up:

> But the world is fed up with us. When we arrived with jewels under our rags, and tales of escape of which all the most improbable were true, we found an enthusiastic audience. . . . But presently all the taxi drivers, it seemed, were Grand Dukes. And all the Grand Dukes had written their memoirs blaming everybody else for what happened to them.

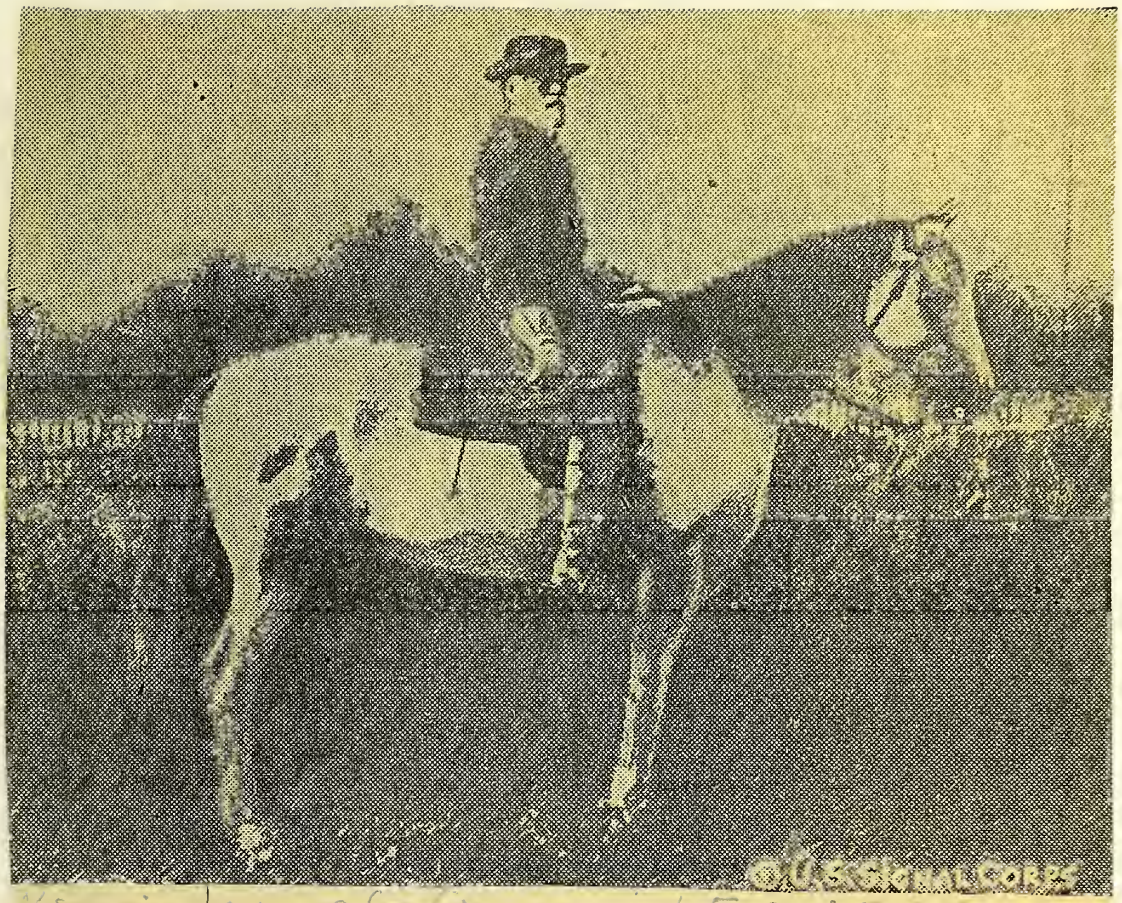
Simple Uncle Ilya says, plaintively, that he thinks it a shame that the Bolsheviki have given up the grand old national anthem. "Of course," says this Russian soul, "I can see why they don't want to sing 'God Save the Czar,' but they could change the words, and then when there is a Czar again, the song would still be there." And Ouvarov, listening to this idle chatter, would like to prick "the fantastic pretentiousness." "But he couldn't do it. For among them were to be found such . . . unspectacular heroisms as made you proud to be a man of the old style, unsurrendered to the mechanism and cruelty of men like ants." Ouvarov is a well done portrait of the Russian intellectual liberal in exile.

There are a number of brilliant cartoons, caricatures, character sketches and full portraits in this international, inter-racial novel —Captain MacMahon, the Irish adventurer; Aunt Kristina von Olden, the decayed and starving gentlewoman lost in the post-war world; Gottlieb Kiesewetter, the Bavarian philologist and orientalist who becomes Kyril's tutor; Vera, the aunt, still in bondage to the teachings of her spinster English governess of long ago; Umberto, the Italian waiter, and the American Herrick, enthusiastic about Soviet Russia.

Mr. Peattie does not push his parallels too far, his symbolism too hard, his theories to pat conclusions.

> And suddenly Ouvarov saw that Kyril's story might be seen as man's own. The story in particular of modern man, of western civilization. . . . Where was he leading them all, and where was he going himself?

That is as close as he comes to explaining the meaning of and reason for a novel which is both thoughtful and stirring, and frequently spectacular and profound.



The greatest gentleman of them all was General Robert E. Lee (here pictured on his famous horse Traveller). Of Lee, Charles Francis Adams, who had fought against him, wrote: "Every inch a soldier, he was an opponent not less generous and humane than formidable, a type of highest martial character; cautious, magnanimous, and bold, a very thunderbolt in war, he was self-contained in victory, but greatest in defeat. To that escutcheon attaches no stain."

(U. S. Signal Corps Photo).

R. E. Lee: *A Biography*

Robert E. Lee on "Traveller," photographed in the field during the War, one of the numerous photographs reproduced for the first time in this work

By

Douglas Southall Freeman

R. E. Lee: A Biography

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS announce for publication Douglas Southall Freeman's *R. E. Lee*. Volumes I and II will carry the career of the great Southern soldier to the "high noon of the Confederacy" at Chancellorsville. They will be followed, early in 1935, by the publication of the concluding two volumes that record the life of Lee the college president to the moment when he cried "Strike the tent" and breathed his last.

Invited in 1915 to prepare a definitive biography of General Lee, the author has devoted twenty years to the task. Manuscript sources whose existence was unknown have been brought to light. For the first time, all the hundreds of papers sent the war department by Lee, prior to 1861, have been examined. His letterbook as superintendent at the United States Military Academy has been culled and has yielded many charming stories of scapegrace young cadets who were constantly in trouble—among them Lee's own nephew, Fitz Lee, and "Curly" Whistler, later the renowned painter. Maps drawn by Lee while a captain at Puebla during the Mexican War have been loaned from the records of the Virginia Military Institute. A wealth of new material relating to Lee's last months in Texas has been uncovered—material that establishes definitely in the mind of the author the fact that Lee had fully determined, before he was recalled to Washington in February, 1861, that if Virginia seceded, he would cast in his lot with her. The myth of long hesitation by Lee between allegiance to his native state and continued service with the United States is reduced to its just proportion as the debate of a man of honor concerning the proper time at which to do what his tradition and uprearing demanded of him.

In the eighty-four chapters devoted to the War between the States, the detailed story of the development of Lee's strategic plan is punctuated with many new anecdotes and extracts from unpublished letters. For the first time, the curtain is drawn back from the conflict of personalities within the Army of Northern Virginia, and Lee is shown as a great military conciliator. The entire South has been scoured for long-buried letters of Southern officers. The vast body of "personal narratives" has been searched out to the ultimate limit, and the multitudinous "family stories" of Lee, both those gathered from the lips of old veterans and from their sons and daughters, have been sifted rigorously for the many new nuggets of knowledge about "Marse Robert" that they contain. The illustrations also include reproductions of many photographs and documents never before published, such as that of Lee on "Traveller" in the field used on the front page of this announcement, the

death-mask of "Stonewall" Jackson, and many others. Many of Lee's own letters, hitherto unknown, are also here published for the first time.

In portraying Lee the soldier the author has handled a complex undertaking with a skill that makes the history of the great campaigns of the War between the States not only an invaluable work for students of strategy and military men but also completely vivid and intelligible for the general reader. Rather than hustle the reader from one opposing battle line to the other so that he is hopelessly confused and the actual "fog of war" wholly dissipated, Mr. Freeman has endeavored to give the reader no information beyond that which Lee possessed at a particular moment regarding the strength, movements and plans of his adversary. In a word, the reader *lives* with Lee on the battle-field, remaining at Confederate general headquarters throughout the war and receiving the intelligence reports only as they arrive. There is only one important exception—Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, one of the many masterly pieces of descriptive writing in the biography.

The superb battle pictures with which the volumes are filled do not, however, crowd out the immense amount of other important military and governmental matters that play as true a part in the life of Lee as his defense of Richmond in 1862 or his march into Pennsylvania. His constant hampering by the restricted authority of the Richmond administration; his difficulties with the fiery individualism of many of its supporters; his enforced trust of mediocre generals, now forgotten but at the moment of political power, the constant struggle for the subsistence of the army after the late summer of 1862—all these things are explained, but in such a way that they do not retard the interest in the actual fighting.

Lee the man, as well as Lee the soldier, has never been realized so completely or so vividly as in the pages of this work. From his days as a cadet through his early married life and the years during which his family was growing, down to the end of the war, the road from Appomattox to Lexington, the salvaging of the wrecked family fortunes, and the years at Washington College with Lee again the educator, the reader is brought close to the heart of the husband and father through delightful stories, many of them new, passages from letters, and often through carefully authenticated direct quotations from Lee's own conversations with his family and friends. With Lee's last words—"Strike the tent"—the reader will feel that the last word has been said, that the author's great work has placed its great subject for all time.

Each volume of "R. E. Lee: A Biography" contains 16 full-page illustrations. To illustrate the War between the States there are approximately 150 maps especially drawn for these volumes.

About the author of "R. E. Lee: A Biography"

Douglas Southall Freeman

the editor of *The Richmond News Leader,* has long been distinguished in Southern journalism. He has been prominently identified with various movements and associations for furthering Southern historical study and for perpetuating Southern tradition, as secretary of the Confederate Memorial Institute, a member of the advisory board of the Confederate Museum, vice-president of the Battlefield Parks Association, and president of the Southern Historical Society. He is the author of various studies in Confederate military history, and editor of "A Calendar of Confederate Papers" and "Lee's Dispatches." To this monumental biography of the great Southern leader, which has been truly a labor of love of Robert E. Lee and the South, he has devoted twenty years of closest application and thousands of dollars in investigation and research.

awesome sight.[23] Now the din diminished, now it rose again: salvos and volleys, the nervous, uneven fire of scattered, frantic batteries, the rattle of long lines of muskets. Hour after hour the night battle continued, slowly drawing nearer and shifting southward. At 11 o'clock it was still in its fury; not until midnight did it die away into silence, like the sullen growl of an exhausted dog. Then, as Lee prepared to lie down in a little pine thicket, with an oilcloth over him to keep off the dew, the whippoorwills began their dirge. And never were they "known to sing so long and loud as they did that Saturday night at Chancellorsville."[24]

Weariness overcame the questionings of an anxious mind, and Lee went to sleep on the ground. About 2:30 he was awakened by the sound of two voices, one of them Taylor's.

"Who is there?" Lee called.

"It is Captain Wilbourn," Taylor answered.

Lee raised himself on his elbow, and pointed to his outspread blankets. "Sit down here by me, Captain, and tell me about the fight last night."

Captain R. E. Wilbourn, who was Jackson's signal officer, was tired from hard riding and harder action, but he had to tell a tale the like of which had never been recounted in all the grim annals of America's wars. Jackson had marched straight on when the wagon-train of his rear division had been attacked. After writing Lee from the vicinity of Chancellor's house, he had discovered the right flank of the XI Corps "in the air" just north of the turnpike, a mile beyond the Wilderness Church. The Federals, with their arms stacked, had been unsuspectingly cooking their supper. Not a sign had they given that they were anticipating an attack or had been warned to look for one. Jackson had then quietly extended his men in three lines on a wide front and had given the word. The bugles had sounded through the woods, and the corps had gone forward with a demoniac yell. The startled enemy had offered brief resistance and then had fled, Jackson in full pursuit. Wilderness Church had been reached and passed, the lines had pressed more than a mile farther eastward, and then, having rolled up the whole Federal flank, had been halted by

[23] *O. R.*, 25, part 1, p. 826.
[24] *Slocum and His Men*, 164, quoted in *Bigelow*, 328.

A specimen page from "R. E. Lee: A Biography"

R. E. Lee: A Biography

The Contents of the First Two Volumes

Volume I

I. A Carriage Goes to Alexandria
II. A Background of Great Traditions
III. First Impressions of West Point
IV. The Education of a Cadet
V. Sorrow and Scandal Come to the Lees
VI. Marriage
VII. The Ancient War of Staff and Line
VIII. Lee is Brought Close to Frustration
IX. Youth Conspires Against a Giant
X. Lee Studies His Ancestors
XI. An Established Place in the Corps
XII. Five Drab Years End in Opportunity
XIII. A Campaign Without a Cannon Shot
XIV. Lee's First Experiences Under Fire (Vera Cruz)
XV. A Day Under a Log Contributes to Victory (Cerro Gordo)
XVI. Laurels in a Lava Field (Padierna and Churubusco)
XVII. Into the "Halls of the Montezumas"
XVIII. The Building of Fort Carroll
XIX. West Point Proves to Be No Sinecure
XX. Lee Transfers from Staff to Line
XXI. Education by Court-Martial
XXII. The Lees Become Land-Poor
XXIII. Colonel Lee is Introduced to Militant Abolitionism
XXIV. Colonel Lee Declares the Faith That Is in Him
XXV. The Answer He Was Born to Make
XXVI. On a Train en Route to Richmond
XXVII. Virginia Looks to Lee
XXVIII. Can Virginia Be Defended?
XXIX. The Volunteers Are Called Out
XXX. The Mobilization Completed
XXXI. The War Opens on Three Virginia Fronts
XXXII. Lee Discloses a Weakness
XXXIII. Lee Conducts His First Campaign
XXXIV. Politics in War: a Sorry Story
XXXV. Politics, the Rain Demon, and Another Failure
XXXVI. Lee Has an Easy Lesson in Combating Sea Power

One of the illustrations

The Sword of Robert E. Lee

Volume II

I. Lee is Given an Impossible Assignment
II. The Concentration on the Peninsula
III. Lee and the Conscription Act
IV. The Genesis of Jackson's Valley Campaign
V. The Battle Brought Closer to Richmond
VI. "Drive Him Back Toward the Potomac"
VII. An Anxious Fortnight Ends in a Memorable ride
VIII. "Tête de l'Armée"
IX. Lee as the "King of Spades"
X. A Dusty Horseman Reaches Headquarters
XI. Lee Seizes the Initiative
XII. Where Is Jackson?
XIII. Lee's First Victory—at Heavy Cost
XIV. A Cloud by Day
XV. The Pursuit Goes Astray
XVI. The Army Shows Itself Unready for a Cannæ
XVII. The Federal Artillery Proves Too Strong
XVIII. "The Federal Army Should Have Been Destroyed"
XIX. A Domestic Interlude
XX. Enter General John Pope
XXI. General Pope Retires Too Soon
XXII. By the Left Flank up the Rappahannock
XXIII. Great News Comes on a Hard March
XXIV. "My Desire Has Been to Avoid a General Engagement"
XXV. My Maryland—or His?
XXVI. With Eyes on the Harpers Ferry Road
XXVII. The Bloodiest Day of the War
XXVIII. Sharpsburg in Review
XXIX. Matching Wits with Changing Commanders
XXX. Two Signal Guns End Long Suspense
XXXI. "It Is Well that War Is So Terrible"
XXXII. The First Warnings of Coming Ruin
XXXIII. Jackson Disappears in the Forest
XXXIV. Fate Intervenes at Lee's High Noon
XXXV. Lee Loses His "Right Arm"

The Contents of the Last Two Volumes

Volume III

I. The "Might-Have-Beens" of Chancellorsville

II. The Reorganization That Explains Gettysburg

III. The Army Starts Northward Again

IV. Manœuvring to Enter Pennsylvania

V. Lee Hears a Fateful Cannonade

VI. The Spirit That Inhibits Victory

VII. What *Can* Detain Longstreet?

VIII. "It Is All My Fault"

IX. Why Was Gettysburg Lost?

X. Can the Offensive Be Resumed?

XI. A Surprise and a Disappointment

XII. A Sacrificed Christmas

XIII. Lee as a Diplomatist

XIV. Can the Army Be Saved for New Battles?

XV. Preparing for the Campaign of 1864

XVI. Into the Wilderness Again

XVII. History Fails to Repeat Itself

XVIII. The Bloody Climax of a Hurried Race

XIX. The Merciful Rain and Another March

XX. A Vain Invitation to Attack

XXI. Manœuvre on the Totopotomoy

XXII. And Still Grant Hammers

XXIII. The Crossing of the James

XXIV. "Rapidan to Petersburg" in Review

XXV. Lee's Most Difficult Defensive

XXVI. Lee Encounters a New Type of Warfare

XXVII. The Loss of the Weldon Railroad

XXVIII. Götterdämmerung

XXIX. The Winter of Growing Despair

XXX. Lee Makes His Last Desperate Plan

One of the illustrations

The pen used at Appomattox

Volume IV

I. Fort Stedman

II. Five Forks: a Study in Attenuation

III. The Breaking of the Line

IV. The Threat of Starvation

V. "Has the Army Been Dissolved?"

VI. A Letter Comes to Headquarters

VII. The Last Council of War

VIII. The Ninth of April

IX. The Final Bivouacs

X. The Sword of Robert E. Lee

XI. Two Decisions

XII. A Third Decision

XIII. The Road from Appomattox to Lexington

XIV. First Fruits at Washington College

XV. "My Boys"

XVI. Lee and the Reconstruction Acts

XVII. A Social Conciliator

XVIII. The Return to Petersburg

XIX. The Johnston Affair and Old Animosities

XX. Salvaging the Wrecked Family Fortunes

XXI. The General Revisits Familiar Scenes

XXII. Lee's Theory of Education

XXIII. The Beginning of the End

XXIV. The Final Review

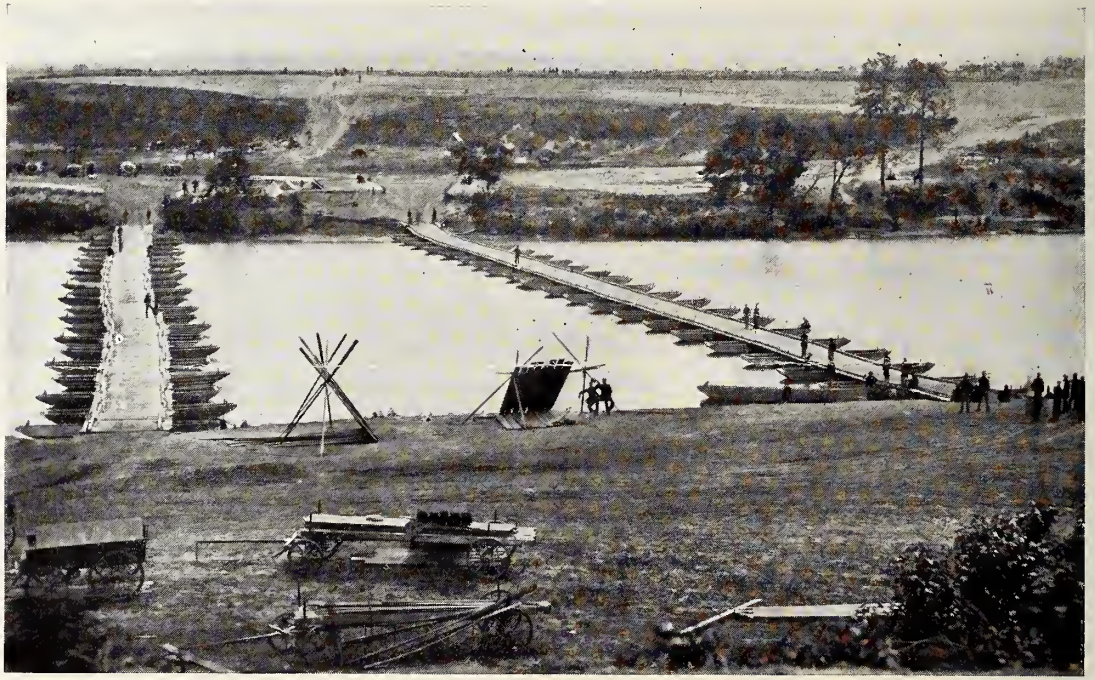
XXV. Farewell to Northern Virginia

XXVI. "Strike the Tent!"

XXVII. The Pattern of a Life

R. E. Lee: A Biography

One of the Numerous War-Time Photographs in "R. E. Lee"



Federal pontoon bridges below Fredericksburg, as seen from the right bank of the river, with part of Stafford Heights in the background. This photograph was taken in June, 1863, but the bridges then in use were in every respect similar to those thrown across the river in December, 1862

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Robert E. Lee: a Great American Biography

The Whole Man—Boyhood, West Point, Mexico, and the Civil War

General Robert E. Lee and other Confederate Generals

From a mural decoration by Charles Hoffbauer in "Battle Abbey," Richmond, Va.

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R. E. LEE.
By Douglas Southall Freeman
. . . Illustrated . . . *Vol. I, 647 pp.; vol. II, 621 pp. . . . New York Charles Scribner's Sons . . . 2 vols., $7.50.*

Reviewed by
STEPHEN VINCENT BENET,
Author of "John Brown's Body."

IT may seem odd, at first, that we should have had to wait so long for a life of Lee like this one, but, when one thinks it over, it is not so odd after all. Certain great men attract biography from the first, others, equally famous, for years attract only biographers. Learned biographers, enthusiastic or caustic biographers, but biographers who do not get to the roots of the man. Nor is it merely a question of luck or celebrity—though luck enters into the matter. Certain names, certain stories are always explosive material. It is easy enough to write a bad life of Napoleon but it is extremely hard to write a thoroughly and conscientiously dull one—though Sir Walter Scott, of all people, worked notably hard at it. Conspicuous rascality in the subject is not enough; there have been tiresome rascals. Virtue is not enough—there can be no question as to which was the more admirable human being in almost every ordinary relation of life, Byron or Southey. Yet there will be biographies of Byron till the world runs out of ink, while biographies of Southey sleep soundly in great public libraries. Literary genius in the biographer is not, by itself, enough—as witness Charles Dickens and the "Life of Our Lord."

For true biography is a very difficult art. And it is curious that, in our short history as a nation, two of our greatest figures—Washington and Lee—should have been such difficult subjects for true biography. We have almost every possible view of Washington, from Parson Weems to W. E. Woodward. We have views of him that show him as an impossible demigod and views of him that seem to concentrate almost entirely on his false teeth. And yet, in spite of much interesting work, we still have no life of Washington as full, as just, as sound, as comprehending, and yet as readable as many of us would like.

Mere reverence is not enough, for reverence, by itself, quickly turns men into marble statues a little over life-size. Nor is the Stracheyesque method—which produces brilliant results with the proper material—adapted to them. I remember one life of General Grant from which the chief psychological fact I garnered was that the general was deeply in love with his horse. That is interesting, if true, but it hardly explains the capture of Fort Donelson. And it is easy enough to paint George Washington as an ordinary Virginia planter of limited capacities—until you begin to explain why all the other ordinary Virginia planters did not turn into Washingtons.

Dr. Freeman, fortunately for us all, is a true biographer. He has a great subject to deal with—which is to his advantage—but the subject, as I have said, is not an easy one. The man's life, and himself, are, in one sense, like a marble shaft; you may look in vain for the disfiguring—and interesting—cracks and crevices that spot the characters of many great men. A hero, born in obscurity, who fights his way up to greatness—there is an easy story for you! But Lee was born at Stratford, of the blood of "King" Carter and "Light Horse Harry" Lee. We like to read of the awkward, ugly duckling, the butt of his mates at school and college, who became their master in the end. But Lee was one of the handsomest men of his day, and at West Point he graduated second in his class. In childhood he had the weight of a great tradition behind him; in youth and manhood he fulfilled the full promise of that tradition. When Lincoln was a disappointed ex-Congressman, his political future, apparently, at a dead end, Lee was winning notable distinction in his chosen field. When Grant was still the failure of Galena, Lee was being sounded out as to the commandership-in-chief of the whole Union Army. No breath of romantic scandal ever touched his private life; he became the idol of a people and the symbol of a cause without ever losing his simplicity; even his religion, simple, natural and profound, has nothing of the Cromwellian tang of Jackson's. It did not torment his soul, it gave his soul peace. A good man, a great man, one of our finest human beings. You are right. But a difficult man to depict and yet keep human, for the rest of us. Let us see what Dr. Freeman has done with his material.

In the first place, he shows us from the very first lines of his foreword the thoroughness, the patience, the honesty and the true gift for research which are the rare marks of the real biographer.

He has winnowed, and winnowed away an enormous mass of legend. He has collected and set down for the first time in print a vast number of new, precise and salient facts. He has woven together a thousand strands of testimony from the words of forgotten reports to the words on the lips of old men remembering their great youth. In Dr. Freeman's two volumes we get for the first time the complete, slow growth of a man. The unregarded years—the years of youth and early manhood, the years before the Mexican War and after it, are filled in with completeness and patience for the first time. We see not only Lee the star cadet or Lee the Mars' Robert of the tales, but Lee at thirty-one on an Ohio River steamer enjoying little roast pigs and sausages but looking with a dubious eye on the crowding and squeezing at the table; Lee building a house of twigs for seven military hens at a desolate army outpost near the fork of the Brazos; Lee, the conscientious but somewhat baffled inheritor of a historic but land-poor estate, wondering how to keep it up on an Army colonel's pay—a dozen Lees, younger and older, whom the well known stories leave out. We see Lee the military organizer; we even see Lee in a temper.

But thoroughness and patience are not enough. A scholar may be very thorough

and very patient and yet remain a scholar read only by scholars. There must be proportion, balance, composition; most of all, vitality in the work itself. Dr Freeman's style is not a showy one, and he does not go in for purple passages. But every one of his 1,200 pages is intensely readable from the first page to the last. He is readable when he describes the Battle of Chancellorsville; he is readable when he describes the education of a West Point cadet in the 1820s or the technical details of the building of an obscure fort by an Army engineer. He has a positive genius for quotation—it is always the live quotation, not the dead one, that appears in his pages—and always at the point where it simplifies, explains, elucidates, gives life and color to the whole. He never points out the obvious; he never grows windy or pedantic When he gives you an opinion on a disputed point he gives you his reasons as well. "There they are," he seems to say, "to the best of my judgment. My conclusion is this—you may draw another if you disagree with me. But here are the facts, as far as they can be known."

If I had sufficient space I should very much like to quote his brief sketch of Anne Carter Lee, Lee's mother, on pages 87 seq. It consists of a short appraisal and the only two known surviving letters of Mrs. Lee. The appraisal is short enough. It tells what is known of Anne Carter Lee; it does not tell what is not known. And it is a model to biographers. There is no one fact and twenty barrels of conjecture. There is no "As she did this, she must have done that" There is a human being there, faintly outlined, because the written evidence is slight; but the outlines, though faint, are definite. There is a real and living woman, not a fictional character or a reverential image. I, for one, never knew her before.

As it is with Anne Carter Lee, so it is with the whole of the story. Slowly, on the firmest of foundations, there builds up the full picture of the man. And it is not the story of Fortunatus—of a silver-spoon youth who marched easily from conquest to conquest It is something, indeed, to have been born at Stratford, of the Lees and the Carters—but to have to leave Stratford at three, because the sheriff's men are in the house, the horses sold, the furniture attached—that is something, too. One's father is a revolutionary hero—and that is a great tradition—but one's father has been twice imprisoned for debt and is to die on the way home from a self-imposed exile. One's half-brother, "Black Horse Harry" Lee's career is to be wrecked by tragedy and scandal. A background of great traditions? Very true—but there are other colors in the background than gold.

All through the life, the threads in the web are mixed ones When Lee married Mary Custis he married a delightful woman but a temperamental one—and a woman who was to become an invalid, needing an invalid's care. And, when he married her, as Dr. Freeman points out, he married Arlington as well—Arlington with its name, its heavy responsibilities and the great shadow of Washington brooding over it. Dr. Freeman's analysis of the influence of the Washington tradition on the character of Lee is subtle, convincing and profound. Throughout the book, indeed, his study of the gradual development of Lee's character is masterly. It has the fascination of a detective story and the inevitability of the growth of a tree.

Certain traits were there from the first and they were fine ones. But the gay, brilliant, teasing Lee of the twenties, the Lee who wrote amusing mock love letters to pleasant girl acquaintances in the Southern tradition of beaudom, had become, at fifty-four, a very different man Throughout those first fifty-four years there is always upon him—and we see it and feel it—a continuous pressure of responsibility, never slackening, slowly increasing; responsibility for his name, for Arlington, for his work, for his wife and children, for the men under his command. Except for the Mexican War, it was not a dramatic responsibility, in the usual sense. But a weaker man would have broken under it, and a man of a nature less naturally sweet become crotchety, like many another army officer who turned to drink or lethargy to while away the tedium of dull courts martial in Godforsaken frontier posts.

I have stressed Dr. Freeman's dealings with Lee's early years because they are the essential foundation on which all true knowledge of Lee must be built. When Lee assumed command of the forces of Virginia he was fifty-four and the main lines of his character were formed He grew after that, but he grew along those lines, not contrary to them. Where many biographers are content to show effects, Dr. Freeman shows us the causes of those effects—and he does it so well and so thoroughly that by the time we come to the Civil War we have a real knowledge of Lee, not a set of phrases about him, and a real ability to know what Lee may do in a given circumstance. Dr. Freeman shows also—and this is invaluable—on the military side, exactly what experience of war and the conduct of war Lee had had, the sort of strategy and tactics that were likely to appeal to him, both his practical knowledge and the bent of his mind. I have never seen this done so clearly and so well.

There were weaknesses as well as strengths in both Lee's temperament and Lee's training—Dr. Freeman shows them both unfalteringly. The first untrained Virginian volunteers were a very different proposition from Scott's Mexican army—and Lee made mistakes in the West Virginia campaign. Dr. Freeman shows us what the mistakes were and what Lee learned from them. A courteous amiability, in dealing with subordinates, was likely to develop, with an obstinate subordinate, into failure of execution at a crucial moment—as it did with Longstreet at Gettysburg—Dr. Freeman shows us the cloud at its beginning, no bigger than a man's hand. Indeed, for all Dr. Freeman's practical delineation of the campaigns up to and through Chancellorsville (with which these two volumes end) I can only have the most unstinted praise. With their excellent, clear and numerous maps, they should prove invaluable to all students of military history. And to the average reader they are perfectly fascinating.

From a Mural Decoration in "Battle Abbey," Richmond, Va.

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For Dr. Freeman, in describing them, has taken a novel point of view. The reader is always with Lee, at Confederate headquarters, in possession of such knowledge as Lee had but no more. In other words, the battles develop before us as battles do to a general who is fighting one, with all their momentary chances. Excellent schemes go astray because of unknown factors—the "fog of war" is over the field, not swept away by after-knowledge. And the battles and campaigns are real. Behind the charges and the yells there is always the constant, wearing question of food and shoes and horses, of men who come down with measles and men who cannot march on the hard roads of Maryland because their feet are sore. All this is a constant reminder of warfare, but it does not always get into the histories. It is continually present in Dr. Freeman's. And we know not only Lee, by the time we have reached Chancellorsville—we know the Army of Northern Virginia as well.

In any account of events in the Civil War, the historian or biographer must strike upon a number of moot points. Dr. Freeman, as Lee's biographer, inclines, very naturally, to cast his vote for Lee, on most of these points. But he never does so without giving full reasons for his statements. His explanation of Jackson's lethargy during the Seven Days is clear, well reasoned and convincing—and his account of the genesis of the turning-movement at Chancellorsville seems to me a little miracle of reconstruction. On the other hand, for the average reader, I think he might have stressed, even more than he does, Jackson's personal brilliance in the Valley Campaign It is one thing to tell a general you would like a certain enemy beaten, if possible, and quite another to have the general do it—as Lincoln, to his sorrow, very often found. Nor is it my opinion that the reader who is unversed in the Civil War will form an utterly correct estimate of the military abilities of Joe Johnston, from Dr. Freeman's account of him in these two volumes. Johnston was an unlucky general, in many ways, but the most competent testimony, including that of great adversaries, pronounced him a master of craft.

These are small criticisms on a monumental work, but, while I am about it, I will make one or two more. Dr. Freeman deals with John Brown and Harper's Ferry entirely from the viewpoint of Lee and he is perfectly justified in doing so. But John Brown was not exactly an ordinary disturber of the peace nor was the raid on Harper's Ferry precisely a riot. And the actual confrontation of Robert E. Lee and John Brown happens to be one of the great dramatic coincidences of history. I think Dr. Freeman could have made more of this than he has done without sacrificing truth to false picturesqueness. If Lee dismissed Brown as a mere madman—as the testimony would indicate—that, too, shows something about Lee and about the South.

Jackson, Stuart, Longstreet, Magruder, Hood are vividly portrayed, but one might wish for a little fuller physical description of the two Hills, Ewell, Alexander and some of the other Southern leaders. They appear in their words and actions—and admirably—but the readers of an Iliad like to know the faces and armor of all the chiefs. The same might be said of the Northern commanders opposed to Lee It does not fall directly within Dr. Freeman's province to describe them, except as they showed themselves in action—but a brief, well-placed footnote on each, showing what sort of man he was, would assist the casual reader. Another, and somewhat vaguer criticism, is this. The heart of the Northern resistance was a man named Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Freeman is writing a life of Lee, not a life of Lincoln. Nevertheless, it seems to me that Lincoln's presence should somewhere, somehow be felt by the reader—not as the amateur strategist recalling troops for the safety of Washington but as the soul of the other Cause. However, there is room for all this, and more, in the next two volumes.

Dr. Freeman is kinder to Davis than some Southern historians have been, and, I think, juster. In his dealing with Northern "atrocities" (the term is not his) he seems to me, now and then, a trifle biased. War is a dirty game, no matter how played. I remember an old man, with passion and indignation in his voice, showing me the marks of Confederate shell on the walls of my mother's town And he was as right—and as partisan—as Dr. Freeman. There is little of this in the book, very little, but as it struck me, I mention it. On the larger issues, he states his own feelings admirably in his Foreword—and they are without illusion.

The present two volumes begin with Stratford and end just after Chancellorsville. There are two more to come. One can ask no more of them than that they should equal the two already in print. For those two already comprise by far the best biography of Lee of which I have any knowledge. And when I speak of a biography, I do not mean merely a work for research students and Civil War enthusiasts The whole man is here, as he lived—Stratford—West Point—Arlington—Mexico—the heights of Cerro Gordo and the swamps by the Chickahominy. He is here, in war and in peace. He is writing a letter of somewhat stilted, anxious advice to his children on how to be good boys—and, at Chancellorsville, he is hearing "that shrill, sustained cry like a thousand men calling the dogs to a fox hunt" that was the rebel yell. And behind him is a tradition, an army, a time and a people—all as it was and not otherwise. Dr. Freeman has worked nearly twenty years on these volumes. And in those years, we are all of us in his debt. For he has revivified for us, lastingly and surely, one of the largest figures of national past. It is a superb achievement. I do not know how Pulitzer prizes are awarded but I should be in favor of giving at least ten of them to Dr. Freeman. And then, if I were dictator, I would have chained to a desk and make him spend next twenty years writing a life of Washington, whether he wants to or not.

BOOKS

Edited by IRITA VAN DOREN

ROBERT E LEE, by Douglas Southall Freeman. Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benet 1
NOT I, BUT THE WIND, by Frieda Lawrence. Reviewed by Lorine Pruette . . . 3
THEN A SOLDIER, by Thomas Dent. Reviewed by Mary Ross 3
THE ESSAYS OF MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE, translated and edited by Jacob Zeitlin. Reviewed by Albert Guerard 4
THE GOLDEN SPIKE, by Floyd Dell. Reviewed by Margaret Cheney Dawson 4
AMERICA'S HOUR OF DECISION, by Glenn Frank. Reviewed by Walter Millis 5
RAMESES TO ROCKEFELLER, by Charles H Whitaker. Reviewed by Fiske Kimball. 5
THE PROUD AND THE MEEK, by Jules Romains. Reviewed by Angel Flores 6
CITY EDITOR, by Stanley Walker. Reviewed by Burton Rascoe 7
REACH FOR THE MOON, by Royce Brier. Reviewed by Will Irwin 7
MAN WITH A BULL-TONGUE PLOW, by Jesse Stuart Reviewed by Horace Gregory 8
LEGACY, by E V. Lovell Reviewed by Gladys Hasty Carroll 8
THE WORLD AS I SEE IT, by Albert Einstein. Reviewed by Joseph W Krutch 9
PEACE WITH HONOR, by A. A. Milne Reviewed by Fred Marsh 9

Pardon for Robert E. Lee To Be Sought of Congress

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—Full amnesty for General Robert E. Lee, whose name still stands on the government record as a paroled prisoner of the Civil War, will be sought by the Veterans of Foreign Wars at the next session of Congress. Their legislative committee is drawing up a bill authorizing the pardon.

When Congress granted pardons to Confederate officers General Lee's name was not included. Special conditions were prescribed for the restoration of citizenship to the Southern commander-in-chief which General Lee fulfilled.

He died in 1870 still the nominal enemy of his country, although recognized as a great figure in American history. The veterans' body will seek to change the record under the leadership of G. D. Radcliffe of Oak Park, commander of a V. F. W. post.

Dr. Freeman Concludes His Monumental Life of Lee

In Two More Volumes the Confederate Leader Stands Revealed in a Definitive Biography

R. E. LEE. A Biography. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Vols. III and IV, pp. 559 and 594. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 per volume.

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

AFTER reading Dr. Freeman's final volumes you rise from the completed work with the conviction that here is Lee's monument. Granite, bronze or marble cannot so visibly—the word "visibly" is here meant almost literally—present either the man or the soldier to the mind's eye. It is only as this great work nears its end that one fully appreciates the immensity of the sculpture. The first two volumes impress the reader with the certainty that never was every detail of Lee's life and character so portrayed. The finished work fortifies that certainty, but the perfection of the minutiae is now almost forgotten as the reader—one is tempted to say "the beholder"—contemplates the grand total, the sum of the items, Lee complete for all time. Here the man himself stands in your presence. Twenty years ago Dr. Freeman began this monument, and he has left nothing for any after-sculptor to carve.

Dr. Freeman attuned himself to his subject. What was not fully apparent as one read the first volumes is overpoweringly present now. It is that in shaping his chisel to the majesty of his subject he deliberately suppressed one of his own powers. He is a born stylist who hamstrung his own style to fit the gravity of Lee's greatness. He is always interesting, but he prevented himself from being as vivid as he might. In the last volumes his self-restraint sometimes slips, and phrases shine forth so original and so pictorial as to illuminate in flashes what whole pages could not do.

Each of these phrases makes a picture in the mind. They are short and compact, but each makes visible a whole scene, battle, or military situation. A day of battle in the Wilderness ends; Grant's last attack has been beaten back; night has fallen, but not yet silence. "The pickets kept up their nervous dispute," is Dr. Freeman's turn of the unexpected, and the mind sees the whole scene of the campfires, the half-drowsing men and the popping shots at a distance in the dark.

If not a scene, it may be a military and political situation, but always it is the whole of it in a phrase. Many writers have exhausted language describing the downfall of the Confederacy through three years by Grant's cutting it through from north to south, Sherman from west to east, and lesser commanders in other directions. Dr. Freeman paints the whole picture in seven words—"the slow partition of the seceded States." Language, again, has been worn out describing the hopelessness of Lee's task when, whichever way he turned, it was to confront superior strength in a new place. Dr. Freeman presents what must have been in Lee's own mind as he pushed back waves only to have billows return. He does it in two words—"bewildering odds." Other writers have used such words as colossal, gigantic, insurmountable, insuperable; to Lee, whether he used the word or not, "bewildering" must have described what he faced. Dr. Freeman has the supreme art of the mot juste, and seldom permits himself to display it.

He is entitled to the judgment seat; he has proved that all through his four volumes. Therefore the endless debate about the quality of Lee's strategy may be said to have been brought into court. Dr. Freeman's verdict on it, summarized, is that there were five component parts in that strategy which combined to give it eminence. They were Lee's interpretation of military intelligence, his "wise devotion" to the offensive, his careful choice of position, the exactness of his logistics, and his well-considered daring. Two of these qualities have been the subject of a seventy-year dispute, and a third has been generally misunderstood. What says Dr. Freeman about them?

First, the misunderstood quality. Lee has been credited, without dissent, as having an uncanny, almost supernatural, knowledge of the minds and characters of the Union generals, so that he always knew what they were going to do and how to thwart them. Dr. Freeman says the only Federals of whom Lee had any such knowledge were McClellan and Meade, and these for the very simple reason that they were the only ones with whom he had been closely associated before the war. From that association he knew McClellan would never move until the last button was on the last coat, and as soon as he heard of Meade's appointment he said, "General Meade will commit no blunder in my front, and if I make one he will make haste to take advantage of it." But Grant and the other Union generals he had scarcely known.

The information which guided Lee, Dr. Freeman says, was "always cumulative." His extraordinary skill in sifting immense quantities of seemingly trifling incidents, discarding the irrelevant, and weighing the probabilities, was a great factor in his stunning victories. As for his spy service, it had roamed the Union Army at will until Hooker took command. Hooker so reorganized the Union intelligence service that before long Lee knew nothing of what the enemy was doing and Hooker knew everything Lee was doing.

This was one element in the Gettysburg campaign. Lee's movements northward were affected by his expectation that Hooker would attack him. What he did not know was that after Hooker's failure at Chancellorsville the Lincoln government determined that he should not be allowed to fight another battle, and as the clash of armies neared it replaced him with Meade.

As for his daring, so much criticized, Dr. Freeman denies that it was the fruit of his contempt for the mediocrity of his adversaries. On the contrary, it was respect for their strength which made him daring. "Necessity, not choice, explains this quality." His cause being desperate, desperate risks were his only chance. Even Pickett's charge at Gettysburg was a choice of risks, in which Lee chose the lesser.

In late years military criticism has tended toward Longstreet's view that Lee was not a master of the offensive, yet he was always assuming it. This, like his daring, was forced upon him by his situation. His general strategy was offensive-defensive, but his policy was to seize the initiative and compel his opponent to meet it. "If a 'fog of war' was to exist, he chose to create it and to leave his opponent to fathom it or to dissipate it."

Nevertheless, a long procession of victories against superior numbers did make Lee overconfident in the Gettysburg campaign. "It's all my fault," he said when Meade defeated him; "I thought my men were invincible." Longstreet had not thought so, and had pleaded in vain for a campaign of offensive strategy and defensive tactics. He had opposed Pickett's charge on the third day as certain to be a useless sacrifice. The second day had ended without dislodging Meade from Cemetery Ridge. Offensive tactics had failed, but Lee, still overconfident, risked the third day and lost.

Lee's other military mistakes are grouped together. The perfection of Dr. Freeman's portrayal would not be reached if he took the indiscriminate view that Lee, unlike all other generals, never made any. So are the mistakes of his subordinates delineated, and there is no dissenting from the impartiality and correctness of the judgment. The only adverse criticism to be made on the whole work is a certain disproportion in the treatment of Longstreet. Not content with enumerating Longstreet's defects, Dr. Freeman reiterates and dwells on them, but says virtually nothing about his military virtues. The uninformed reader would suppose Longstreet did not have any and was unfit to be commander even of a regiment. This is far from what the author intended, and is the only blemish in the work.

The blame for the Gettysburg failure is apportioned among Lee's subordinates, Longstreet and Ewell being the most conspicuous marplots but not the only ones. It would have been Lee's victory right after the Union repulse of July 1 if Ewell had obeyed orders and taken Cemetery Hill. Longstreet's delays are sufficiently well known to need no restatement. But there was lack of coordination among many other commanders. One cannot read Dr. Freeman without seeing that it all proceeded from Jackson's death two months earlier.

After Jackson fell Lee had to reorganize the army. To fill the enormous vacancy he considered the names of Ewell, A. P. Hill and Stuart. A new corps was finally created, in addition to Jackson's,

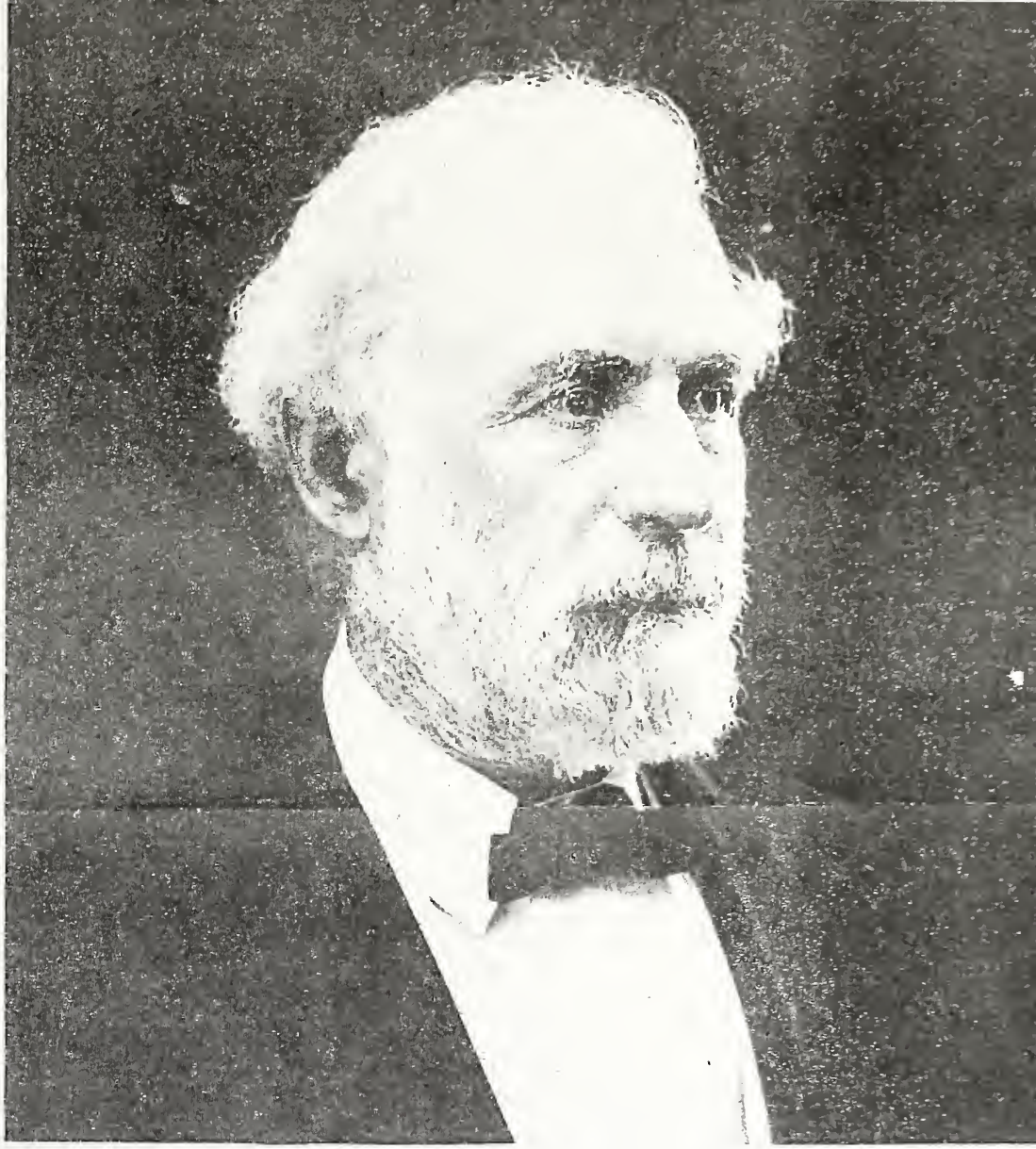
(Continued on Page 17)

and Ewell and Hill were made commanders. "Gettysburg," says Dr. Freeman, "was to show the results of A. P. Hill's inexperience and of Ewell's indecision in the face of discretionary orders." These failings, inexperience and indecision, were the very opposite of Stuart's, supposing Stuart had any at all. The chance of winning victory on the second day of Gettysburg was lost before the campaign began, when Lee filled Jackson's shoes with the wrong men. His own error in giving his officers only discretionary orders came from Lee's "vice as a soldier," his "excessive amiability" and consideration for the feelings of others.

The man himself emerges from these volumes as no one has ever been able to present him before. Despite the simplicity of his character, there has always been something elusive about Lee. He has seemed too much like a still-life picture. That he now breathes and talks and walks is due to Dr. Freeman's method, which is the same here as in all other matters. The author seems to have read every anecdote about him ever printed or penned, but he takes nothing for granted. If a saying attributed to Lee has in it the slightest note out of harmony with his usual mode, Dr. Freeman either discards it or analyzes it and presents the probabilities. He notes the number of years after the event when an officer wrote some reminiscence down, and allows for the gradual incrustation of memory in that time; and so on.

The residuum, after all this critical analysis, is the real Lee. The great man gains instead of losing by it. In his careful selection, indeed, hitherto unnoticed phases of Lee's character shine out. Who, for instance, thinks of Lee as a literary critic? He would have been an ideal one. Here is his written comment on the newly published autobiography of General Scott: "The General, of course, stands out prominently and does not hide his light under a bushel, but he appears the bold, sagacious, truthful man he is." The whole book in a sentence, salient defect and salient virtue; and that is the highest point of art book reviewing can ever reach.

Of Lee after the war there is enough in the fourth volume to make a book in itself, 215 pages. As everywhere else in the work, Dr. Freeman says the last word possible. Lee the educator, Lee the citizen, Lee the loyal supporter of the Union he had tried to overthrow, all the post-war Lees are here at full length, depicted in the invariable Freeman style. That is, by sifting, selection, rejection and analysis. After these four volumes, nothing is left to say about Lee. There will be more books, but they will be those of after-gleaners.



Robert E. Lee.

From a Photograph Taken in His Last Years.

74TH CONGRESS
1ST SESSION

H. J. RES. 232

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

APRIL 1, 1935

Mr. FISH introduced the following joint resolution; which was referred to the Committee on the Library and ordered to be printed

JOINT RESOLUTION

Authorizing the erection of an equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee in the Arlington National Cemetery.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there shall be erected in the Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia, an equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee; and for the purpose of procuring and erecting said statue with a suitable pedestal, and for the preparation of a site, the sum of $50,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby authorized to be appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the same to be expended under the direction of a commission to be composed of the Secretary of War, the Chairman of the Committee on the Library of the Senate, and the Chairman of the Committee on the Library of the House of Representatives: *Provided,* That the design for said monument shall be approved by the Commission of Fine Arts,

Downing, Helen

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1267 Broadway,
Albany, N. Y.

National Vice President
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May 31, 1935

Mr. Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Historical Research Foundation
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Sir:

I know you are very much interested in everything connected with the life of President Lincoln - I do not know however whether you feel as I do about Robert E. Lee I am enclosing a copy of a bill by Mr. Hamilton Fish of New York. This bill has been reported out of the Committee and may be introduced in the House of Representatives any time now - If you do not approve of it will you please ask your Congressman to vote against it -

The site for the statue has been selected and it is at the side of the Arlington Mansion

which would place it in front of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers of the Civil War.

Very truly yours

Helen T Downing

P.S. Some of the peoples of the South idealize Robert E. Lee so much that they hope to place him on a pedestal with Lincoln

WHEN GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE WAS IN SANANTONIO.....

By CLIFTON H. TUPPER

San Antonio Times

JANUARY 19TH the Southland always remembers, with deep devotion the anniversary of the birth of its great chieftain of the Confederacy, General Robert E. Lee. And so also does the North, - for there is no longer a South and a North. Americans understand their gratitude to the great leaders on both sides.

During a recent International convention of the Kiwanis Clubs, in San Antonio, the oldest Kiwanian to attend, a man 93 years old, was George G. Barnum, who witnessed the surrender of General Robert E. Lee to General U. S. Grant in the Appomatox courthouse in Virginia in 1865.

Mr. Barnum lives at Duluth, Minnesota. He was a young officer in the quartermaster department in the Union Army. He was in the room at the time of the surrender. Later this young officer was placed in charge of issuing provisions to the almost starved Southern troops.

Several of my newspaper friends here endeavored to get Mr. Barnum to talk of that historic event. Like the soldier, who witnessed the terrors of the late World War, he preferred silence.

It is a striking scene to picture, - the great Southern leader offering his unsheathed sword in surrender at Appomatox in Virginia, he loved so well, - and the kindly and gallant Grant refusing to accept the sowrd worn with so brave a grace.

My thought is that General Grant had the same kind of heartache suffered by General Lee. They knew each other well. The knew each other before the Civil War. Both were educated at West Point.

General Lee's presence here brightened the history of the Alamo City, home of the sacred Alamo - written in history as indelibly as Marathon and Balaklava. San Antonio has served under six governments - Spain, France, Mexico, the Republic of Texas, the Confederacy and the United States.

Nature stamped Robert E. Lee's patent of nobility, for the Lees of Virginia, as the de Rohans of France, had few peers and no superiors. No greater son has risen to substantiate Virginia's claim of being the mother of statesmen than the consummate flower of generations of chivalric, considerate and noble ancestors.

Before the clouds of Civil War hovered, Colonel Lee and General Sam Houston, General Longstreet, and Magruder and Thomas, Joseph E. Johnson, Grant and Hood, and many others of immortal fame and glory knew what it was to enjoy the wonderful hospitality of a picturesque Irish gentleman, John Twohig, possessor of great spontaneous humor and eccentricity.

The site of the Twohig homestead is now occupied by a six-story, modern stone, concrete and brick building, owned by the San Antonio Public Service Company, 201 North St. Mary's.

Robert E. Lee was educated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, and stood ready to draw his sword at the command of the Federal Government, but when Virginia seceded and joined arms with her Southern sisters, the state's supremacy was paramount with Lee, in the argument of cold steel and the hot fires of shell.

From 1857 until 1861 Robert Edward Lee's headquarters of the Department of Texas were located in a large room of a two-story building, at the corner of St. Mary's and Houston streets. It is now the site of the Gunter Hotel. Colonel Lee's desk was just over the present quarters of store, on the west side of the lobby of the Gunter, entering from the East Houston street side.

In those pioneer days San Antonio's post was the headquarters of Fort Stockton, Fort Clark, Fort McKavette, Fort Lancaster, about the time Fort Concho was established.

Colonel Lee was in charge of the scattered forces, although only a light company of infantry at first made headquarters in historic San Antonio. At that time San Antonio's population was estimated at about twenty-five thousand, and of cosmopolitan types.

The handsome Colonel Lee roomed on the southwest corner of Main Plaza, just west of the present north front of the courthouse of Bexar County. Later Colonel Lee lived in a two-story residence on the west side of St. Mary's street, just south of the corner of East Houston and St. Mary's streets. Colonel Lee's home, of course, was still in his Virginia, where he left his family. As the post was established here as headquarters, Colonel Lee's duties were executive.

Colonel Lee was a devout worshiper at St. Mark's Episcopal Church. As courtly as Bayard, as valiant on the field of war as Coeur de Lion, in strategy as brave as Marshall Ney, yet as gentle as a woman, as pure-thoughted as a child, the attributes of character blended in the ideal man as harmoniously as the colors which so perfectly shade in the bright arch of the rainbow.

The muse of the past, calling her long roster, utters no name more beloved than General Robert E. Lee.

The dead Confederacy is but a memory now, the long, fierce struggle ended, and corsses of honor are upon the breasts of all the Confederate veterans for their glory and matchless bravery in following General Lee. They placed their lives a willing sacrifice and can never be forgotten. For four long years they stood their torture, yielding inch by inch. And it all proved the pity of war.

No sectional hatred mars the glory of the Stars and Stripes

and the unfading luster of the Stars and Bars. Southern hospitality ~~of~~ for the North has long since joined the North and the South.

Twenty-one years ago, while writing the history of Southwest Texas, I met around on Martin street in San Antonio, a fine old gentleman of the old school of the Southland, Mr. John Bradley. This veteran ~~officer~~ and former officer was enjoying the bouyancy of a clear memory, enriched by the long experience of years.

A picture of health, whose historic reveries would well fill volumes, woven in the warp and woof of San Antonio's making, Lieutenant Bradley gave me an interesting account of his acquaintanceship with Colonel Robert E. Lee.

"I remember Colonel Lee vividly", said Lieutenant Bradley. "As I recall this wonderful man, he was about five feet, ten or say ten and a half inches tall, and weighed, my judgment would be, about 175 pounds. Colonel Lee wore a heavy beard, carried himself magnificently and with enviable military grace at all times. All loved him from the ranks. He was a consistent Episcopalian, attended the Church on what is now Pecan street. Colonel Lee was moderate in all of his habits, soft-voied, clear in everything he was about. He all loved him. He was an excellent soldier. I used to chat with him frequently, for our office was within a few feet of Colonel Lee's."

Lieutenant Bradley ~~also told me that the first~~ was of of one of the first families to locate in San Antonio. He was with Major Blair part of he time Colonel Robert E. Lee's headquarters were in San Antonio.

General Lee was tendered the command of the United States field army, when the war, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, had been declared among the states. But he waited for his Virginia to decide. Then

Lee resigned his commission. On August 31, 1861 Lee became a full general. His wonderful engineering ability was addressed to the defence of the coast. When President Lincoln's train had to detour to the village of Hanover, on his way to Gettysburg, Lincoln then and there said that, in his opinion, had General Stuart been engaged at Hanover by Kilpatrick, and had been turned east, General Lee would have had the support from ~~the~~ that direction in the battle of Gettysburg. It might have been a different story.

After the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, and indictments for treason were to be brought against General Robert E. Lee and others, General Grant immediately threatened to resign his commission, if the terms accorded to General Lee and his army at Appomatox were disregarded.

Study then this wonderful picture of real character - the failures during the youthful days of General Grant, and consider his rise to magnanimity, reflected in the stars of the high heavens of the universe.

Northern sons and Southern sons mingle now in the preparation ~~of~~ for Life's earnest problems, in the Colonial buildings of Washington and Lee University, over which General Robert E. Lee so well presided from ~~October 12, 1870, at the age of~~ August, 1865, until his death on October 12, 1870, at the age of 63. A marvelous amount of work General Lee accomplished in so short a time!

So we find that after the gallant struggle was over, General Lee girded himself anew and devoted the remaining years of his great life to the education and uplifting of the youth of the North and the South.

And this noble teacher is buried in the grounds of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia.

PROTECTED BY CLIFTON H. TUPPER.

GARRETT & MASSIE INC., PUBLISHERS, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, ANNOUNCE

~~The Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Incorporated, announces~~

the publication of

STRATFORD HALL

The Great House of the Lees

By ETHEL ARMES

THE name of Lee is inseparable from the history of the United States. The Honorable Colonel Thomas Lee, builder of Stratford Hall, was one of the significant figures of the early colonial period of the nation. Through his initiative and enterprise, the territory west of the Alleghenies was conserved for the British Crown and opened to English settlement. As President of the Council, Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Virginia and for a brief space of time, its Acting Governor, his official services were of moment, not only to Virginia but to the Thirteen Colonies.

He represented the third generation of the Lee family in Virginia. His father before him, the second Richard Lee, was also a member of the Colonial Council and a Burgess. A graduate of Oxford he was a follower of the House of Stuart. Thomas Lee's grandfather, the first Richard Lee, also a Stuart follower, emigrated to Virginia from England early in the seventeenth century. In the year 1641 he was Clerk of the Court in the State House at James Citie. He was the first Attorney General of the Colony of Virginia of whom there is record, and in 1649 he was Secretary of State. When his grandson, Thomas Lee, married Hannah Ludwell, this alliance brought a union of the Lees with one of the most prominent colonial families of that period. Hannah Ludwell was the daughter of the Honorable Philip Ludwell, Esquire, President of Virginia, vice-regent and representative of the King during the absence of the governor. Her grandfather, Honorable Philip Ludwell, Esquire, was Governor of the Carolinas and immediate vice-regent and representative of the King.

Thus, in latter-day Jamestown and in Williamsburg, records of the Lee family have deep root, and Stratford Hall has perhaps a closer relationship and association with these first colonial capitals than any other plantation of Tidewater Virginia. The intimate connection which also existed between Stratford and Philadelphia, first Capital of the United Colonies and first Capital of the United States, is another interesting historic Lee association of the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

The five patriot sons of Thomas and Hannah Ludwell Lee, friends of liberty though their father was an imperialist, were equally important factors in the making of the nation in their own generation.

"Through the story of the American Revolution," say the Honorable R. Walton Moore, Assistant Secretary of State, "the name of Lee runs like a golden thread. . . . Richard Henry Lee of Stratford, mover of the *Declaration of Independence,* one of the greatest statesmen who sat in the various sessions of the Continental Congress, was also the finest orator of the Revolution excepting Patrick Henry. His brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee, was equal in intellectual force and unsparing diligence. Another brother, Arthur Lee, with Franklin was representing the country in Paris when John Adams was sent from here to coöperate with them in negotiating the treaties. . . ."

Of the same family was the soldier and statesman, Lighthorse Harry Lee of Leesylvania, descendant of Thomas Lee's brother, Henry. Through Colonel Harry's marriage to Ann Hill Carter, Robert E. Lee was born. Mary Randolph Custis of Arlington, who became the wife of Robert E. Lee, was also his kinswoman. Each bore precisely the same relationship to the builder of Stratford Hall and his illustrious sons.

No other home in America has the historic significance or the precise architectural aspect of Stratford Hall, built two hundred years ago by Thomas Lee.

STRATFORD HALL: THE SOUTH FRONT

"Though unseen for years every feature of the house is familiar to me. Your picture vividly recalls scenes of my earliest recollection and happiest days." Robert E. Lee in a letter to artist.

In pre-Revolutionary days and during the Revolution, important political events were conceived and established on Stratford soil, and theories and ideals of patriotism and public service carried to Leedstown, Montross, Williamsburg and Philadelphia, where they were translated into action. The records of Stratford touch every period of American history.

Purchased in 1929 by the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Incorporated, Stratford Hall is being restored into a national shrine with the revival of its colonial arts, crafts, and industries.

The Great House is somewhat similar in architecture to the H-shaped Queen Anne brick capitol at Williamsburg. With its breast-high garden walls and brooding outbuildings, it seems as if it were planted in England itself, rooted in the ground of ages past. The tall watch towers made by the groups of huge Elizabethan chimneys in each wide-spreading wing are like the massive trunks of virgin forest trees growing out of the bastions of some ancient fortification. Its large central hall is medieval in aspect—like castle halls of the fourteenth century in England and France.

This is the first detailed account of the history of Stratford Hall to be published. The members of the Board of Directors of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Incorporated, have united with the author in research work on this subject, which has covered a period of seven years. Historical facts concerning Stratford Hall, the Lees and affiliated families of Tidewater Virginia have been assembled from many sources, from printed and unprinted data, and from public and private libraries. The major portion of the material used in this volume is from unpublished sources, original letters, and documents, the very existence of which has been unknown even in Virginia. Priceless collections of original letters and papers of Alice Lee Shippen, Ann Hill Carter, Lighthorse Harry Lee, Major Henry Lee, and Charles Carter Lee, which were discovered by the author in remote, unexplored places, are incorporated in this book.

Active interest, scholarly and financial aid have been given to the work of the Lee Foundation in its restoration of Stratford by the Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Garden Club of Virginia, the Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland, the Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Virginia and in other States, and chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Yale University has made a notable contribution to this great restoration project through the Mabel Brady Garvan Institute of Arts and Crafts. Through an award of this institute, Miss Ethel Armes, the author, conducted special researches under the direction of Dean Meeks and Mr. Charles Nagel, Junior, which have guided the work of the Lee Foundation. Mr. Morley J. Williams, Assistant Professor of Landscape Architecture at Harvard University, was selected to work with the Garden Club of Virginia in its design and planting of the garden and orchard. Research was carried on with his direction under a grant from the Joseph H. Clark Bequest of Harvard University. Mr. Williams was assisted by Mr. Charles Coatsworth Pinkney. Preliminary archæological explorations were done by Mr. Arthur Shurcliff under the Garden Club of Virginia. The architect in charge of the house restoration is Mr. Fiske Kimball, Director of the Pennsylvania Museum of Arts.

References in this volume to the historical background and record of Stratford and the Lees, as well as to the restoration of house, dependencies, and grounds, are based on documentary evidence.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Photostat records of national documents of the Thirteen Colonies and of United States history, initiated, composed or directed by the Lees of Stratford, are included in this volume. Portraits of the Lees, prints of their coats-of-arms, heirlooms, books, bookplates, autographed letters and wills, also illustrate this book, together with views of the garden and orchard, exterior and interior views of the great house, and of the latter homes of its sons and daughters. The frontispiece (reproduced on page 2 of this folder) shows the south front of Stratford Hall, from a painting in 1866 by Minnie Ward of Bladensfield, Virginia.

This volume is divided into Four Parts. The First Part traces the ownership of the property from its original grant to Nathaniel Pope in 1651, to its purchase over a half century later by Thomas Lee, and from the beginning of his development work on the plantation in 1721 to the period of the American Revolution, when his five patriot sons took such prominent part in the making of the nation.

In the Second Part the original structure of the Great House, its dependencies, and plantation buildings are described, together with its grounds and gardens, and the record of their proposed restoration.

The Third Part continues the historical records of the Lees of Stratford, and leads up to the occupancy of the house by Lighthorse Harry Lee. Through his marriage to his cousin, *The Divine Matilda,* owner of Stratford, it became the home of this intrepid hero of the Revolution and favorite officer of Washington. The story of Ann Hill Carter of Corotoman and Shirley, the second wife of General Henry Lee and the mother of Robert E. Lee, is also recorded in Book Three.

Part Four continues the succession of Stratford owners up to its purchase by the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Incorporated. A review is given of the restoration and rehabilament work accomplished by the Foundation with an outline of some of its prospective plans.

The personnel of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Incorporated is: Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President; Mrs. I. Newton Lewis, Secretary; Miss Helen Knox, Treasurer; Mrs. Ambrose C. Ford, Assistant Secretary; Mrs. Alfred I. du Pont, Assistant Treasurer; Viscountess Astor, Mrs. Harold Lee Berry, Mrs. Robert Worth Bingham, Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, Jr., Mrs. Orton Bishop Brown, Mrs. William Cabell Bruce, Mrs. Lee Davis, Mrs. William H. Fain, Mrs. Charles Breckinridge Faris, Mrs. Wilson Norfleet Felder, Mrs. Rufus N. Garrett, Mrs. Andrew Jackson Geer, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Edward Guest Gibson, Mrs. Joshua Green, Mrs. Edwin C. Gregory, Mrs. Fairfax Harrison, Mrs. Harry B. Hawes, Miss Annie Burr Jennings, Mrs. Egbert Jones, Mrs. Joseph R. Lamar, Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, Mrs. Cazenove Lee, Mrs. Edward A. Lindsey, Mrs. Norman Banks Livermore, Mrs. Breckinridge Long, Mrs. H. Snowden Marshall, Mrs. John Jay Naugle, Mrs. Emerson Root Newell, Mrs. Arthur Nolte, Miss Elise Packard, Mrs. John E. Parker, Mrs. David Roberts, Mrs. James Grafton Rogers, Mrs. Harry Sheldon Rosselle, Mrs. Thomas Floyd Smith, Mrs. Robert Scott Spilman, Mrs. Charles E. Stuart, Mrs. Granville G. Valentine, Mrs. Horace Van Deventer, Mrs. Walter C. White, Mrs. Ralph Worthington, Mrs. Pope Yeatman, and Mrs. Henry Alexander Walker.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK

The size is 8 x 11 inches. The illustrations and text with approximately 400 pages are letterpress printed. The paper is natural color, all rag, deckle edge, especially made for the First Edition. The type is Garamond, a distinguished book face, named in honor of the sixteenth century printing family whose work is cherished by posterity.

The book will be bound in natural finish blue cloth, with the Arms of Lee stamped in four colors—old blue, crimson, silver and gold—on the front cover, and the backbone stamped in gold.

THE PUBLISHERS

The book is published by Garrett and Massie of Richmond, Virginia, whose pictorial and historical books about Virginia and the South have attracted international attention from critics, reviewers, and book collectors.

THE DEDICATION EDITION

The first printing will be the Dedication Edition. It will be limited to the number of copies sold to September 15, 1935. *The names of all subscribers whose orders are received on or before October 1, 1935, will be included in a special section in the Dedication Edition.* As copies are certain to become valuable collectors' items we urge that you make prompt application for *your* copies *now*. The regular trade edition will be $10.00 per copy and will also go on general sale ~~October 12, 1935~~ December 1936

BINDING: Full cloth. SIZE: 8 x 11 inches, 400 pages. PUBLICATION DATE: ~~October 12, 1935~~

ORDER

To Miss Ethel Armes
Study 39, Library of Congress,
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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ABOUT ETHEL ARMES

Ethel Armes, author of Stratford Hall: The Great House of the Lees and Nancy Shippen —Her Journal Book, is the daughter of the late Colonel George A. Armes, U. S. Army, of Fairfax County, Virginia, and Mrs. Lucy H. Kerr Armes of the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Ethel Armes was born in Washington, D. C. Childhood spent at Army Posts. Educated at home and at private schools. Started professional work as feature writer on The Washington Post. In 1909-16 Miss Armes initiated and conducted historical research in pioneer coal and ore mining industries of Alabama: wrote The Story of Coal and Iron in Alabama, the first complete published record of the railroad and mineral industries of the far southern states. In 1917-20 she was a feature writer on The Boston Herald: 1920-23 on magazine staff of National Community Service: 1923-26 on research staff of The Roosevelt Memorial Association when she assembled the material and wrote a series of syndicate stories about President Theodore Roosevelt entitled "As Roosevelt Passed By.

In 1928 Miss Armes conceived the idea for the purchase and restoration of Stratford Hall as a national shrine and a typical colonial plantation of the early 18th century; initiated and conducted the historical researches for the restoration work for the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation and in 1931 was appointed by Dean Meeks of Yale University to conduct the Stratford researches for the Garvan Institute of Yale. She has made notable discoveries of original Lee letters and documents. Through six years' research in the field and in the manuscript departments of libraries in six states, the original source material was found and assembled for her historical work, Stratford Hall: The Great House of the Lees, completed in the fall of 1936, and published by Garrett and Massie, Richmond, Va.

Ethel Armes has had more than twenty-five years' practical experience in the field of historical research and historical writing. She is a member of The American Historical Association, The Virginia Historical Society, and the Boston Authors' Club.

Home, Washington, D. C. Address, Study 39, Library of Congress

Criticism and Comment about
Stratford Hall: The Great House of the Lees
by Ethel Armes

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or

What Critics say about Stratford Hall: The Great House of the Lees
Published by Garrett and Massie, Richmond, Virginia.

It seems both reasonable and important that the saga of a family should include the story of the family seat, especially when that happens to be one of the famous homes of the country. Ethel Armes in "Stratford Hall: The Great House of the Lees" with an introduction by Franklin D. Roosevelt (Richmond, Garrett & Massie, $10) has carried out such a task, doing justice by both requirements. . . .

Stratford furnished a background for some of the most sumptuous living that went on in the colony of Virginia. The Lees of Stratford were leaders always, and they gathered their equals about them. They stood also for enlightenment, for the diffusion of knowledge, for the spread of culture in a rough land. But those rooms were also the scene of suffering, of tragedy, even of shame. Miss Armes shirks none of the tasks laid on her to tell the tale of this family truthfully. Her book is well documented, and often she lets the Lees themselves tell their story by means of letters quoted in full . . . .

The bookmaking in the volume is a joy. Good paper, clear typography and fine printing characterize it. The research which Miss Armes did brought to light unknown documents of the greatest value. By Charles Messer Stow in
The New York Sun, February 27,1937.

This is no ordinary book. First, it is a biography of a house. It is also a biography of a family - one of the greatest in American annals. Miss Armes gives her readers a comprehensive, sympathetic and stirring picture of this great family, than which none in the thirteen colonies was more distinguished for energetic service in our infant Nation and for loyalty to the traditions of freedom and to their personal and family traditions. She reveals with candor the sad spectacle of the poverty and eclipse of the family in the fifth and sixth generations, and the exploits of Thomas and Richard Henry remain the high-water mark of the Lee fortunes and accomplishments. Her services and the painstaking care she displays as a historian cannot be too highly praised. Her unremitting and exhaustive research, her work in every detail presents a living picture of the great house and its successive owners in their amazing and spectacular lives.
By Gist Blair
The Washington Post, March 14,1937.

STRATFORD HALL: THE GREAT HOUSE OF THE LEES, is a noteworthy contribution to the architectural, social, and political history of the United States. Miss Armes has pursued her clews indefatigably and has been rewarded by the discovery of much new and valuable information. She has woven her materials into an attractive narrative that deserves a wide reading.
By Charles O. Paullin,
Division of Historical Research,
Carnegie Institution of Washington
June 30,1936

It is a superb accomplishment and the book will open new horizons in the study of Virginia history and architecture. Thomas Tileston Waterman, AssistantDirector, Historic Survey American Buildings, U. S. Department of the Interior,

Fortunate indeed has the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation been to secure for the preparation of the annals [of Stratford Hall] the services of so gifted and painstaking a historian as Ethel Armes. Based on unremitting and exhaustive research, her work presents a vivid picture of the Great House, of the social and political activities of its successive owners and of their amazing and divergent destinies.

The immense mass of materials, records otherwise "dry as dust," have been admirably handled by Miss Armes and vitalized by her into a story throbbing with human interest. Tactfulness, sense of proportion and perspective in arrangement, sympathetic understanding of human relationships, dominate throughout the whole work. Miss Armes' Stratford will take its place as an invaluable contribution to the history of our country, covering a period of nearly three hundred years, while at the same time it is a priceless document of immeasurably broad human significance.

by Elizabeth S. Kite
Virginia Historical Magazine, April, 1937

In Stratford Hall: The Great House of the Lees, Ethel Armes — already favorably known to Virginia readers as the editor of Nancy Shippen's journal — tells an excellent story of the fine old residence which has recently been restored and which is an almost perfect symbol of the family with which it is associated.

While Miss Armes supplies much information concerning the whole race of Lee, her book is largely the story of Stratford and the Lees who resided there. She may follow them on colonial expeditions or diplomatic missions, but always she returns to Stratford and its life. Her book is theproduct of seven years of fruitful research into the history of the place and its people, and fortunately this new material has been generously used. For this reason it is certain to become an important source book as well as an entertaining and instructive story in itself.

It is not only a story of the Lees and of Stratford, but also a mirror in which is reflected a highly interesting portion of the social and economic life of Virginia for more than two centuries. The reader is given an intimate picture of the manner of living in such an establishment and a vivid if limited view of a changing economy. The author has brought her story to the present time, depicting the life at Stratford after it was no longer a Lee home and describing its acquisition and restoration by the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation.

The volume contains significant additions to the history of the family and its members. For example, the tragic story of Harry Lee (son of General Harry Lee and brother in the half-blood of General Robert E. Lee) is told more fully than ever before. Without attempting in the least to "whitewash" the man who has long been regarded as the black sheep of a great family, the author gives us new insight into his career and inevitably inspires sympathy for a gifted man, whose life was blighted by one sin.

Miss Armes handles very deftly the problem of organizing and presenting her mass of material. In the first "book", she provides the colonial background. In the second, she deals with the Revolution and its aftermath -- giving a detailed and spirited account of the participation of the Lees. In the third, she describes the "century of change" from 1790 to 1890. In the fourth, she relates the restoration in a manner which makes her book an important contribution to what might be described as Virginia's important and growing literature of restoration.... The book's interest is increased by an introduction from President Roosevelt, who regards himself as a "rediscoverer of Stratford" and its "amazing dignity."....

Physically, the book is nothing short of superb. Its interest is enhanced by an abundance of splendid reproductions of photographs of the interior and exterior of the house, documents in facsimile, and a whole gallery of Lee portraits.

Progress Index, Petersburg, Va.
Dec. 13, 1936.

Though Robert E. Lee lived but four years of his life at Stratford it is said that he never forgot his first home. Ethel Armes recreates these Lees from their unselfconscious letters and their dignified portraits, twining their story with that of the H-shaped brick pile through which now walk somany distinguished ghosts.

The Book Sampler
University News Service, University Extension Division
April 22, 1937.

A gaunt reminder of carelessness and indifference has been transformed into a building of symmetry and refinement. Stratford Hall again assumes a place preeminent among the homes of Tidewater Virginia. The name of Lee has ever been inseparable from the history of the United States. Miss Armes has chosen the name of the hearthstone, "Stratford," as a point of departure in order to relate the narrative or its owners, the Lees, and affiliated families of that section of the state.... The material content of the book...is of high quality. While the scope is broad no essential details have been omitted and the research has been done with painstaking precision, every lead followed with consummate care....

Miss Armes is to be highly commended on an excellent piece of research in which she has not allowed the material to over-shadow the simple story of an illustrious family which made Stratford Hall a home, in every senseof the word. Now is an appropriate time, when so many individuals are interesting themselves in historic homes, for a book to be published in which the subject is dealt with in simple, though scientifically accurate, terms. The author has done this and as a result those who read the book will have a keener appreciation of restored buildings. Many believe, and rightly so, that restoration projects should be few in number and over-expansion along this line guarded against. Stratford Hall presents an example of the desired type of restoration; one in which the greater portion of the original building was still standing, though rapidly deteriorating when the project was initiated. By a careful analysis of the procedure followed at Stratford Hall one should be able to formulate a program of restoration resulting in a building historically correct as well as architecturally interesting. This change of perspective should be instrumental in initiating a movement tending to off-set the common practice of "remodelling," which usually results in a

structure that is a bastard on the family tree of classic architecture. It is to be hoped that Stratford Hall will inspire others to investigate thoroughly the history and social background of any structure to be considered befor entering upon actual restoration.

By Randle B. Truett, Junior Historian,
Historic Survey American Buildings
U. S. Department of the Interior

It is a book which will be indispensable to collectors of works of Americana.

Star, Washington, D. C., December 19, 1936

Recording the notable history of the men and women who were the owners and occupants of Stratford over a period of more than two centuries Miss Armes has succeeded in creating a volume that is a distinct contribution to the history of Virginia and of this country. The book is, as she says in her preface, "a document of human lives and characters rather than a formal historical treatise or an architectural or technical record of the restoration of the Great House." And it is this that gives to Miss Armes' splendid book its charm and readibility -- the fact that the author has made a painstaking study of letters, court records, and all the hundreds of documents that threw light on the actual lives of the Lees."

by Robert B. Munford, Jr.
Richmond, Va. News-Leader
December 11, 1936.

COMMENTS FROM PERSONAL LETTERS TO THE AUTHOR

Henry W. Lanier says: "I think your opening chapter is an excellent historical study, essential to setting your stage." In reference to the chapter about Hannah Lee Corbin, he writes: "It seems to me that your account is excellently straightforward." Of the chapters relating to Major Henry Lee and Elizabeth McCarty, he says: "...The tragic story of Henry Lee and Elizabeth McCarty is part of Stratford history. There have been many famous illicit loves in history. Of quite a number - Abelard and Heloise, Lancelot and Guinevere; Paoli and Francesca, a score more - poets have written great poems; and the world in succeeding centuries has listened sympathetically. Who knows just what were the circumstances between these unhappy two? . . . "I think you've done a good job. It seems to me there is built up a comprehension of the human elements involved in the tragedy and a definite sympathy for those involved in it. Personally, I feel your history of Stratford gains immeasurably in significance from this frank and intelligent presentation of its poignant human histories."

On receipt of the book Mary and Coran Capshaw of New York telegraphed Miss Armes: "We are filled with awe at your magnificent achievement.... America is indebted to you forever."

Helen Resor (Mrs. Stanley Resor) says: "Stratford Hall: The Great House of the Lees" is what the nation wants and will read. A true account of the owners of Stratford and all the human events connected with its history are given by Ethel Armes and written in a style that will interest everybody. This book will bring the whole country to Stratford."

Mrs. Norman B. Livermore of Ross, California, writes: "Your book far exceeds my hopes, from the appropriate Southern design on the jacket, through the beautifully printed fine paper, the splendid photographs and illustrations, and your own masterly way of presenting all the interesting, valuable historical data."

Mrs. Sarah Lee of Washington, D. C. writes: "The amount of material you have gathered is truly colossal and put together in such an interesting way. It is a wonderful achievement."

9

THE DODGE HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

June 7,1937

Dr. Louis A. Warren, Director
Lincoln National Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana

My dear Dr. Warren:

I was delighted to receive your letter of June 2nd and it is a pleasure to send you the enclosed circular and critical comments about my book Stratford Hall: The Great House of the Lees. This book was published early in December and has therefore been on the market for the past six months. I have a number of copies myself which I sell direct so that if you would like to send your order on the enclosed blank I will see that an autographed copy is forwarded at once, to you. In the event that you wish to have the book, please tell me if it should be autographed to you personally or to the Lincoln National Life Foundation.

I was tremendously interested in all that Mr. Clautice told me of your research and the way in which you have built up the various departments of the Lincoln Foundation. You are to be sincerely congratulated, it seems to me, for you have done a work that is absolutely unique in this country so far as I know. Just the other day I was speaking to Major Gist Blair of your Foundation and the interesting collection you have in your museum. As you know, his father was Postmaster General in Lincoln's Cabinet and he has to-day many photographs, pictures and mementos of Lincoln which are of great value. I spoke to Mr. Clautice particularly about the Lincoln portrait owned by Major Blair which is not generally known.

I have not had an opportunity to study the reported relationship of the Lees and the Lincolns but was hoping that you could perhaps tell me if Dr. Barton's source authority had proven the point he states. In my book is given the latest and the most complete genealogy of the Stratford Lees that is available.

With kindest regards,

Faithfully yours,

Ethel Armes

Ethel Armes

EA:SM
enc.

July 21, 1937

Ethel Armes
The Dodge Hotel
Washington, D. C.

Dear Madam:

We regret exceedingly the delay in the reply to your letter of June 7, but absence from the city for about a month has been the reason for it.

Inasmuch as we confine ourselves exclusively to Lincolniana here in this Foundation, we do not feel that there would be an urgent demand for the Robert E. Lee book, although we greatly appreciate the fame of Lee seems to be increasing from year to year.

We trust that if you are visiting in the West some time you will not fail to pay us a visit at Fort Wayne.

Very truly yours,

LAW:EB

Director